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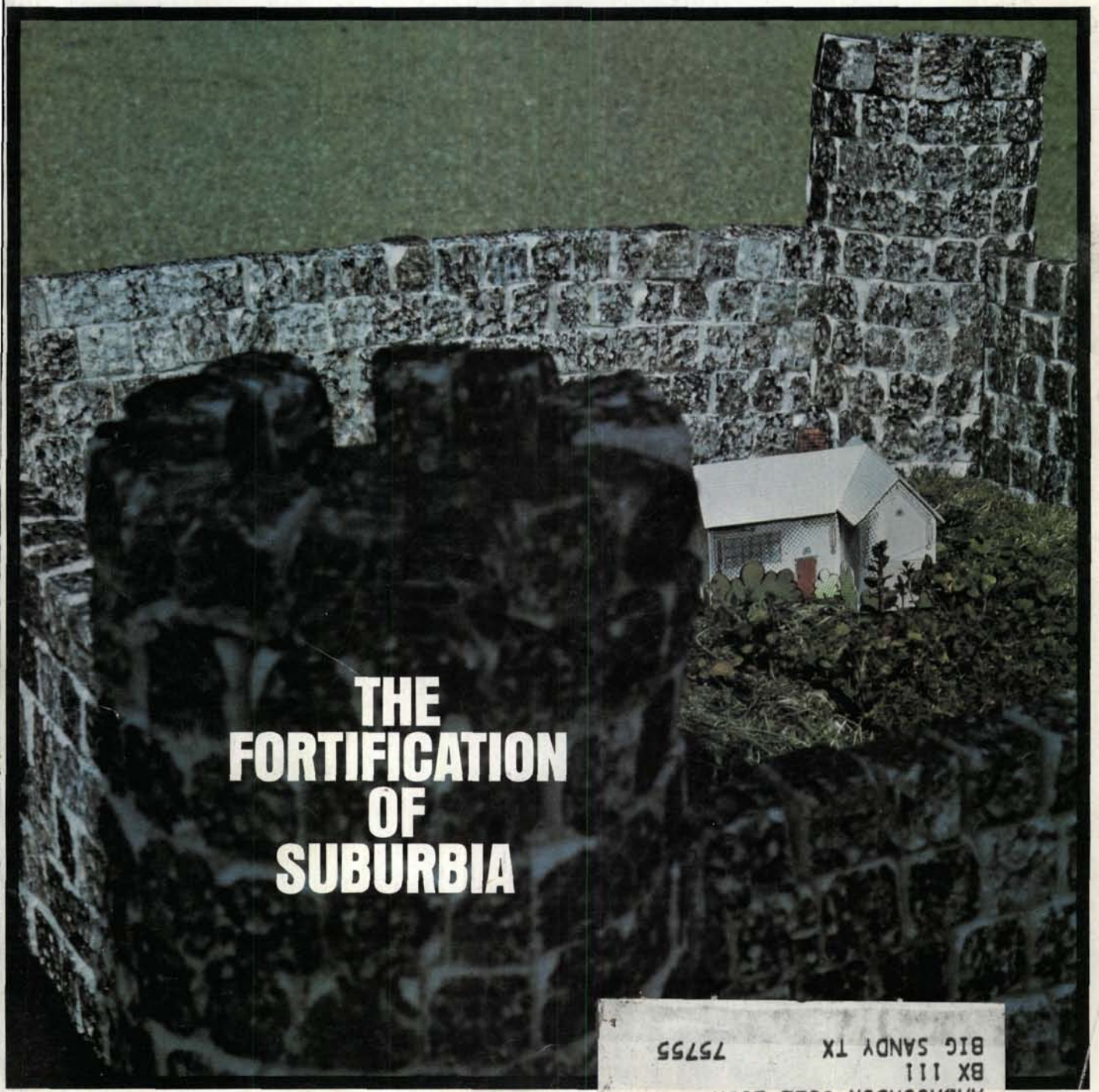
Saturday Review of

THE SOCIETY

The End of Scarcity? by Daniel Bell

Sex as Athletics

The Chic of Araby



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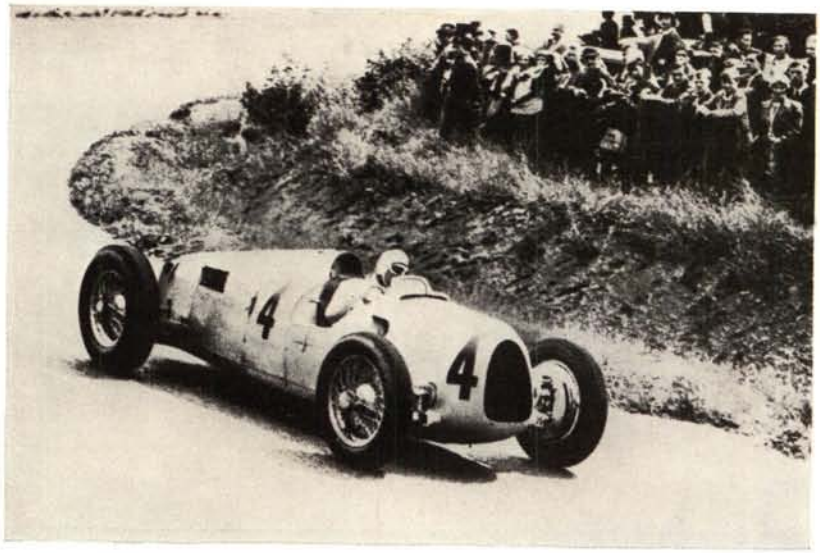

You don't win 18 Grand Prix without learning a thing or two.

On July 15, 1934, an incredible thing happened in racing. A Mercedes-Benz didn't win the Grand Prix. For that matter, neither did an Alfa Romeo or a Maserati.

It was an Auto Union car (that was Audi's corporate name back then), designed by Dr. Ferdinand Porsche and driven by Hans Stuck that thundered past the checkered flag first.

Five weeks later, we took the Swiss Grand Prix. And then the Czech Grand Prix. In fact, we chalked up a grand total of 18 Grand Prix. Plus 16 Hill Climbs. And even the coveted Vanderbilt Cup, held at Roosevelt Raceway, New York, where the great Bernd Rosemeyer and his sixteen-cylinder monster charged home to victory, with Rudi Caracciola's Mercedes and Rex Mays' Alfa trailing far behind.

We raced for glory and prestige and that "gut feeling" only drivers can put into words.

We also raced for knowledge. For what better way to test the mettle of a car than in a race, with all its grueling banks and curves, with the competition breathing down your neck.

Today we no longer race. But we've learned enough from yesteryear to have a lot in common with cars that do.

For example, our new Audi has rack-and-pinion steering which is the most direct steering system a car can have.

It's got a *servo-thrust* synchromesh transmission that makes shifting quick and precise.

The Audi has independent front suspension so you get more control with fewer jolts.

And a rear axle with twin adjustable torsion bars for precise road holding.

Of course, the Audi also has quite a few features that racing cars don't have. Like front-wheel drive. And seats that are not only very plush, but also very comfortable. (They were designed by orthopedic surgeons.) And enough legroom and headroom for just about anybody's legs and head.

We're as proud of our car today as we were on that hot July day of '34 when we won our first Grand Prix. And we're as determined now, as we were then, to reach a standard of excellence no other car manufacturer can hope to attain.

And experience is indeed a great teacher.

The Audi.®

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On your first trip to France you probably missed a few things.

Paris

[redacted]

Orléans

[redacted]

Tours

[redacted]

Deauville

[redacted]

Grenoble

[redacted]

Mont Blanc

Paris

[redacted]

Cannes

[redacted]

Dijon

You might have missed the Chateaux Country. The region where centuries ago French kings, their courtiers and their mistresses, lived, danced, feasted and frolicked.

You might have missed the French Alps. Where Mont Blanc soars some 15,700 snowy feet into the sky.

You might have missed the Riviera. One of the most famous coastlines in the world. With its equally famous resorts.

On your first trip to France you might have missed France. And, you might have missed the best way to see France. By train.

French trains are magnifique! They're so fast they can take you clear across the country in less than half a day. So economical you can go from Paris to Orléans for just $4.60; to Grenoble for only $22.10; and to Nice for only $36.80.

What's more, French trains are so frequent you can take any of 210 of them that leave Paris everyday for France.

Yes, France is the Eiffel Tower, the Champs Elysées and the Arc de Triomphe.

But it is also the unspoiled beaches of Deauville, the gardens of Tours and the white wines of Dijon.

Next time you go to Paris, visit France. The right way. By railway.

And while you're at it, save money. With a 1st Class Eurailpass or the new 2nd Class Student-Railpass. For tickets and reservations, see your travel agent. Or French National Railroads, 610 Fifth Ave., N.Y.; 11 E. Adams St., Chicago; 9465 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills; 323 Geary St., San Francisco; 2121 Ponce de Leon Blvd., Coral Gables. Also in Toronto and Montreal.

Send me your literature describing some things I shouldn't miss on my next trip to France.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Dept. A6, Box 80, Lindenhurst, New York 11757

French National Railroads

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Saturday Review of
THE SOCIETY

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APRIL 21, 1973

VOLUME 1, NUMBER 4

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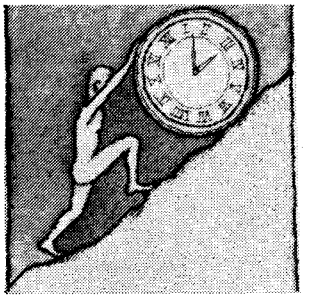

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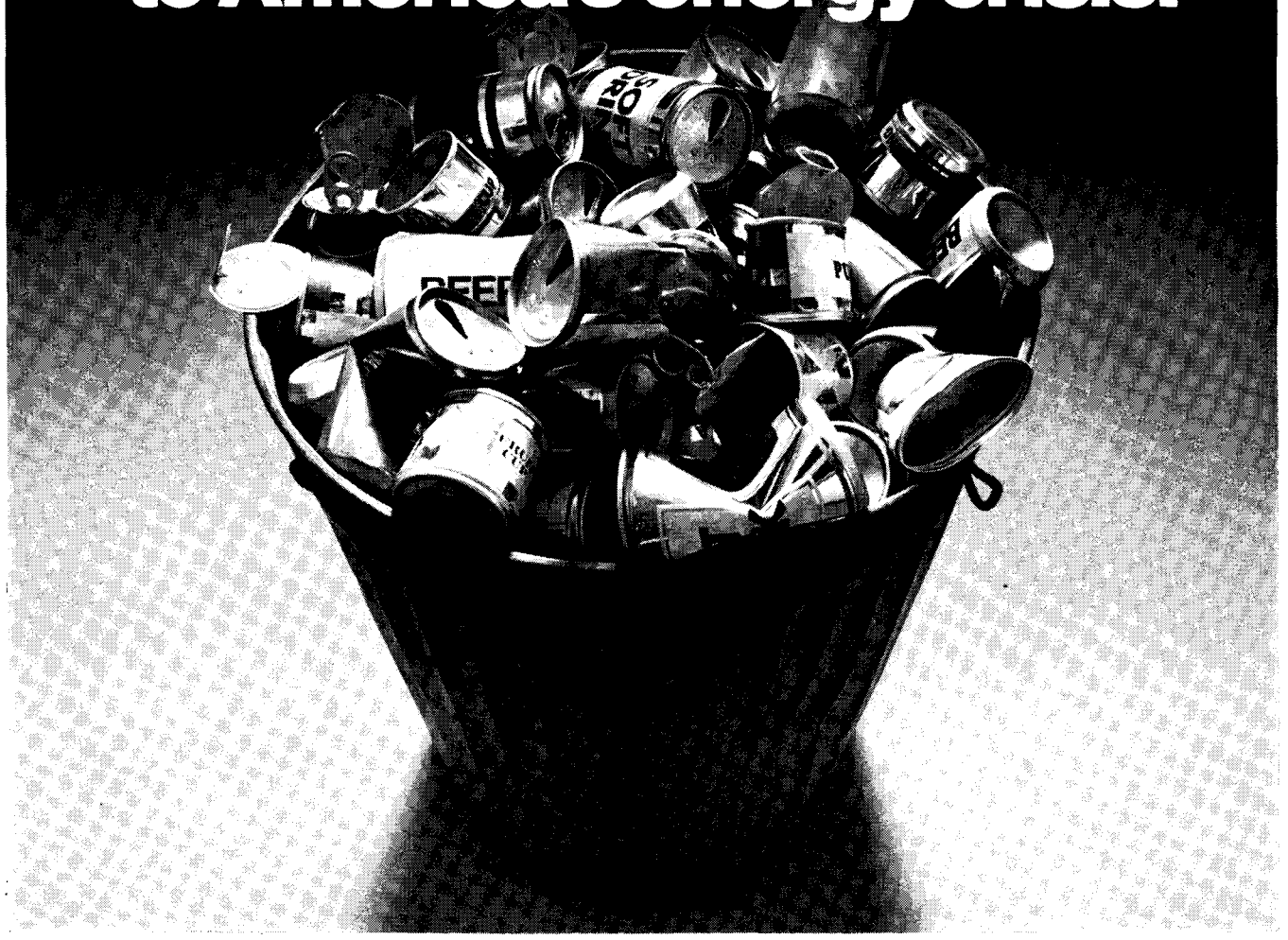
This may be one answer to America's energy crisis.



It's called resource recovery, or saving what is worth saving from your trash and garbage.

There are hundreds of reclamation centers throughout the United States, in areas where there are enough all-aluminum cans in circulation to make them feasible. Also, where solid waste recovery plants are either operating or being planned, the recovery of aluminum is expected to pay much of the cost. Used all-aluminum cans are worth as much as $200 a ton.

So resource recovery is possible. And the high scrap value of aluminum makes it practical. And the tremendous savings in energy make it even more practical. Alcoa has the technology to recycle used all-aluminum cans with just 5% of the energy it takes to make them the first time.

There's not another beverage packaging material quite like aluminum. Only aluminum has all these things going for it: it's lightweight, chills quickly, keeps things fresh, opens with a snap, has high scrap value and can be recycled repeatedly.

Alcoa will pay as much as $200 a ton to any community reclamation center for all the used aluminum cans they can collect. We'll pay it because aluminum is a very practical packaging material to recycle.

Alcoa is doing something to help stop the energy drain. We would like to tell you more about it.

Write for our free brochure on energy and aluminum. We'll also send you a list of America's aluminum can reclamation centers and information as to how one community established its center. Aluminum Company of America, 822-E Alcoa Building, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15219.

Aluminum: Pass it on

ALCOA

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INSIDE *SR*

A startling fact was turned up by the Gallup Poll organization a few months ago. The fear of crime in our society is no longer limited to a concern with crime in the streets. If the Gallup Poll is to be believed, one out of every six people who lives in a suburb or small town in the United States does not feel safe from crime even within the confines of his own home.

That fragment of information gave us a jolt. We had long been aware, of course, of the ominously steady increase of crime in this country, and indeed we found no relief in the latest FBI statistics that show a slight dip in the rate of serious crime. Our society is still a crime-ridden one. Nevertheless, we just weren't prepared for the fact that a good many of our fellow citizens now believe *not* that their homes are castles but that they had better be fortified like them since, at present, the American home is no longer secure from a host of burglars, robbers, and other marauders.

Because that belief, or paranoia, is now fairly widespread, we began to wonder what Americans are doing these days in order to defend their castles. And what *might* they do if well advised? In order to find the answers, senior editor Lynne Williams got in touch with **Charles N. Barnard**, a widely published freelance writer who has long been interested in the problems of home security.

Barnard

After investigating the matter afresh for us, Barnard found that the fear that stalks this land has spawned a sizable industry, which is now busily producing an abundance of home protection gadgets and devices. So successful has this industry been in marketing its wares that it is now possible to say that the latest electric appliance in the modern American household is the burglar alarm.

The devices currently available span a considerable range in both quality and price, Barnard reports in our cover story, but even the best of them, he notes, are not exempt from the general finding that as much as 95 per cent of the alarms sounded by these devices turn out to be false alarms—triggered accidentally by an absentminded resident or perhaps the household cat. Nevertheless, Barnard found, if properly selected, installed, and cared for, modern home protection equipment does afford a worthwhile measure of security—and peace of mind, besides.

Also in this issue we present an essay entitled "The End of Scarcity?" by **Daniel Bell**, the Harvard sociologist, which is adapted from his forthcoming magnum opus, *The Coming of Post-Industrial Society*. Over the past several years Daniel Bell has been writing and lecturing on the transformation of America into a "post-industrial society." His ideas have evoked widespread interest, for it has been generally recognized that he is saying something new and important about the course of our society.

Bell

In "The End of Scarcity?" Dr. Bell looks into the future and glimpses neither utopia nor doomsday but a world in which the new scarcities turn out to be such unexpected goods and services as "information, coordination, and time."

Cynthia Proulx, a talented reporter and writer who currently works for a New York City advertising agency, came to us a while back with a discovery. Sexual liberation, she said, has taken a bold if somewhat dismaying step forward in the new apartment complexes expressly for single tenants now being built in the suburbs of many American cities. She had visited several of these developments, she went on to say, and had been impressed mainly by the fact that in such dormitories, where single people are massed together and where private quarters are universally available, sexual relations are indulged in so frivolously as to seem almost a sport. We were intrigued, and so asked her to return to the swankiest one of the lot—an apartment complex outside of Houston, Texas—and report in detail what she found. Her story is titled "Sex as Athletics in the Singles Complex."

Proulx

W.H.H.

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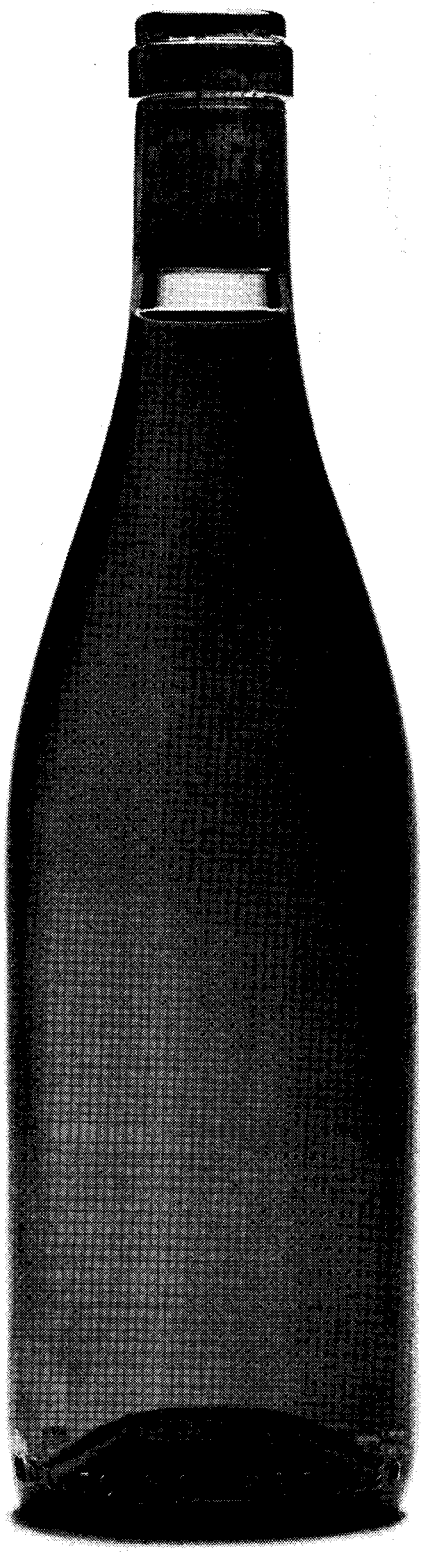
You can buy good French wine by the bottle. Or great French wine by the label.



The B&G label.

The one label that stands for the finest of wines from all the major vineyard regions of France. From Bordeaux, our classic Medoc, medium-bodied and dry. From Beaujolais, our popular light, fresh Beaujolais-St. Louis. From Burgundy, our brilliantly fruity Pouilly-Fuisse. From the Loire, our delicate and lively Muscadet. From the Rhone, our rich, soft Chateauneuf-du-Pape.

B&G. 36 great reds, whites and rosés. Produced only in the finest French tradition since 1725 by Barton & Guestier.

Why bring a good French wine when you can bring a great one? It's as easy as B&G.

B&G. Love Letters from France.

Barton & Guestier. 36 fine wines in one fine family. Imported by Browne Vintners Company, New York, N.Y. and San Francisco, CA.

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FRED and BARNEY drive the INTERSTATES

HERE WE ARE BARNEY, OUR NEW HOME
GOT EVERYTHING IN THE TRUCK?
NATURALLY, LIKE THEY SAY, EVERYTHING MOVES BY TRUCK
INCLUDING YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW
CARLO VIVES

© 1973 Hanna-Barbera Productions, Inc.

Everything moves by truck.
And, as the Interstate Highway System nears completion, everything moves more quickly by truck.
If you've got it, a truck brought it.
Much of it along the Interstate Highway System.
More safely, too.

We're for that.
Eaton Corporation, Axle Division, Cleveland OH 44110, manufacturers of heavy-duty Eaton® truck axles; Transmission Division, Kalamazoo MI 49001, manufacturers of Fuller® Roadranger® transmissions.

ATA FOUNDATION INC.
American Trucking Industry

EATON Truck Components

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TV's Devotion to Public Service

BY ALBERT SUKOFF

It is one o'clock in the morning. The CBS movie is over; Dick Cavett and Johnny Carson have thanked their guests; and all across America a thousand television sets are simultaneously being snapped off for the night. But a few of us stick around to hear some member of the sleepy night crew drone: "Now for your late evening entertainment, KASH-TV presents an uninterrupted half hour of public service announcements."

By this time there are only half a dozen of us left out there in television land, including two guys who are too drunk to fall asleep, and another who is a recent immigrant from Hong Kong trying to learn English. First we are subjected to pleas for money. I wonder how much money the worthy-cause advertisers expect from us since five of us are unemployed. (Otherwise we would have been asleep hours ago.) Moreover, we are all in dark bedrooms with no pencil or paper to scrawl down an address.

These free public service ads tend to be pretty simple and straightforward. One cannot, after all, expect a plea for funds for cancer research to approach the extravagance of a prime-time ad for peanut butter. But by this time of the night it really doesn't matter since there are only four of us left watching, including the two drunks.

Next come the health and safety advisories. These urge us not to abandon refrigerators in the back yard, warn us of the danger to small children of lead-based paints, and tell us never, never to smoke in bed. (There are two of us still watching, and we are both smoking in bed.) We are then asked a series of disturbing questions about our drinking habits. (There goes the last drunk, and I'm all alone in TV land.) Now I learn that I should regularly have my chest X-rayed, my pap smeared, and my Wasserman tested.

Then it's Uncle Sam offering me a bright career, and, after the Pentagon has made its pitch, the other one-quarter of our government gets its crack at me. I learn that it is illegal to discriminate in the sale or rental of housing and that I should not buy the lot for my retirement home sight unseen. I also learn that, by calling a certain telephone number day or night, I can anonymously turn in my neighborhood drug pusher. Next I view a heavy 30 seconds of footage on the evils of drug abuse. The thought runs through my drowsy head that, if all the teen-agers and pre-teens at whom this last ad was directed were up and watching TV at 1:30 A.M., I wouldn't have a pusher to report.

Well, it's finally sign-off time. "The Star-Spangled Banner" is played and five F-111's in V-formation fly across the screen. Then, at long last, both KASH-TV and I call it a day.

Now cancer, drug abuse, racial discrimination, and land-sales frauds are serious matters, and I am afraid I have treated them rather lightly here. This could offend many people, and perhaps I should apologize. But I figure I've taken these ads just about as seriously as does the television industry that has to present them to comply with FCC regulations. □

Albert Sukoff is an unemployed late-night TV-watcher and occasional contributor to SR Up Front.

"I don't see why more people don't leave the cities and farm."

Back to Nature Goes a Bureaucrat

BY COLEMAN McCARTHY

VIENNA, Va.—Tony Newcomb, who owns and operates the Potomac Vegetable Farm, about 20 miles northwest of Washington where the Leesburg Pike ribbons across the fertile Virginia uplands that lead to the Shenandoah Valley, is different from most other people who seem to be following a fashion. The latter go to the country to farm because that's what the *Whole Earth Catalog* says will make them happy—and they pack up when the going gets rough. Newcomb, a Washington bureaucrat-turned-farmer, has stayed with it.

I happened upon Newcomb by chance a few years ago when a small roadside stand set back some 50 yards from the Leesburg Pike caught my eye. I pulled in. Soon the back seat of my car was filled with fresh corn, tomatoes, squash, beans, and other treasures that are hard to find in the city. Newcomb—tall, muscular, with small seams in his face from working outside—was man-

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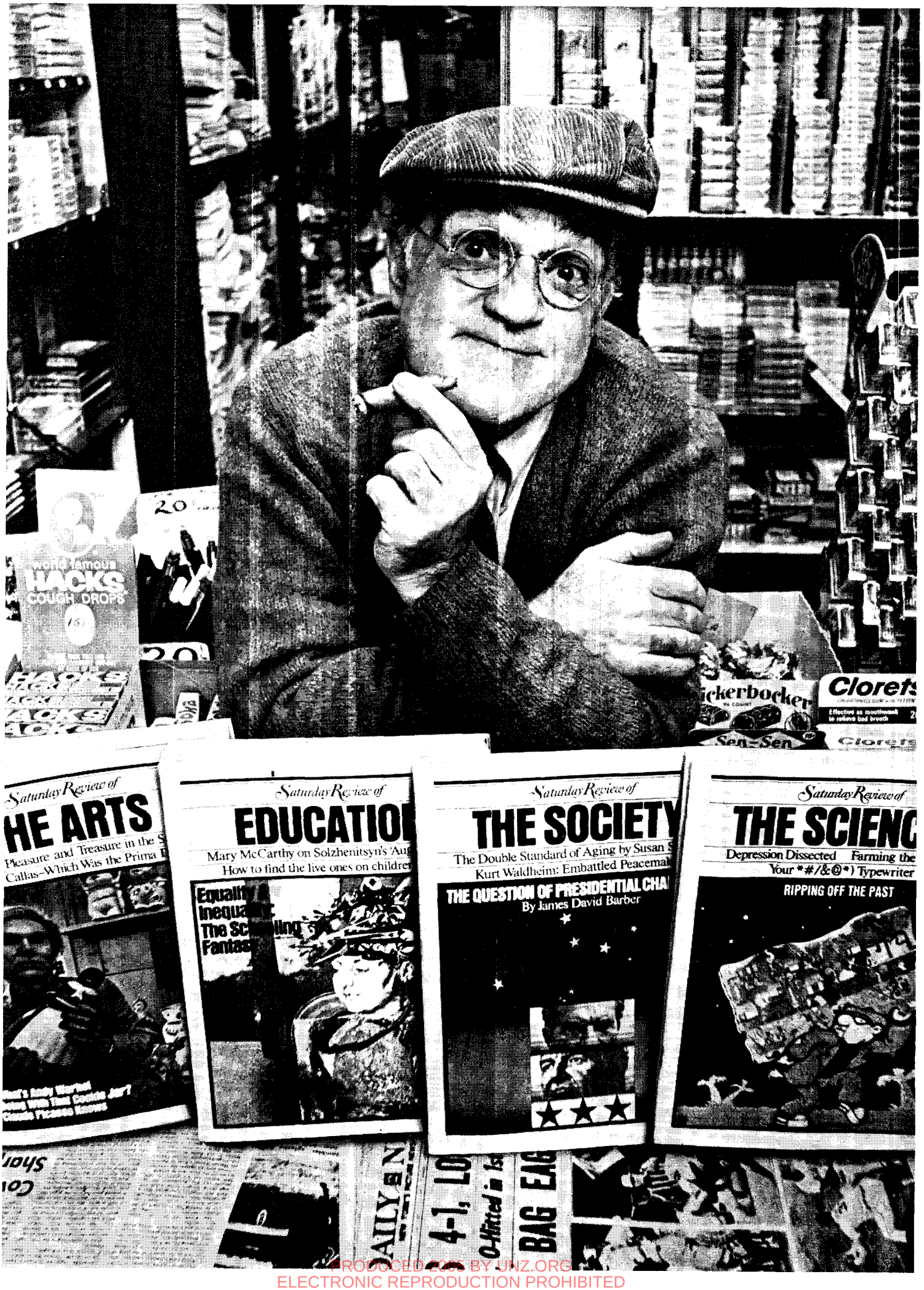

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Which would you rather read?

There are now four Saturday Reviews.

Each looks at the world from a rent vantage point.

Which gives you an interesting ice. Read what each magazine is ut, and then see if you can make a sion about which you'd rather ive every month.

THE ARTS

For too long, the arts have been iphered in a palace language, which / the initiated elite could understand enjoy.

Well, the editors of Saturday iew have created a monthly magazine oted solely to the arts, and to iphering the palace language.

SATURDAY REVIEW OF E ARTS features eight regular artments: Music, Cinema, Art, ater and Dance, Architecture and ign, Writing, Entertainments, People and Ideas.

It will keep you current, and olved. Some samples of articles:

- The Perfect Rock Concert.
- Vietnam War Art.
- The Great American Movie Game.
- Claude Picasso on the private ections of America's best-known lern artists.
- A look at mainland Chinese crafts.
- Street mime in San Francisco.
- The International Arrival of perimental sound.

You'll really enjoy SATURDAY VIEW OF THE ARTS.

EDUCATION

In today's Knowledge Society, problem is not getting new infor- ion: it is developing new ways to n, and to apply new knowledge.

SATURDAY REVIEW OF UCATION is designed to help this cess.

There is more to educational nge than turning blackboards green.

Here are some of the things you will read about in SATURDAY REVIEW OF EDUCATION.

- VD on TV.
- Experimental Colleges.
- Slow Learners.
- Equality vs. Inequality.
- Should schooling be compulsory? Direct reports from states where it is not.
- Changes in mass "higher education."
- Economic and social systems in the public school microsociety.
- Are "educational" toys really educational?
- Do "crash courses" for College Boards really help?
- Education beyond college.

THE SOCIETY

The individual in today's society might as well be in a pinball machine.

Virtually everything that happens in society affects his life, yet for the most part, he is almost powerless to cope with it. The future shock phenomenon just accelerates the change, and makes its impact harder to take.

Well, the editors of Saturday Review have a partial solution to the problem. It's called SATURDAY REVIEW OF THE SOCIETY, and in a way, it is a survival manual. Its job is to keep you ahead of the current turmoil in society: politics, leisure, youth, labor unions, welfare, old age, advertising, environment, technology, the economy, communications, jobs, war, freedom.

Some samples of what it covers:

- The Doomsday Syndrome.
- Predicting Presidential Character.
- The American Obsession With Fun.
- A Tax Reform Symposium.
- The Double Standard of Aging.
- A Product Safety Computer.
- The Swing Justice of the Supreme Court.
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ning the stand, and we fell into conversation. In 1960, when he and his Japanese wife, Hiu, graduated from Oberlin College in Ohio, they had no idea that they would ever farm for a living, Newcomb told me. He went to Washington to do governmental economics and landed a job as a Bureau of the Budget economist; Hiu chose to run a home, a vocation still precious to some women. Then, in the spring of 1962, feeling an urge "to do a little gardening," the Newcombs rented 40 acres of land in Fairfax County.

Newcomb admitted that the first flush of "ah, wilderness" feelings hadn't lasted long. In 1962 he lost $4,000 and had to take on a variety of consulting jobs to make ends meet. "The basic problems took me by surprise," Newcomb said. "I made the serious mistake of starting too large. I began on 40 acres, but I should have been satisfied with 5. Thus, when I made mistakes, they were large, too." Newcomb said that in the early days he had known little about weed or pest control, conditioning the soil, watering, and tilling. "I thought confidence was enough. I was handy with equipment and had used a tractor one summer as a kid. That know-how, together with good seeds, would lead me to success, I believed. Nature would do the rest. It came as a shock to learn the $4,000 lesson that nature is not on man's side but is, at best, neutral."

Marketing was another snag at the start. Supermarkets were the obvious places to sell his produce. "That's where I thought the customers were," Newcomb said. "But I discovered that the supermarket managers aren't much concerned about getting the tastiest and most nutritious vegetables and fruits. Their main concern is how dependable you are as a supplier. I can understand their problem. If they go in for high-quality vegetables and then, say, can't get them for two weeks because I'm having a drought problem, they are left hanging. If they stick with mediocre produce, they never run short." In 1964 Newcomb found a solution to his marketing problem. He built the stand that had caught my eye, and he became a supplier for other stands in the area. The time was right. The public was just becoming aware of the scarcity of nutritious food fresh off the farm. (Often a week or ten days pass between the time when produce is picked and when it is sold off a supermarket shelf.) When people began to search for it, Tony and Hiu Newcomb were ready for them.

After losing money the first year and breaking even the second, the Newcombs started to make a modest profit. From 1964 on, their income gradually rose. Yet it was not until 1970 that the couple was able to cut its ties with Washington and move out to the country to become full-time farmers.

Early this year, when I dropped by for a visit, Newcomb told me that in both 1971 and 1972 his earnings had amounted to about $15,000. But money is not the goal, nor is it much on Newcomb's mind. "I think about other stakes," he says. "The personal satisfaction of raising my family [the Newcombs have four children] while I raise crops, of listening to the earth's throb. And there's the satisfaction of learning. Every year we have learned something—perhaps about planting or rotating or marketing. The tomatoes are lusher or the corn is bigger. Also, for a former bureaucrat like me, there's the pleasure of not having to get an audit to justify my tomatoes or to write a grant proposal to plant corn. My only dialogue is with the earth—in the language of hard manual labor, the only tongue she listens to." Tony and Hiu take up their end of this dialogue in February. Tomatoes are planted in the greenhouse, to be nurtured during March and April, then set out in May and June. For other crops—corn, beans, squash, okra, peppers, beets, cucumbers, turnips—the land is tilled and the farm machinery is readied. Because the Newcombs have a special reverence both for their land and for the stomachs of their customers, they do not use organic phosphates, chlorinated hydrocarbons, or other chemicals to hype up the produce and fool the buyer. Insecticides and sprays are used cautiously, if at all. The farm is now 160 acres, most of it given over to corn and most of it rented land. "I don't see why more people don't leave the cities and farm," Newcomb remarks. "The speculators are just holding onto the land, waiting for the population to creep out, and they will rent it cheaply. There's still so much of it."

One of the bitterest complaints among farmers today is the lack of workers. The Newcombs have nothing to complain about on this score: for the past few years they have been flooded with job applicants. Most of them are from college students seeking a wholesome summer in the sunlight or a feeling of community away from the cities. (Two-thirds of the applicants are women, and usually about half of the Newcombs' summer help are coeds.) Working from late June to early September, they can earn as much as $1,000.

I asked Newcomb what type of

Coleman McCarthy is a member of the editorial staff of the Washington Post. *This article is taken from his book* Disturbers of the Peace, Profiles in Non-Adjustment, *published by Houghton Mifflin.*

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student works best. He smiled. "Those with liberal views are often physically not very industrious," Newcomb said. "They are reliable, honest, and fun to work with and are interested in learning about the work. They have first-week zeal. But they are easily bored by hard work day after day. Rising at daybreak, to the fields with the dew, the high-noon rise of the sun, the long afternoon, and the dusk work of bringing things in—it all sounds idyllic when you're sitting in a dormitory room in January. But then doing it week in and week out, well, the liberals have trouble with this. Those with conservative or reactionary views are generally hard-working and filled with the Protestant work ethic. But they are not lighthearted and are often bores. They are a little doomlike about it all. The children of military parents tend to have acquired a distaste for manual labor, which prevents their enjoying much of the work. But I have affection for all of the kids who come here. They have good hearts, and I am refreshed by their innocence."

In the long list of American dreams, among the more persistent is the dream of returning to the land. Newcomb lives out that dream with his wife and family. Tony and Hiu have found that it is a dream that works—and that it benefits all who share it with them. □

The High Cost of Trivia

BY ROBERT DIETSCH

The other evening I took two kids into an ice cream parlor in Washington, D.C. We ordered three double-dip cones, and while taking the first licks of my double chocolate, I handed the salesgirl a dollar bill. She smiled patiently and said, "That's a dollar five, sir. Plus a nickel tax." This small affair led me to reflect on the economic state of the nation.

The government's assertion that inflation is not as bad as the latest hike in food prices leads us to believe is just plain full of ice cream. Let me explain. Every month the Bureau of Labor Statistics updates the consumer price index to show how much retail prices moved up or down in the previous month. The bureau takes great pains and expends much manpower to survey prices, but even employing thousands of checkers and several computers, it can't price everything we buy. So the bureau surveys the big ticket items, the whales, as it were, and also the tuna fish and the codfish. But the minnows seem to get away. Around our house we are being nibbled to death by minnows.

With the ice cream episode in mind, I decided to pull together a more meaningful price index than that which the BLS supplies. I call it the "Trivia Cost of Living Index." The items in the survey may not affect every household budget to the same degree as they affect ours. I admit the selection of items was arbitrary and the polling was also unscientific. I simply called the owners of the ice cream parlor, some other shops, and a few of the bars I frequent to find out what their prices were two years ago. The results aren't all that exact because the businessmen were rather vague in their own minds about just when their prices did go up.

But no matter. As a study of the price index below will reveal, the average increase in the price of trivial items comes to 42.7 per cent—and even this

TRIVIA COST OF LIVING INDEX

Item	*Price Two Years Ago*	*Price Today*	*Percentage Increase*
Double-dip ice-cream cone	$ .25	$ .35	40%
Corned beef sandwich	1.05	1.30	24%
Bowl of soup	.35	.50	43%
McDonald's hamburger	.18	.25	39%
Martini, at downtown bar	1.20	1.50	25%
Draft beer, same bar	.35	.55	57%
Shoeshine, at downtown barbershop	.25	.50	100%
Haircut	2.25	2.75	22%
Shoelaces, at drugstore	.10	.15	50%
Pack of chewing gum	.05	.10	100%
First-class postage stamp	.06	.08	33%
Neighborhood movie, on weekends	2.00	3.00	50%
Suit, dry-cleaned and pressed	1.45	1.70	17%
Shirt, washed and pressed	.30	.41	37%
Subscription to *Washington Post* newspaper, monthly rate	3.75	4.25	13%
Cigarettes, in the vending machine	.30	.40	33%

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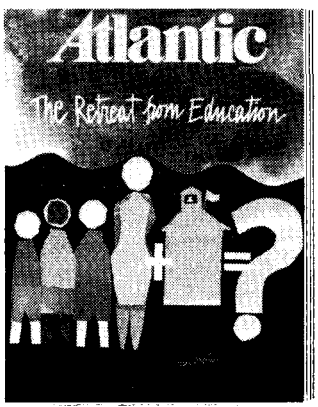

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figure undoubtedly understates the situation since the survey was done prior to the sudden rise in food prices.

According to BLS figures, the consumer price index had jumped, prior to this February, a mere 6.9 per cent over the last two years with the rate of increase held steady at 3.4 per cent in both 1971 and 1972. It was this victory over spiraling prices that led Herbert Stein, chairman of President Nixon's Council of Economic Advisers, to write recently: "American progress in the struggle against inflation has been the envy and marvel of the rest of the world."

The rest of the world can speak for itself. In our house, Chairman Stein, we are being nibbled to death by those minnows. □

Robert Dietsch is business and economics editor for the Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance.

Why the Old Are Getting Mad

BY MARGARET H. BACON

You can live on a dollar a day in Philadelphia—if you don't eat much, that is. Addie Wentzel, a 76-year-old woman of Pennsylvania Dutch extraction, pays $54 every two weeks for her cheerless room in a cheap Philadelphia hotel. Since her check from the Department of Public Assistance comes to $69 for the same period, Addie is left with $1.03 a day for food, clothes, and transportation. By consuming lots of white bread and canned soup, which she heats on an illegal hot plate, she managed for a time to get by. A few days ago, however, she fainted in a corner grocery store, perhaps as a result of malnutrition, and the police took her to a clinic. Addie is supposed to go back for tests, but she is afraid that if she leaves her room and sets out for the clinic, she will faint again. Alone in the world, she has nowhere to turn for help.

Several floors above in the same hotel lives Valerie Belmont. (The name is fictitious, as are the names of the other elderly persons described here.) Valerie is 77 and has such poor eyesight that she could be declared legally blind. Unfortunately, this would not result in a larger pension than the $69 she, like Addie, receives biweekly from the Department of Public Assistance. Valerie pays $56 every two weeks for her room and so must try to live on 93 cents a day. She can get a cheap hot lunch five days a week at the Philadelphia Center for Older People, but she needs a companion to lead her across the busy streets from the hotel to the center. The elderly woman who formerly accompained her has since found a part-time job; she can no longer help out. Valerie has no one to look after her.

In a rooming house a few doors down from the hotel lives Tony Montinez. Tony is a Mexican-American who came to this country in 1917 to work on a railroad. Now he has washed up in a dark bedroom off a corridor smelling of urine. He pays $40 a month for his room. Once a week the wife of a former friend comes to clean his room and buy him groceries. Otherwise Tony has no visitors. He suffers from emphysema and doesn't know how to get to a clinic for treatment.

Addie, Valerie, and Tony belong to the most forgotten group in America—the isolated elderly poor. Somehow, somewhere they have become detached from that web of family and friends that sustains most people in their old age. They live in dirty hotels or decaying rooming houses or tumble-down shacks at the end of forgotten country lanes. Prey to muggers, robbers, and confidence men, confused by the bureaucratic red tape that surrounds what little help is available to them, ashamed of their own isolation, afraid of dying alone, they wait out the empty hours.

Of the 20 million Americans over 65 years of age, six million are said to live in poverty. One recent nationwide survey found that approximately 38 per cent of the elderly poor live alone. This would come to 2,280,000. Probably there are many more. The census on which these figures are based excluded men and women who live in hotels, considering them transients. There is only one way to find the elderly poor—go from door to door.

Addie, Valerie, and Tony were discovered by just this process when the Philadelphia Center for Older People added an outreach worker to its staff and sent her into a relatively quiet and genteel area of central Philadelphia. Approximately 10,000 persons live in the area to which 25-year-old Jean DeGraff has been assigned, some 1,800 of them over 65. In four months of work Jean has discovered 100 persons who require immediate attention. These are the men and women who face eviction but have no place to go, who need medical attention but have no way to get to the clinic, who need someone to bring them food, who desperately need money to tide them over until the next welfare check, who are starving for human contact. Jean says she frequently feels that she is trying to sweep back

Margaret H. Bacon is a member of the information services department of the American Friends (Quakers) Service Committee.

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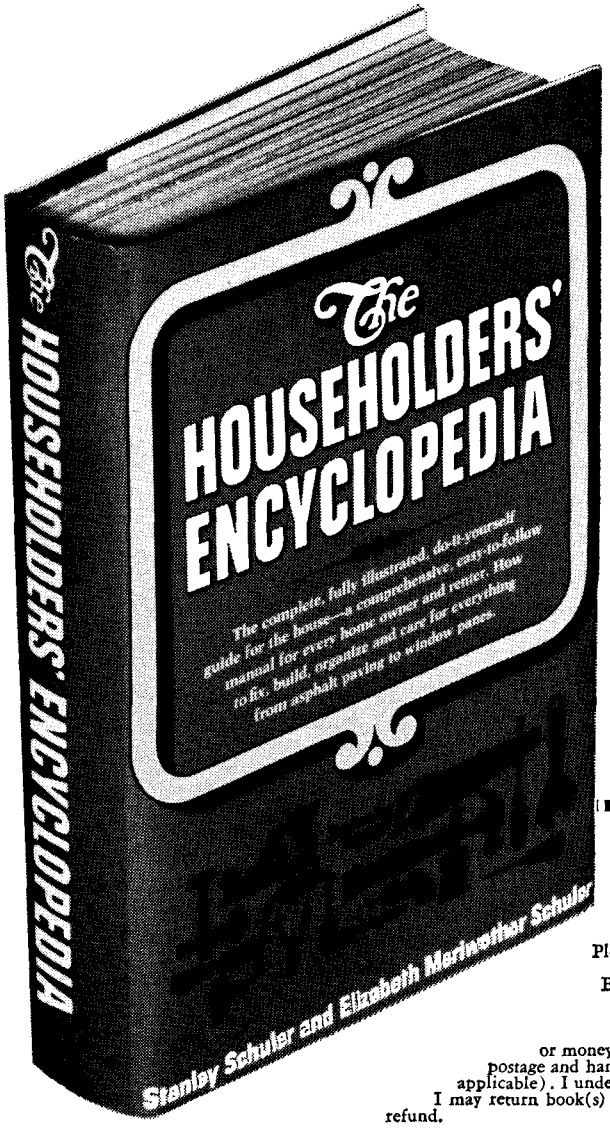

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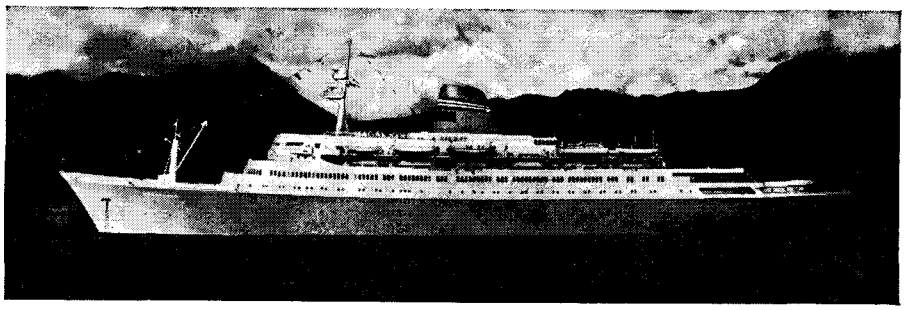

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the ocean with a toy broom.

In theory, federal and state social service programs make provision for the elderly poor. But with rare exceptions these programs are based on the premise that the needy individual will take the initiative to seek services. The premise ignores the fact that it is next to impossible for the shy, lonely, and confused older person to overcome his fears, work his way through the red tape, accept the insensitivity with which he is generally met, and persist until he actually gets help.

Take food, for example. The elderly poor are eligible for either the surplus commodities program or food stamps, depending on which system of distribution prevails in their county. But the commodities program presents the older person with almost insurmountable difficulties of transportation and storage. He must present himself at a certain time and a certain place, receive bulky packages of foodstuffs, often totally unsuited to his needs, and somehow carry them back to his living quarters.

Food stamps are slightly more adapted to the use of the elderly, but the process of applying for them is formidable and often humiliating. Many older people have heard (incorrectly) that they must give up their homes or their bank accounts in order to be eligible; others feel it represents a disgrace to accept such help. Hotel and rooming house residents do not qualify since one must have adequate cooking facilities to be eligible.

For the home-bound a program called Meals on Wheels has been developed. Elderly invalids with incomes below the poverty level—the line is drawn by the Office of Economic Opportunity (OEO) at $2,725 for aged couples and $2,100 for aged individuals—are entitled to one hot meal a day. Ideally, the meal is delivered by another elderly but still vigorous worker who stays to pay a friendly visit. For those lucky elderly persons who receive such calls it is often the one event of their day. Like most such programs, Meals on Wheels is underfunded and thus available to only a minute percentage of those who might benefit from it.

In March 1972 President Nixon signed into law a Nutrition Program for the Elderly to be administered by the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. The plan was to provide food for the elderly poor in a variety of ways, including Meals on Wheels and hot lunches served in neighborhood centers. In October of the same year Nixon vetoed the HEW-Labor appropriation, which included funding for the program he had proposed seven months before. The new budget for fiscal 1974 calls for $99 million for this

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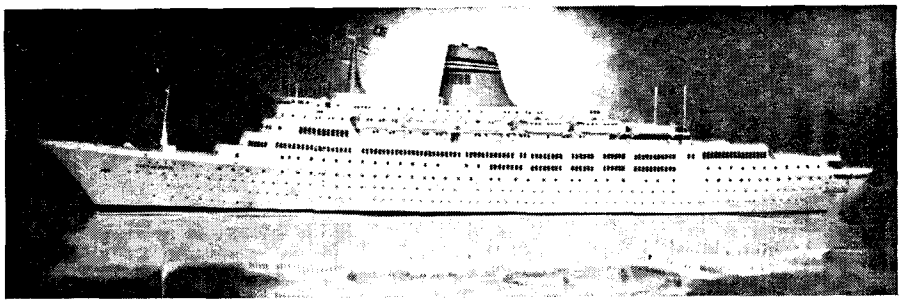
program, but no one knows whether Congress will pass it, nor how it will be implemented if it is passed.

Before any nutrition program for the elderly can be effectively implemented the problem of outreach must somehow be solved: the elderly poor must be found before they can be helped. In 1968/1969, under an OEO grant, the National Council on the Aging (NCA) conducted a search for the invisible elderly in 12 representative cities. Altogether some 44,000 elderly people were interviewed, of whom 19,000 were poor and another 5,000 "near poor." (The poverty level used in the survey was set at $1,999 for aged couples; $1,499 for aged individuals; the near poor were defined as those whose combined or individual income ranged up to $1,000 more.) Of these, only 19 per cent of the poor and 9 per cent of the near poor had ever applied for surplus food or food stamps, and only 14 per cent of the poor and 6 per cent of the near poor had ever received any government aid for nutrition. It is figures like these that make the concerned very angry when the Department of Agriculture announces that it has returned money appropriated to food programs as "unused" in order to demonstrate "fiscal responsibility."

The elderly poor experience similar difficulties when it comes to their medical needs. Although Medicare and state and local supplements supposedly are designed to provide for their needs, few of them realize the benefits to which they are entitled. Some 15 per cent of the elderly poor have not signed up for Medicare at all; among blacks this figure rises to 22 per cent. Almost all of those interviewed reported long waits and total indifference when they tried to explain their symptoms, or get new glasses, or have a drug prescription filled. The same callous attitude generally meets the elderly poor when they attempt to get better housing, look for part-time work, or break out of their isolation.

To fill their empty days, many old people spend hour upon hour in public places. The waiting rooms of bus terminals and train stations are full of them. A network of centers for the elderly is badly needed. Such centers, commonplace in most European nations, are sparse in the United States. A few, supported by the United Fund, do a heroic job, but they usually find themselves overwhelmed by the needs of those elderly who are sufficiently healthy, wealthy, and motivated to come to the center. There is no time nor staff to seek out the lost.

Under the OEO a large number of senior centers were established throughout the country. In addition, under Title IV-A of the Social Security Act



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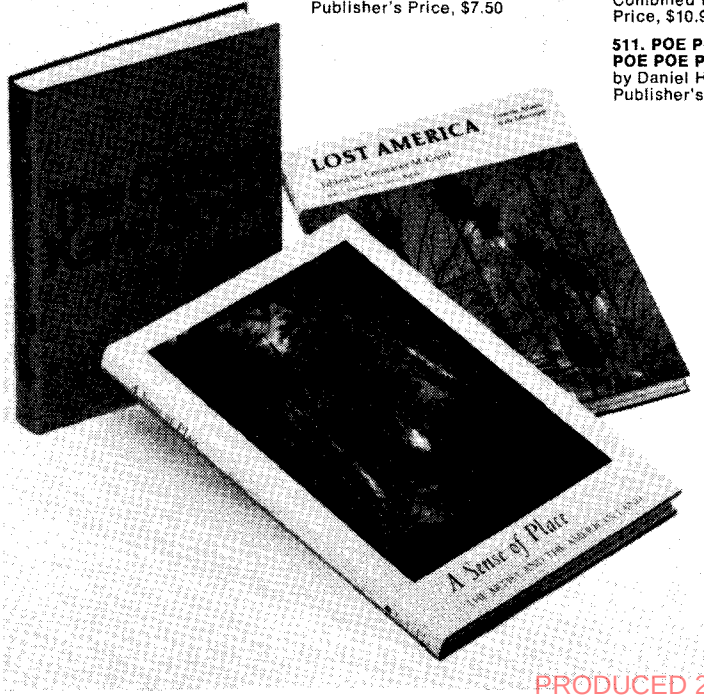

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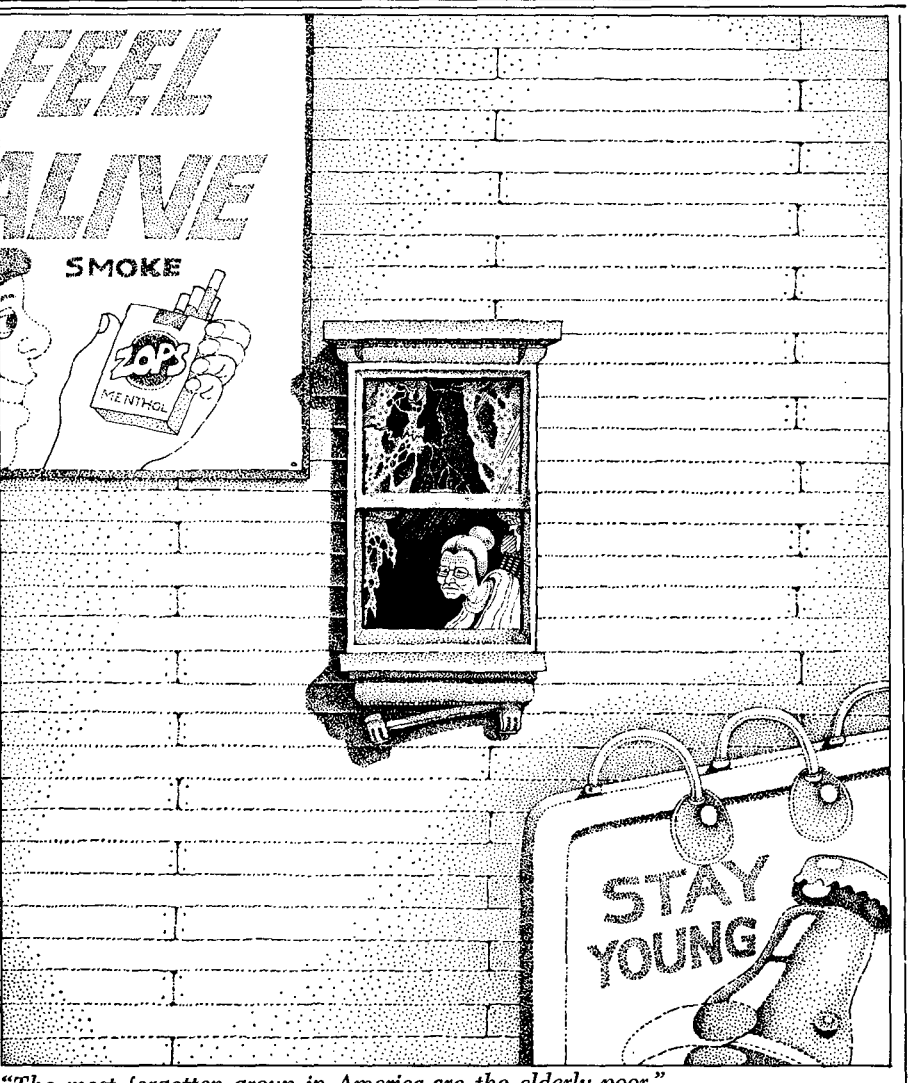

"The most forgotten group in America are the elderly poor."

funds were made available for the establishment of a number of centers for the elderly, called Late Start centers. These were to provide not only a hot lunch and a social and counseling program but also an outreach program, sending workers into the community to knock on all those doors. Both of these badly needed programs are jeopardized by President Nixon's cutbacks on all funds allocated for social services.

Also swept away in the cutbacks are funding for the building of subsidized housing for the elderly (another area in which the United States is far behind most of Europe) and money for Medicare. The elderly are now being asked to pay for a larger portion of their hospital and doctor bills. Programs for research and training for geriatric workers have been slashed, along with programs for the employment of the elderly. New Social Security regulations appear to mean that most of the elderly poor will receive a small supplement but will become ineligible for food stamps.

All these anti–old people measures may prove poor politics in the long run. There are more than 20 million Americans in the 65-or-over bracket, and every one of them has the vote. In most major cities coalitions of the aging are rapidly forming to fight the cutbacks and to lobby in Washington and the state capitals for the funding of such programs as Late Start. Much of the leadership in the new movement is coming from retired union workers, many of whom fought the battle for the closed shop 30 years ago. Significantly, the elderly black, Puerto Rican, Mexican-American, and blue-collar workers are pulling together in these new coalitions in a way their younger counterparts are not.

Addie, Valerie, Tony, and the two million others who are in their predicament have lacked a voice. Now, however, the more vigorous older citizens, outraged by the recent Nixon cutbacks and by the nation's apparent indifference to the needs of all the elderly, are becoming more militant. Perhaps, as a result, their fellow citizens will at last notice, and finally attend to the needs of, this long-silent, long-forgotten host of Americans. □

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WIT TWISTER NO. 327

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

His fatherland he leaves with — — — — — — — — — eyes,

Like other — — — — — — — — — — to foreign shore.

This — — — — — — — — — —, though skilled, will grow more wise

Through — — — — — — — — — another country's lore.

Elizabeth Doughty
Winnetka, Ill.

Answer on page 82

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1550

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1550 will be found on page 82.

HGPDY I ANWID PU I BGMM-

PHOS ZPQQPRLOB BIUE UPD-

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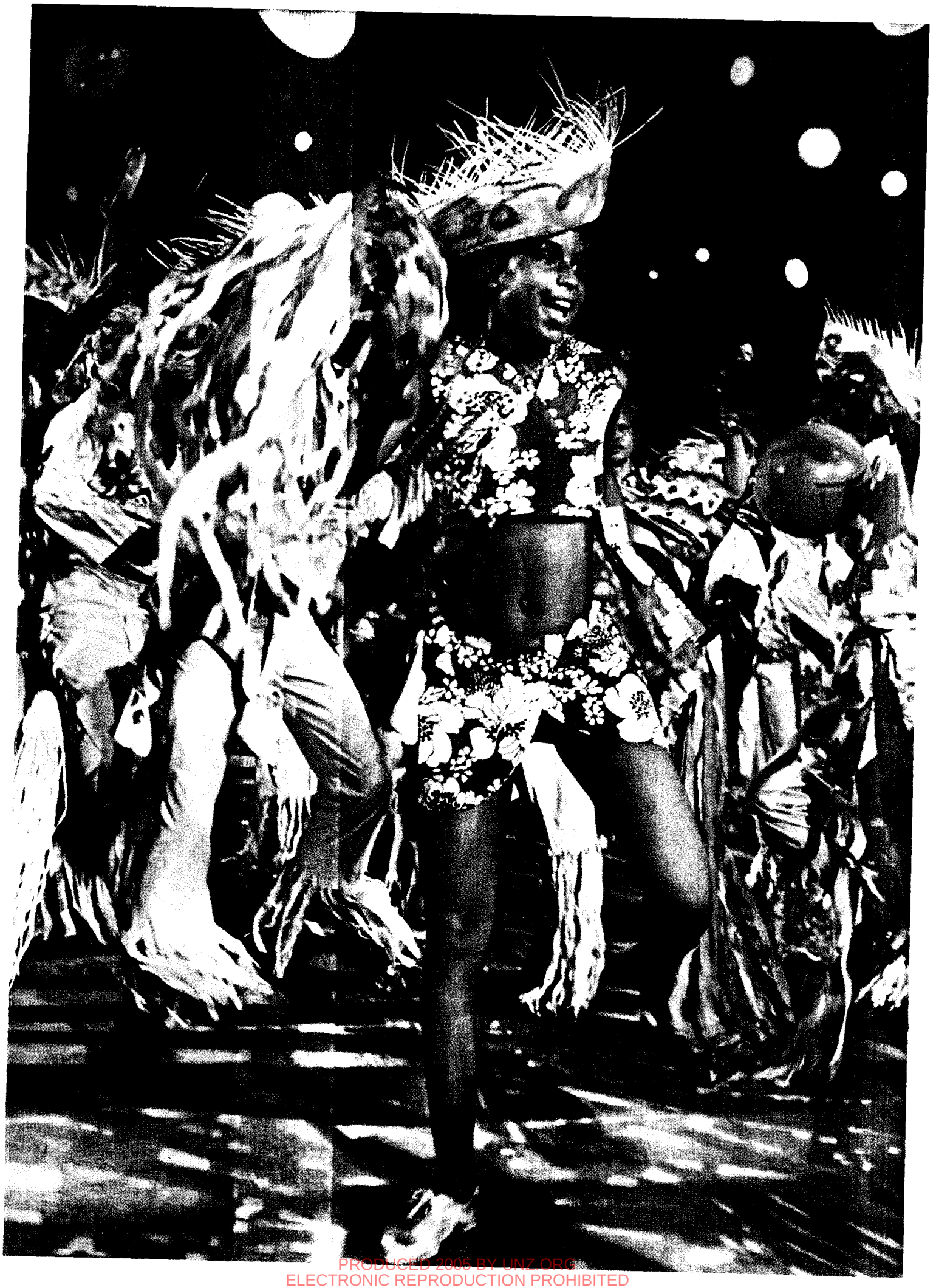

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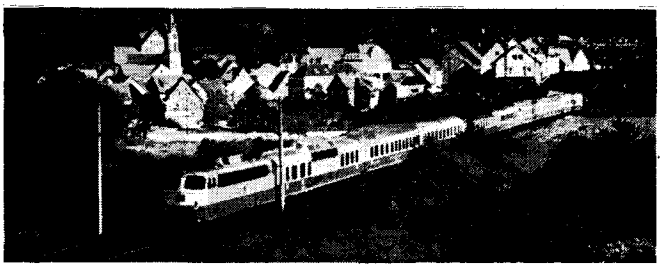

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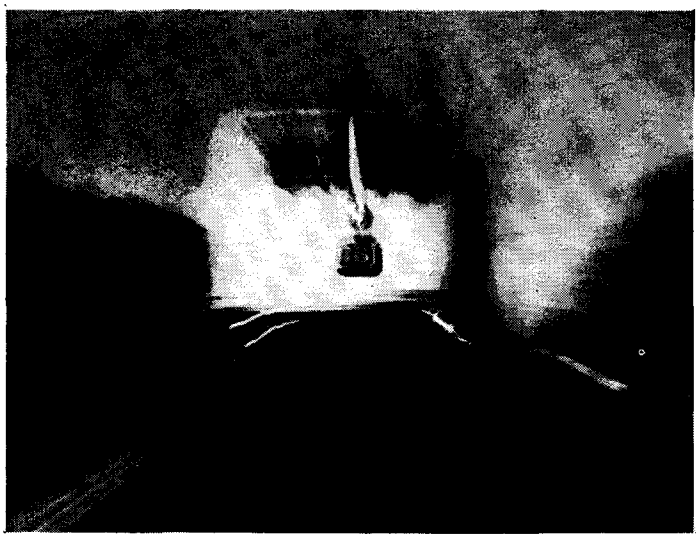

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TRAVEL

The Greening of Korea

BY MILTON VIORST

When I first visited Panmunjom on a dusty summer day in 1953, I drove 20 miles in a Jeep to get there from Seoul, then little more than a collection of brick piles and burnt-out buildings. The front wavered back and forth around the drab tent where teams of stubborn Americans, Koreans, and Chinese had negotiated for two years before signing the cease-fire agreement that ended the Korean War. I drove on bulldozed mountain roads, across river fords, and through rice fields where soldiers camped, ready to fight again.

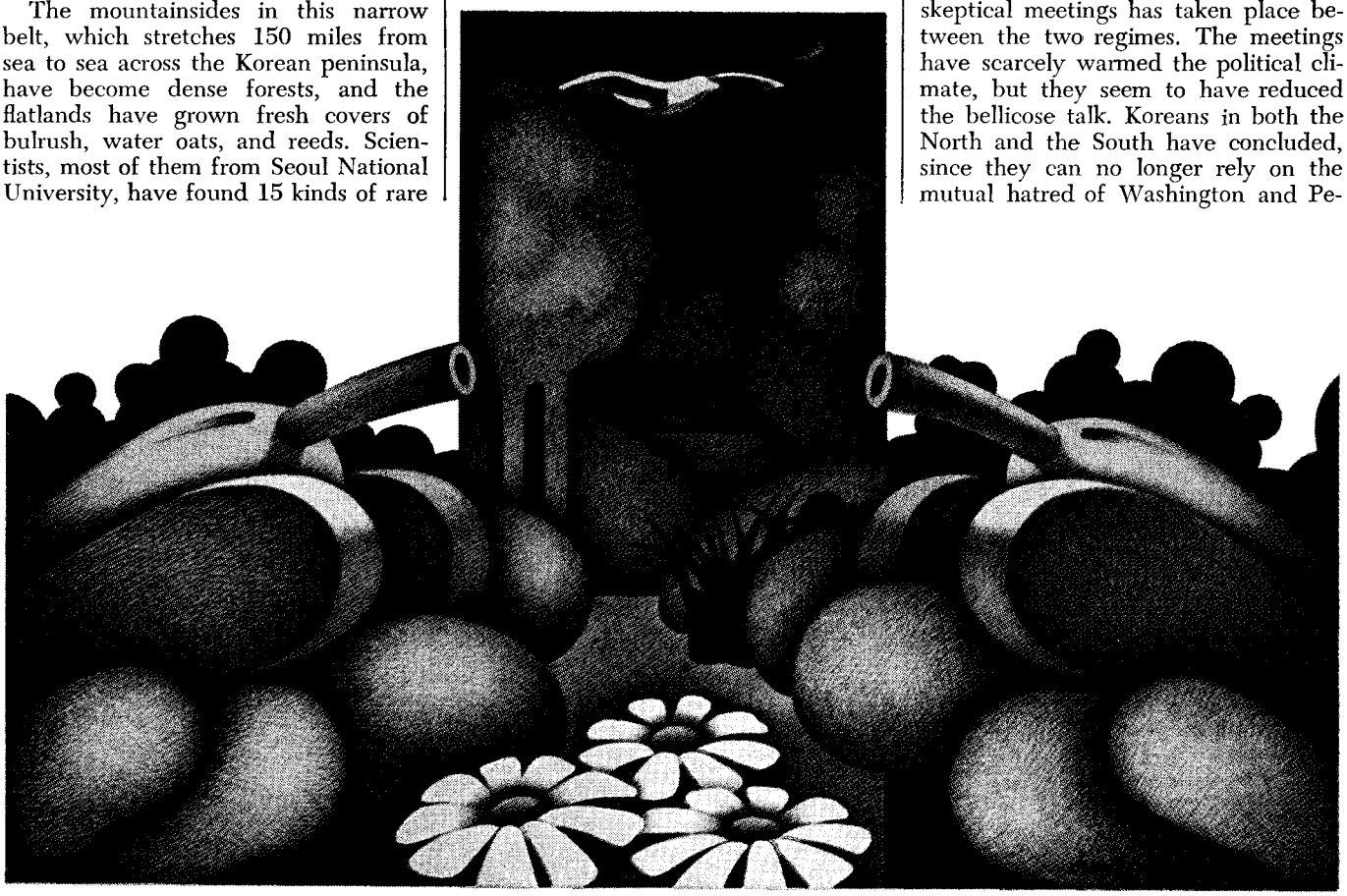
Today there is much irony—and some hope—in the fate of Panmunjom. Two armies still face each other in tense and armed confrontation across the two-mile-wide demilitarized zone. But the land has returned to a state of wilderness; the cries of wild birds and the splash of clean streams now characterize the zone where thousands died a generation ago.

The mountainsides in this narrow belt, which stretches 150 miles from sea to sea across the Korean peninsula, have become dense forests, and the flatlands have grown fresh covers of bulrush, water oats, and reeds. Scientists, most of them from Seoul National University, have found 15 kinds of rare birds that make their home in the area (including the Manchurian and white-necked crane and several varieties of eagles), as well as 30 different species of migrating birds. In the streams they have discovered whole schools of fish —called *yolmoko*—previously thought to be nearly extinct. They have identified several plants that are apparently unique to the terrain. Soldiers from both sides, the only people who penetrate the area regularly, find that it is rich in deer, pheasant, quail, and other game. Bored with peacetime duty at the front, the Americans chafe at the rule forbidding them to hunt, a rule designed to avoid military incidents.

Today Seoul itself is an intense modern city of six million people only one-half hour from Panmunjom along a four-lane highway. Thousands of visitors make the trip each year from Seoul to glimpse the vestiges of a terrible war and hear an American officer, wearing the U.N. insignia, give a briefing on the prospects for keeping the peace. The gate of the war zone is a gold and green pagoda. A sentry examines the credentials of each visitor before waving their vehicles on to "Freedom Bridge," a converted railway trestle that formerly carried trains to Peking. Beyond the bridge the road narrows and turns rutty; alongside the road, men in fatigues carry rifles, warm their coffee around open fires, and drill beneath the camouflage netting of their tanks. This is the only part of Korea reminiscent of my first visit 20 years ago.

How the scientists would like to institutionalize the peace! There is no better site for the study of environmental transitions. Some of the land, of course, may return to cultivation. But Seoul University would like to designate large areas as a national park, to use as a wilderness laboratory. Such plans, of course, must await a future political understanding between North and South.

For the first time in a generation such an understanding now seems at least a remote possibility, in view of the improving relations between the United States and China. Old habits die slowly, and North and South Korea have developed a seemingly unchangeable habit of hostility. But in the past years a series of cautious, probing, and skeptical meetings has taken place between the two regimes. The meetings have scarcely warmed the political climate, but they seem to have reduced the bellicose talk. Koreans in both the North and the South have concluded, since they can no longer rely on the mutual hatred of Washington and Pe-



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king, that perhaps they had better think more about relying on each other.

The thaw, such as it is, hasn't yet affected daily life in Panmunjom. The wartime negotiators' tent disappeared long ago. The village today is a series of semipermanent wooden buildings that accommodate the peace-keeping machinery. But it's not very peaceful, and, at best, relations between the two sides are strained. In recent years dozens of soldiers have been killed and wounded in incidents erupting near the tiny enclave. As recently as 1970, 100 men from both sides participated in a riot, resulting in several serious injuries.

It would not be chauvinistic to say that the North Koreans are principally responsible for the perpetuation of tension. They do it, apparently, as a flamboyant rejection of reconciliation with those who thwarted them in 1950, after they tried to unify all Korea under their own rule. They have made Panmunjom into a sullen place, if not by their military provocations, then by their childish petulance. They have, for example, made each of their buildings a little larger than ours. They fly their flags a fraction higher. They have established one more checkpoint on their side of the Panmunjom perimeter. It took the U.S. Army a while to figure out how to uphold its honor in a way that would keep the North Koreans from escalating the game. The army's solution was to assign to Panmunjom only soldiers who are at least six feet tall. Let the North Koreans, the U.S. command reasoned, see whether they can beat that!

But if Panmunjom is a site of conflict between North and South Korea, it is also the scene of accommodation. It was through Panmunjom, for instance, that the crew of the USS *Pueblo* passed, on their way home to America after a year of imprisonment in North Korea. And when hijackers flew a (South) Korean Air Lines plane to North Korea, the 39 passengers were repatriated at Panmunjom. Last year official delegations of North and South Korea passed through Panmunjom en route to reunification conferences in Seoul and Pyongyang. And today at Panmunjom, the permanent representatives of North and South Korea hold meetings that may start the process of Korean reunification. Indeed, this promising contact between North and South has given Panmunjom a new importance. Vietnam may have to invent a Panmunjom. Fortunately, one exists in Korea—amid a peace that nature has created, perhaps as a model for diplomats. □

Milton Viorst is a Washington-based commentator on political and foreign affairs.

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LETTERS

The Moralization of Abortion
After reading Helen Dudar's article "Abortion for the Asking" [*SR of The Society*, April], I felt as if I had talked with a friend who was empathetic and who had a close understanding of what "it was all about." It coincided with the recent legalization of abortion in my state and my own experience with abortion. I had been feeling quite ambivalent, but the article reassured me that many reactions that I felt were shared by others in similar circumstances.

Elizabeth O'Reilly
Chicago, Ill.

I can only shed tears of sadness and anger for the violent attitudes and practices our society has regressed to. The obvious laws of nature are now selfishly abused or ignored so that people may continue their search for a sexual "utopia." Sadly, abortion (i.e., destruction of human life in the womb) is the logical outcome of the "sex for one and all" philosophy. What was once a beautiful and creative act of love has today become an act of escapism, selfishness, and destruction. Abortion is, and always will be, a dehumanizing and negative practice.

Carolyn Mason
Silver Spring, Md.

Determining Our Social Needs
In reading the debate between Peter Drucker and Edward Hamilton, "Can the Businessman Meet Our Social Needs?" [*SR of The Society*, April], I got the feeling that they are not talking about people at all—only about numbers and dollars. Perhaps more time should be spent to determine what our basic social needs really are, which certainly must include more than food, shelter, clothing, and a television set. What about individual self-esteem—a way for the individual to contribute to society?

Eleanor Hartman
Burlington, Wis.

As one who has worked both in government and in business, I am still not convinced that our national problems can be solved through a greater utilization of business enterprise. The differences between operating to perform specified services and operating for a profit are fundamental differences, and I don't really see how experience in either field is a guarantee of success in the other field. Our government and its enterprises have been run for years by persons from all walks of life and by a civil service that performs much better than its critics would have us believe. If business corporations can undertake some responsibilities of government, why isn't the reverse true, and could this not be a sure way to eventually destroy free enterprise?

Lucius D. Clay
General, Retired
U.S. Army
Partner, Lehman Brothers
New York, N.Y.

New Rules for the Neighborly
I was disturbed by Bruce Porter's statement in his article "Getting Together With the Neighbors" [*SR of The Society*, April] that Rule No. 1 for organizing communities should be the search for a common enemy. Why not search for a common benefit? Our experience in working with community associations in 21 states is that groups that come together as a result of negative stimulus are not, in the long term, as cohesive and durable as groups formed around positive stimulus. Another phenomenon is that in a negative environment a group will select one kind of leader, while in a positive environment the same people will select another kind of leader. The positive environment produces more experienced, temperate, politically astute, and sensitive leaders who will prove more effective than the rabble-rousing bell-cows.

David B. Wolfe
President
Community Management Corp.
Reston, Va.

Another Anything Authority
Arthur Herzog's article "Faking It" [*SR of The Society*, April] was an eye-opener to the ways in which this culture dupes itself, the ways in which we are untrue to ourselves. Mr. Herzog neglects, however, a category of fakery that he should be wary of: Pervasive Phenomenizing. We seem to have an abundance of books on the best-seller lists, written by observers of the daily scene who deign to point out tendencies in American life that pervade even our most minuscule endeavors. We find that we are guided by the primeval motivations of naked apes; we live in shock because the future is leaping toward us ever faster; and now we are fooling ourselves. These books do perform a valuable service—awareness in the general population, nutritious chewing gum for the mind. But their authors should know that to be aware of a phenomenon is not to be the authority. "Pervasive Phenomenizers" inevitably go the route of Mr. Herzog's Anything Authorities. I fully expect that some night soon Mr. Herzog himself will turn up on Johnny Carson's show.

Lynn Lyons
Pittsburgh, Pa.

We regret that SR *unintentionally omitted a footnote from "Faking It" by Arthur Herzog. The footnote pointed out that the chart illustrating "Scispeak" was previously printed in* Subterranean Newsletter, *Vol. 3, No. 1, p. 13, which in turn was adapted from an article in* Newsweek. *The chart that appeared in* Newsweek, *called the "Systematic Buzz Phrase Projector," originally was devised as a spoof on bureaucrats by Philip Broughton, a former official of the U.S. Public Health Service. It was first published in* Reader's Digest *in September 1968 and later appeared in* Time *and the Cosmos Club* Bulletin. THE EDITORS

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EDITORIAL

Richard Nixon and Social Responsibility

A couple of weeks ago, I saw a federal bureaucrat literally squirming. He was in a tight spot. An intelligent and well-meaning man who serves as a regional director of the U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, he was addressing a group of about 3,500 welfare workers in Minneapolis gathered from throughout the state of Minnesota. I marked him a brave man to have shown up on this occasion since President Nixon had just broadcast his startling announcement that the crisis of the cities had passed, which, of course, was Mr. Nixon's rationale for the fact that his proposed budget for fiscal 1974 did not provide for the continuation of child care programs, community health centers, alcoholism treatment facilities, rat-control efforts, lead-poisoning prevention programs, and maternal health services, among other social service programs.

The HEW man cautiously confined his remarks to noncontroversial technical matters, but, after he had finished his speech, a woman stood up and asked him what he thought of President Nixon's new budget. The bureaucrat replied that, although there was a good deal of talk about how the President had slashed the budget, it was also a fact that his proposed allocation for HEW was 7.5 per cent over what it had been the previous year. The woman added that it was also a fact that the entire 7.5 per cent increase was accounted for by increased Social Security benefits, which were supported by taxes rather than by any discretionary funds controlled by the President. The official cleared his throat and allowed as how that was so. Then someone else asked the speaker what he thought of the fact that cutting child care programs in the state of Minnesota was certain to drive a great many of the recipients onto the welfare rolls. The HEW man said he thought that was a great shame and then added, in what I regarded as exquisite bureaucratese, that he did not yet have "an objective data base for judgment of the President's budget."

Well, I thought to myself as I heard him say that, there are some others who feel they do. Walter Heller, a former chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors when the Democrats were in office, had recently said that President Nixon's budget message was "a fiendishly clever appeal to the worst instincts of the people," although Mr. Nixon "couched it all in high moral tones." Another former chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors, Arthur Okun, had characterized the President's budget as "impeccable economic policy and intolerable social policy."

Why has the President embarked on this path?

The answer is plain enough, I think. Mr. Nixon's real aim is to balance the budget without increasing taxes, stave off worse inflation, and provide more money for the military. If, in the process, he has to dismantle a host of the federal government's social service programs, well, he thinks that will be easier than raising taxes because fewer people will complain if he cuts back the programs than will be heard from if he raises taxes.

Naturally, the President had other options. As the economist Robert Lekachman recently pointed out in an article in the *New York Times Magazine*, Mr. Nixon *could* reform the tax laws so as to generate more revenue. He *could* cut the military budget, which would seem a reasonable thing to do after extricating us from Vietnam. He *could* accept continued inflation and devise ways to compensate its victims. He *could* step into the economy decisively and provide permanent federal supervision of the key price and wage decisions in our economy. But he has not chosen any of these alternatives—he has decided instead on the sharp reduction of social services, and he is cloaking this decision with folklore—with the fondly clung-to but deceptive American dream that private enterprise and local governments are sufficient to deal with our social needs.

Henry Steele Commager, the distinguished professor of American history at Amherst College, made a joke about this the other day. He said, if the President wants to turn pollution control, hospital and medical care, urban blight, unemployment, and such national problems back to the states and municipalities, and if the President tells us that he's doing this for philosophical reasons, why then, to be consistent, Mr. Nixon ought to order the Pentagon to go back to the state militia system.

But, of course, the President is not concerned with being consistent. Indeed, while chastising the disadvantaged welfare seeker, and while telling individuals to go out and do for themselves, Mr. Nixon is in fact ushering in a new welfare state. Only now the welfare clients on the government dole are the likes of Lockheed Aviation, which has been guaranteed a $250-million loan by the government.

And Litton Industries, which agreed to build warships for the navy and then shot the price up $500 million.

And all of the other beneficiaries of the fact that the President's new defense budget, which Mr. Nixon has characterized as "a true peacetime budget in every sense of the word," calls for an increase of $8 billion over the next two fiscal years, which are the first two post-Vietnam fiscal years in a decade. And thus, for the first time in our history, a peacetime military budget is higher than a wartime military budget.

Such actions by the President have left this writer deeply troubled, and troubled not merely because defense spending seems disproportionate to our needs, or because of the fate of a number of social programs that are perhaps imperfect but that at least attempt to right some of the imbalances in this society. I am troubled about something even larger—the fact the present occupant of the White House is emerging as the defender of the well-heeled and the comfortable, whereas every other chief executive in my memory rather presented himself to the American people as the defender of the poor, the weak, the aged, the sick, the minorities.

Franklin Roosevelt was that kind of President.

The late Harry Truman was that kind of President.

Dwight Eisenhower and John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson were that kind of President.

And so I urge readers who may agree with me to let Mr. Nixon know what kind of President we would like *him* to be. I urge readers to call upon Mr. Nixon to set an example for us, and to elevate us as a people by calling upon us to be even more sound and responsible in assessing the priorities of our society, and to be even more compassionate in caring for the less fortunate among us.

That is the kind of President we want him to be, because that is the caliber of people we are.

WILLIAM H. HONAN

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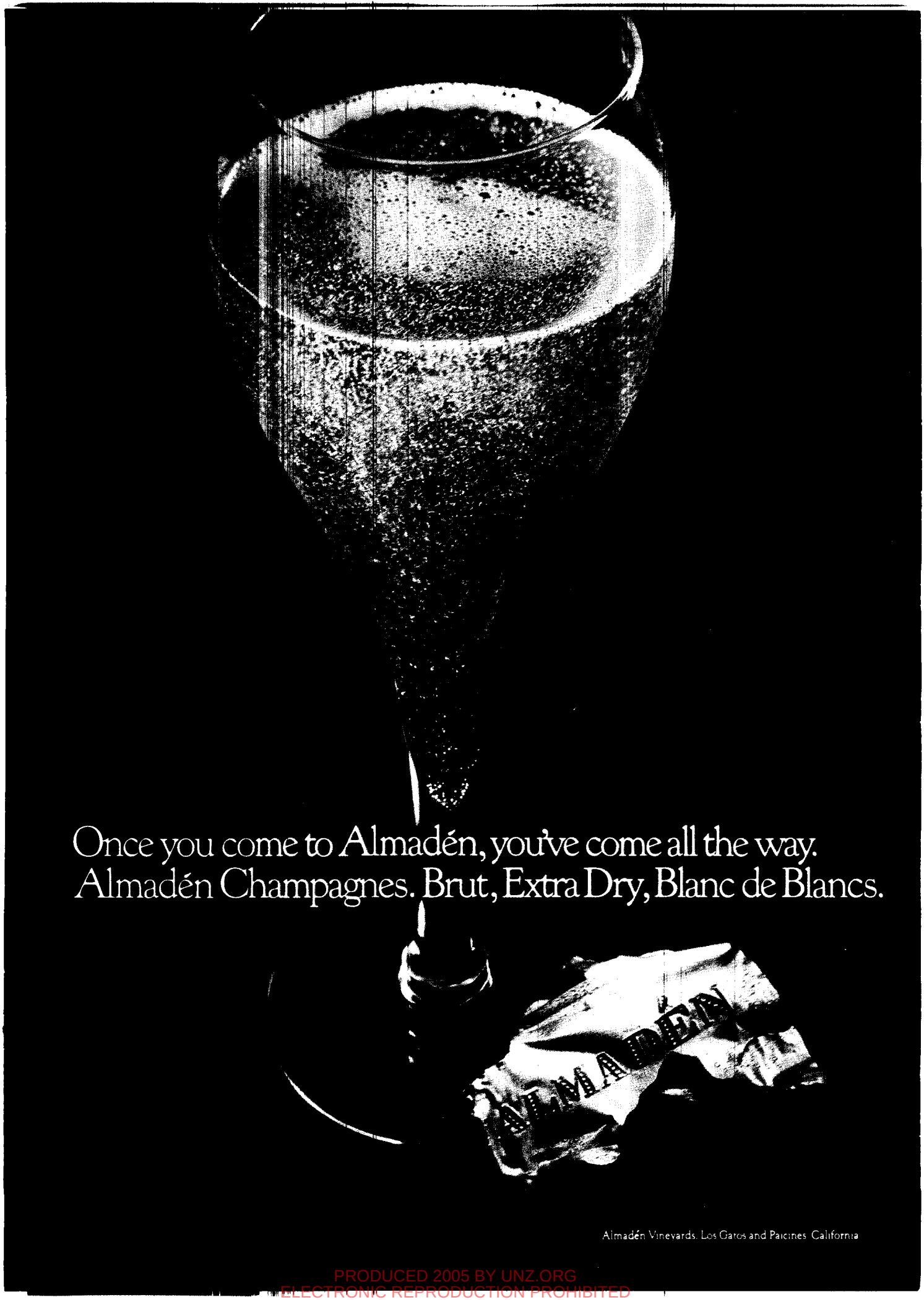
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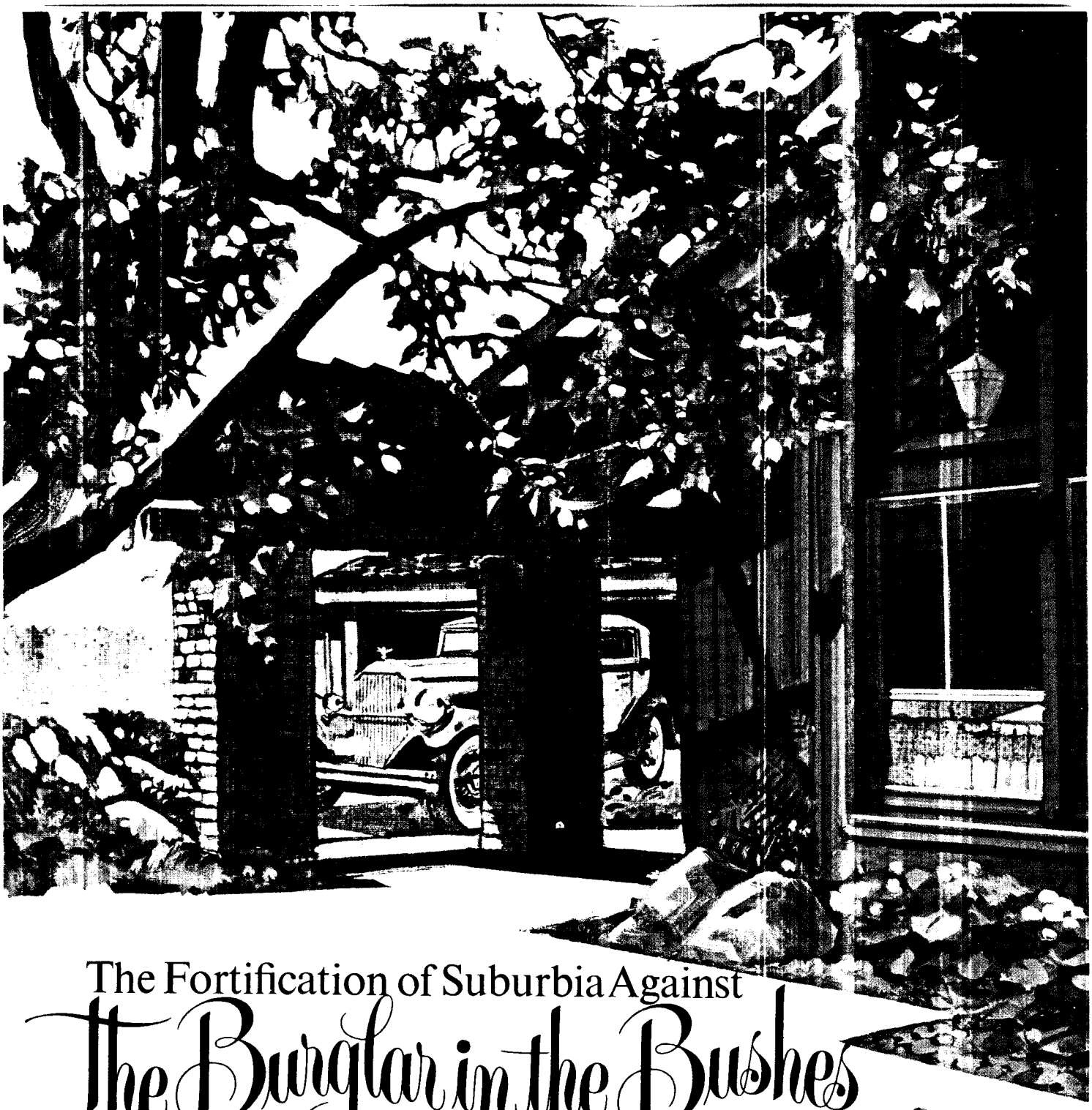
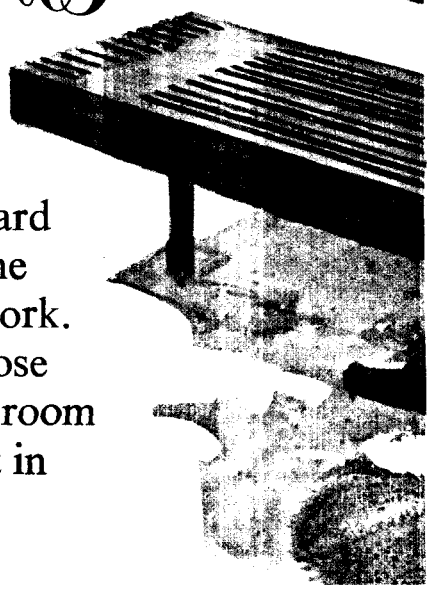


The Fortification of Suburbia Against

the Burglar in the Bushes

By Charles N. Barnard

Sam Mills was afraid—afraid that his suburban refuge from the dangers of the world was no longer secure. A shrewd man in his fifties, Sam had worked hard all his life, and within the walls of his $80,000 house he had accumulated many of the rewards of that hard work. A painting by a nineteenth-century French artist, whose name Sam could never remember, hung on the living room wall. His wife's collection of antique jewelry was kept in



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Sam was not the type to stint when it came to fortifying

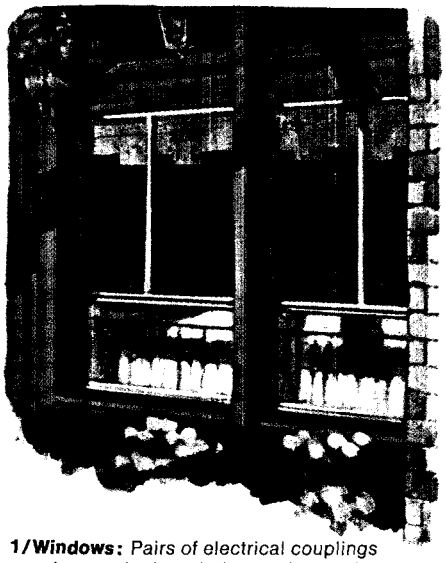
a rosewood box in the bedroom. Several hundred dollars' worth of imported wine rested in the cool darkness of a basement alcove, and a well-preserved 1931 Pierce Arrow, which used to belong to Sam's business partner, was parked in the two-car garage. Sam bought himself a new Buick every year, but he liked to cruise around in the old Pierce every now and then and remember 1931.

Sam talked a lot about crime, and the grim facts reported on the front page of his daily newspaper gave him plenty of ammunition. He read that a burglary occurs somewhere in this country every 11 seconds and that more than 1,000,000 homes are robbed each year. One evening he read that thieves had broken into a house less than a mile away. They had stolen the TV and some antique furniture and, as a final gesture of contempt, smeared excrement on the living room walls. "Selma," Sam said to his wife, "we're getting a burglar alarm."

Sam was not the type to stint when it came to fortifying his $80,000 castle. Locks with pick-resistant Medeco cylinders ($20 for each special cylinder) were fitted on all the exterior doors. VigilPane, an impenetrable, laminated glass ($4 per square foot), replaced all the glass door panels leading onto the patio.

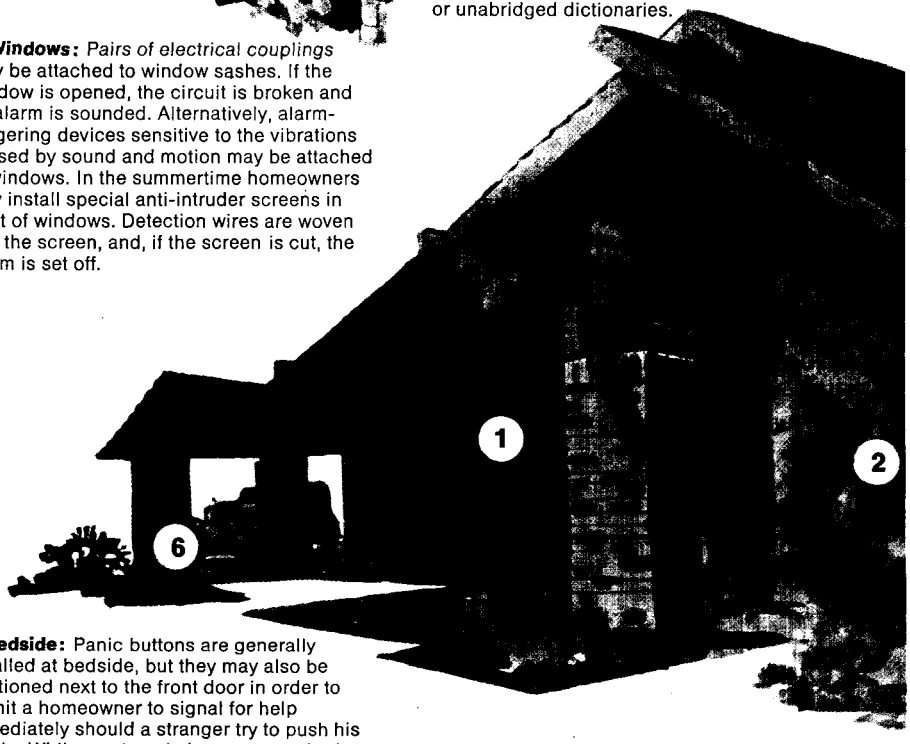
For $2,000 Sam had installed one of the best electronic alarm systems available. Attached to every possible point of entry into the house were sensors that could detect the first vibrations of a burglar's jimmy and trigger the alarm. A howling siren would then go off in the house, and, simultaneously, a light would flash on a central switchboard miles away where the alarm company's ever-ready personnel would pick up the phone and alert the local police. This tie-in to "central security" was via the telephone wires. To guard against the possibility that some enterprising thief might think to cut the wires before attempting a burglary, the phone lines were buried.

Inside the house 3M ultrasonic Intruder Alarms disguised as dictionaries ($124.50 apiece) were installed in all the downstairs rooms. If a sizable, unidentified shape crossed the room and disturbed their high-frequency waves, spotlights would flash on and a second alarm, independent of the central house alarm, would begin to wail. More electronic sensors were hidden behind the nineteenth-century paint-



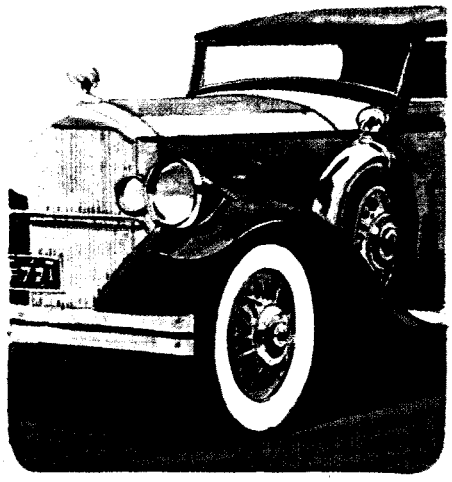
1/Windows: *Pairs of electrical couplings* may be attached to window sashes. If the window is opened, the circuit is broken and an alarm is sounded. Alternatively, alarm-triggering devices sensitive to the vibrations caused by sound and motion may be attached to windows. In the summertime homeowners may install special anti-intruder screens in front of windows. Detection wires are woven into the screen, and, if the screen is cut, the alarm is set off.

2/Den and Living Room: Table-top intruder alarms to guard individual rooms may take the form of simple, rectangular boxes. For homeowners who demand aesthetically pleasing protection, these devices also come packaged to look like radios, hi-fi speakers, or unabridged dictionaries.



5/Bedside: Panic buttons are generally installed at bedside, but they may also be positioned next to the front door in order to permit a homeowner to signal for help immediately should a stranger try to push his way in. While most panic buttons are wired into the general alarm system, some have their own independent, transistorized power supply and will signal even if the main alarm has been disarmed.

6/Garage: Photoelectric light and detector systems may be set up so as to create an invisible fence across a garage door opening or between gateposts at the entry to the driveway.



Charles N. Barnard is a freelance writer based in a Connecticut suburb. His book on Cape Cod, The Winter People, *will be published this spring by Dodd-Mead.*

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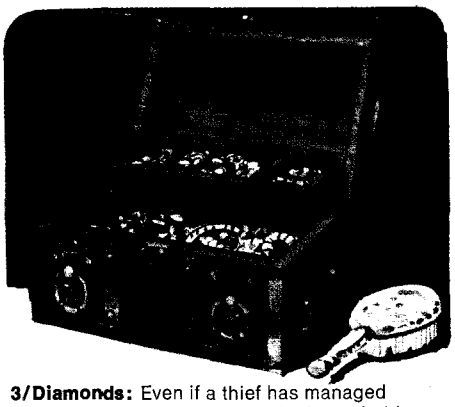
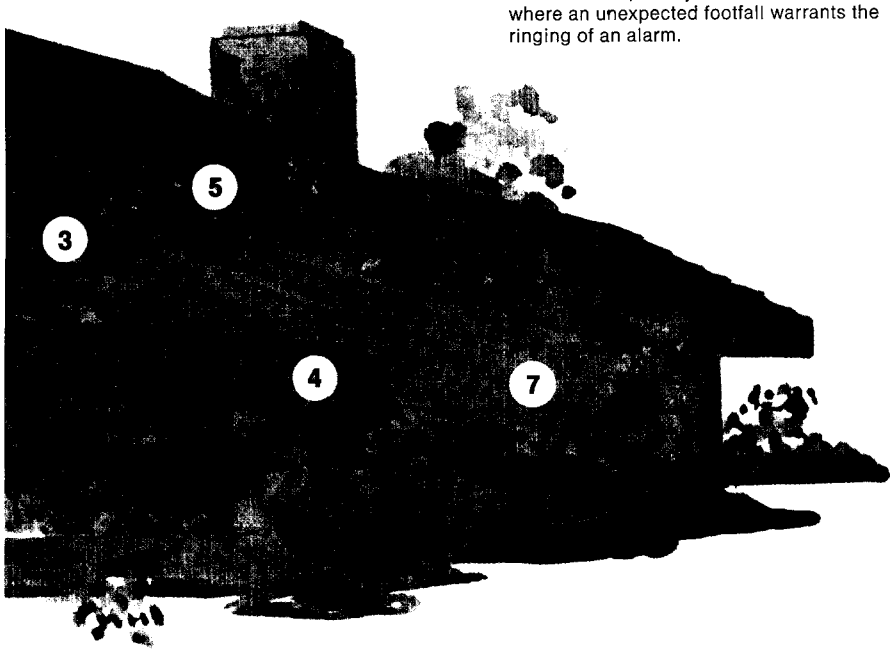
),000 castle with the latest in home protection appliances.

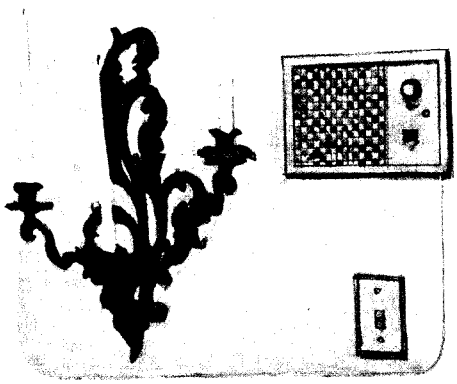


3/Diamonds: Even if a thief has managed to elude or disarm enough of the household alarm system to find himself safely within reach of the family jewels, treasured impressionist painting, or wall safe, he may still be caught by the special pressure-sensitive alarms that can be attached to such precious objects.

4/Stairways: Pressure-sensitive wires may be laid, imbedded in floor pads, under carpeting on stairways, in hallways, beneath windows, in front of doors, or anywhere else in the house where an unexpected footfall warrants the ringing of an alarm.



7/Talk-back Devices: Alarm systems set up to transmit a danger signal to a central security station may include an intercom that enables the residents to converse with security agents while awaiting their arrival. Such intercoms are also useful for families in which some member has a chronic illness that may require emergency aid. If help must be summoned for medical purposes, the talk-back device permits the family to specify what kind of help is needed.



8/Wine Cellar: A wine cellar may be wired into the house-alarm system, not just to protect it from burglars with refined tastes, but also—when fitted with heat sensors—to flash a warning in case of an accidental jump in temperature.

ing and under the jewelry chest; they were plugged into the main alarm. For additional protection, an Ademco Photoelectric Unit ($180) was set up to beam its nearly invisible infrared light across the garage door opening. Anyone who rolled the Pierce Arrow from the safety of its shelter would cut the beam and set off the main alarm.

In the master bedroom was the fail-safe gadget—a transistorized panic button that either Sam or his wife could activate if they became suspicious that an intruder had somehow slipped through all the electronic defenses into their fortress. "Selma," said Sam, "now we'll sleep soundly."

When the alarm installation was completed, the salesman suggested that Sam throw a party for his neighbors to show off the new system. "Then, if they hear your alarm go off some night, they will know what it is," he said. What he didn't say was that the party would also be a splendid free advertisement for his wares.

Sam Mills, let it be said, is make-believe. Nevertheless, it is a sad fact that he is all too typical of hundreds of thousands of fearful suburban dwellers across the United States today. That they have become an easy touch for the burglar-alarm salesman is not unduly surprising, for the fear of crime that motivates them is distressingly well documented by FBI statistics. Daytime burglaries in the United States rose 337 per cent between 1960 and 1970. In 1972 the number of violent crimes reported in suburbia jumped 13.4 per cent—almost twice as much as in the nation's cities. Moreover, a recent Gallup poll that covered unreported as well as reported crimes revealed that in 1972 one in every five suburban residents had been the victim of burglary, vandalism, mugging, robbery, or car theft. The Gallup pollsters further reported that today one in six Americans living in a suburb or small town does not feel safe from crime even in his own home.

Since the actual number of crimes committed in the suburbs is still far less than in the cities, the extent to which suburbanites feel besieged is perhaps exaggerated. But, then, suburbanites have a particular view of crime. Crime is *supposed* to strike at those who live in the cities. The suburban dweller's affluence—his move *from* the city—was *supposed* to buy him immunity from danger. So he is doubly disturbed to find himself once again vulnerable to crime. Criminologist Marvin Wolfgang of the University of Pennsylvania explains the suburbanite's reaction thus: "The suburbanite knows that crimes such as burglary are usually

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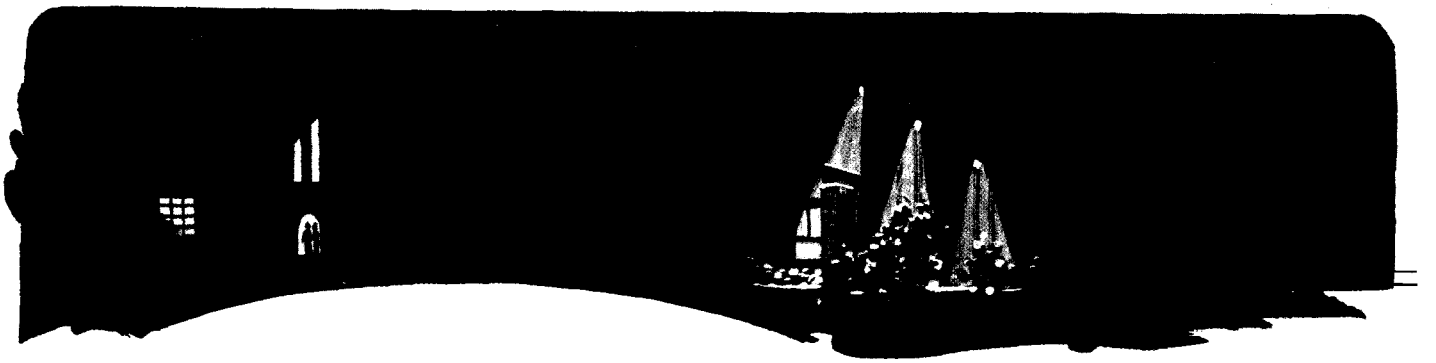

A burglar alarm buyer can choose to have a **local alarm** set to ring at his house, switch on floodlights and a red flasher to alert neighbors to come to his aid (above). Or he may choose a system that makes no noise at his home but flashes an alert to the switchboard of a security company's **central alarm-monitoring station.**

In selecting his "central station," he may opt for a company that will dispatch its own men to the scene of the crime, or one that will simply receive the alarm signal and then notify the police. In some communities the owner is allowed to bypass a commercial security station and tie his alarm directly into a **monitoring board at police headquarters.** Where such tie-ins are not available, he can sometimes attach to his alarm system an automatic telephone-dialer set to call the police when the alarm is triggered.

These systems to relay calls for professional help are by no means foolproof, however. Last month a band of New York City burglars cut the phone cable leading into a central station, disarming all Holmes Protection alarms in lower Manhattan. The enterprising burglars were able to walk off undetected with a cool $100,000 in jewels from the target of their choice.

committed by outside people roving through his community. This leads to a sense of being invaded, of falling victim to a random attack from the outside." In short, it creates a special kind of paranoia.

Whether suburbanites' fears are real or obsessive, however, the result is the same. Homeowners act in the belief that marauders—burglars, robbers, vandals—are closing in on them. And, like Sam Mills, those who can afford it are now buying anti-burglary sensors, sirens, photoelectric cells, and ultrasonic boxes with the same enthusiasm they once lavished on the blender, the combination washer-dryer, and the power lawn mower.

What this current buying spree for America's latest line of home appliances is creating is a brand-new American business—the business of keeping people safe, or at least making them *feel* safe. Wall Street analysts estimate that there are now no fewer than 5,000—perhaps as many as 10,000—companies bidding for a market stake in the manufacturing, sales, or installation of anti-burglary devices. A spin-off of the nation's $4-billion industrial-security business (see *SR of The Sciences*, March 1973), home protection is expected to produce some $400 million in revenues by 1980, according to Predicast, a Cleveland-based industrial research firm. What that means is that within seven years American homeowners, who lose approximately $1.6 billion in property to thieves each year, may be spending $1 on protection for every $4 of property stolen.

A dazzling variety of technological gadgetry is being offered by manufacturers who hope to corner a share of this equally dazzling market, and, although such anti-burglary devices are probably protecting fewer than 1 per cent of U.S. homes at present, among houses in the $40,000-and-up bracket that figure is more like 10 per cent. With burglar-alarm salesmen directing as much as 80 per cent of their sales efforts at the families living in this cream of the U.S. real estate market, the New York marketing research firm of Frost and Sullivan has predicted that by 1976 some 90 per cent of these costly homes will have some form of electronic protection.

Besides others, Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and Smith is bullish in its analysis of many of the companies in the anti-crime field; their future growth seems as inevitable as the very rise in crime their business depends on. Those involved in making protection equipment describe their own rosy prospects this way. "The [burglary] problem is enormous now," says Bill Hipps of American Machine and Foundry's security division, "but the real problem is the rate at which it's growing—a compounded rate of 20 per cent a year." Nor do those in the home-security business see much likelihood that the crime boom, which has begotten the alarm boom, will slacken. "Look at it this way," says Robert L. Morgan of the security division of the Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company (3M). "There's one burglary [for] every 45 homes today. Five years from now one house in 25 is going to get it. Eventually, I think, every home in America may be robbed. There's really no hope to cut the crime rate. We've just got to shift the criminals to softer areas."

The language of the Pentagon drifts into the security business. "Softer areas." "Harden the target." "Guard the perimeter." And don't call the electronic gadgets burglar alarms. They are "multifunctional home-security systems."

Indeed, some of the Pentagon's most important suppliers are now moving into home protection: 3M, Westinghouse, American Machine and Foundry, ITT, and Martin Marietta. Such companies stress to customers that their expertise in new technologies helps them to build a better burglar trap. But such colorful old-line "armored car" outfits as Wells Fargo, Pinkerton's, Burns Security, and American District Telegraph (ADT) claim that their long experience in the protection of banks and industry now enables them to produce the best systems for home protection as well.

Still other firms—dozens and dozens of them—are branching into the anti-burglar business because they feel they have some special advantage that will help them cash in on the demand. Walter Kidde, the nation's number one manufacturer of fire alarms and extinguishers, asserts, for example, that burglar alarms, which work along many of the same principles as fire alarms, are a natural outgrowth of the company's fire protection business. Rittenhouse Operations, a division of Emerson Electric, has moved into the security business because the distribution network it has established for its main product line—door chimes and intercoms—is also an ideal marketing network for burglar alarms. So comparable are the chime and alarm business, in fact, that Stainton Allen, sales manager of Rittenhouse, has likened the present competitive free-for-all in burglar alarms to the early days of the chime business—the post–World War II days when hundreds of small companies sent their Willy Lomans out to convince Americans that the ding-ding-dong they were marketing was the best of all replacements for the old-fashioned door bell. "There will be thousands of 'locals,' then a big shake-out," he said, referring to the fact that Rittenhouse, along with Nu-Tone, came to dominate the chime business.

From now until the shake-out in

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burglar alarms, however, no one will know just what companies' products will prove the most effective and durable. And until that time buyers are going to have to wend their way through a befuddling set of equipment options with enough branch options and sub-options to make setting up protection for a four-bedroom ranch house seem more like setting up a mission control center in Houston.

The security system alternatives now on the market break down initially into three types. First, there are perimeter systems that guard points of entry into a house. Second, there are space or area systems that watch over rooms and halls within a house. And third, there are systems—less common than the others—that can detect an intruder either as he enters a house or once he is inside by means of sophisticated listening devices.

The perimeter systems themselves come in two varieties: wired and wireless. Wired systems are the more elaborate and costly of the two, since wires must be snaked behind walls and baseboards and the labor required is, of course, expensive. A common type of closed-circuit system is set up with pairs of wired magnets mounted on all doors and door frames and on the upper and lower halves of window sashes. The magnets make contact when the doors and windows are closed, but if a door or window is opened, the magnets separate, breaking the electrical circuit and signaling danger. A multiplicity of other detection devices—pressure-sensitive floor mats, vibration sensors, and fire sensors—can be hooked into such systems, which cost on the average $1,000 to $1,500.

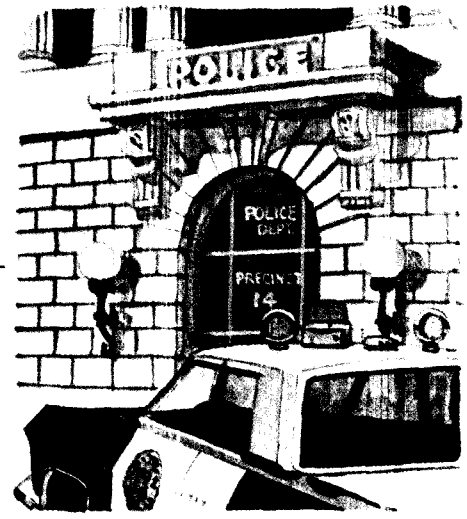
On the other hand, perimeter alarms that do not require special wiring cost only about $30 for each of the individual alarm units used to protect a door or window. In such setups the wireless alarm units are usually plastic boxes measuring about 4 x 8 inches. They are attached to the wall alongside each opening to be guarded. Each box has its own noisemaker, is powered by the same types of magnetic, vibration, or pressure sensors used in the more elaborate wired systems. Sophisticated wireless units also come with small radio transmitters that give the wall alarms the capability to beam a danger signal to a general house-alarm unit.

Systems of the second type, designed to warn that there are intruders inside the house, generally consist of a combination of photoelectric and ultrasonic devices. The photoelectric units—a variant of the electric eyes that are hooked up to hold open elevator doors—most often are disguised to look like ordinary electrical outlets, and when they are mounted in a hallway so that their pinpoint of infrared light cuts the corridor diagonally from one end to the other, it is difficult to walk through the hall without breaking the beam and activating the alarm.

Table-top ultrasonic units, which emit their inaudible sound waves in an ever-widening, cone-shaped pattern, have a broader detection range, and they are used to protect entire rooms. Usually disguised as hi-fi speakers, most have a socket in the back, into which an ordinary table lamp can be plugged. When a movement in the room causes the bounce-back pattern of the sound waves to register danger, the lamp snaps on, and a horn inside the unit goes off after a 15- to 20-second delay. The delay allows a drowsy homeowner who has gotten up for a glass of water and tripped the alarm enough time to switch off the siren before it wails and wakes up the family.

The third type of security system eavesdrops throughout the entire house. Sound monitoring operates only when switched on, of course, and usually only when the family is away—not at night, since the tiny microphones secreted around the house are so sensitive that they may be activated accidentally by a nighttime snore. When in operation, the microphones of this system pick up a sound, such as the tinkle of breaking glass, and the sound is then amplified to 400 or 500 times its normal volume in the more sophisticated systems. This sound triggers a light on a remote central switchboard, signaling security personnel to put on their headphones, listen for sounds of a burglar, and, if need be, dispatch police to the scene.

Whatever kind of detectors are used to pick up the first signs of an intruder, all must of course connect to an actual



alarm—an alert for help from someone outside the house. And unless the alarm and intrusion detectors are in the same box (as with table-top ultrasonic units), the burglar-alarm buyer must also choose what kind of alarm he wants. Does he want bells, horns, or sirens to make a racket at the house, scare off the thief, and bring the neighbors running? Or does he want a silent distress signal transmitted over leased telephone lines to a remote-control security center to bring professional lawmen to his aid?

The pitch to homeowners from salesmen representing companies that specialize in alarm systems which sound only at the house is that 99 per cent of the time an intruder will be frightened off by a loud noisemaker and flashing lights. The homeowner, they point out, doesn't want a confrontation with the criminal. He wants the intruder to scram—and fast. Moreover, connecting a silent alarm system to the central switchboard of a security company, a detective agency, or even to the local police station, if permitted, will cost a tidy additional sum. Monthly charges for the tie-in service, which includes charges by the telephone company for the lease of special lines, can run anywhere from $15 to $80.

Companies that sell systems linked to their own central security stations compete, however, by claiming that the extra money is well spent on the greater protection it affords. Fearful neighbors, they say, don't want to "get involved" when an alarm goes off at 3 A.M. In "A Nation of Strangers," as Vance Packard has termed contemporary America, a neighbor can't be counted on to come to the aid of a burglary victim, even if that victim is the man next door.

Moreover, remote-alarm companies say they can offer clients special emergency features not possible with house-only alarms—features such as a "talk-back" device. A talk-back unit enables a homeowner to speak to "central se-

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curity" and tell the guards what is going on in the house after an alarm has sounded. Or, on the other hand, it enables the security personnel to assure the besieged family that help is on the way. Like panic buttons, intercoms are a popular feature with women whose husbands travel a great deal. Because remote alarms, by alerting lawmen without alerting the thief, greatly increase the odds of interrupting a burglar's career by catching him in the act, a company like American District Telegraph, the largest of the central-station-alarm companies, can also boast that its remote-alarm system made possible the apprehension of more than 5,000 intruders in a 12-month period during 1970 and 1971.

Catching thieves. Scaring them off. Fortifying America against its army of burglars. Alarms are ingenious electronic systems that mean to secure citizens against a breakdown of The System. But for all the money now spent, or about to be spent, on home alarms, how effectively do they protect?

The batteries used in wireless systems wear out, owners often neglect to change them, and so the home goes unprotected. An active family living in a fully wired house often finds that the constant routine of switching the elaborate system on and off becomes a nuisance. They can't be bothered, and, come the prowler, no alarm. However, alarms that *don't* go off when they should are a minor problem compared to those alarms that go off altogether too often.

False alarms are, in fact, the curse of the home-protection industry. A recent study done for the Department of Justice concluded that 94 per cent of alarms answered by local police turn out to be false. A leading central-station company puts the figure at 95 per cent. Indeed, the false-alarm problem is so widespread that Morris Fealy, vice-president of Advance Devices Laboratories, the nation's leading manufacturer of infrared security systems for government and industry, says he wouldn't put an alarm in his home. "[Those] things turn in so many false alarms, some servicemen have turned them off without telling their customers. They just don't want to be bothered."

Many false alarms are set off unintentionally by a careless member of the family—a teen-ager returning home after the alarm has been set for the night or a younger child opening the back door to go out to play before the alarm has been deactivated in the morning. But false alarms are caused by alarm equipment as well. Ultrasonic intrusion detectors usually cannot distinguish between the movement of a human shape and that of the family Airedale. Some ultrasonics are so sensitive to disturbances in the space they guard that they can be set off by living room curtains billowing in a breeze. Sensors mounted on window panes for the purpose of picking up strange vibrations will respond not only to the first touch of a burglar's jimmy but also to a slight tremble in the glass caused by a next-door neighbor slamming his garage door. In New Canaan, Connecticut, 61 houses with alarms are wired directly into the police station instead of a commercial security station. "When we have a wind storm," says Police Chief Fred Tiani, "that board of ours lights up like a Christmas tree."

Most unhappy about the rate of false alarms are, of course, the local police departments that have to respond to them. In addition to answering calls from neighbors who have no way of knowing whether a ringing alarm is false, police are harassed by the technological shortcomings of automatic telephone-dialers hooked into many local alarm systems. When the house alarm is activated, this device automatically dials the police emergency number. After ringing five times, it plays a tape-recorded message announcing the burglary, repeats the message several times, then repeats the entire call several times over a five- or ten-minute period, after which it is programmed to turn itself off—even if no one has answered its repeated calls.

When a dialer breaks down, the police are on the receiving end of its neurosis. "We had one of those things tie up an emergency line one night," says John Jordan, chief of police in Darien, Connecticut. "It just wouldn't hang up." And there was no one at home to hang it up. The alarm was false, and Jordan admits he was tempted to go out and personally cut the telephone wires from the house in order to free his lines in case of a real emergency.

Moreover, when police are monitoring switchboards for homes with private burglar alarms, or when they are out chasing down endless false alarms, they are not out patrolling the town's subdivisions to make them safe for those *without* alarms. Police availability for the rest of the community drops off, and the cost of the police force goes up. At least this is the kind of reasoning that has led Dade County, Florida, to ban the installation of both direct dialers and direct tie-ins to local police stations. In numerous other areas, such as Fort Lauderdale, Florida; Montgomery County, Maryland; and Philadelphia, owners of alarms are required to obtain police permits and pay a fee before installing any kind of telephone connections to the police station.

One community that has gone all out in the opposite direction, however, is Scarsdale, New York. Scarsdale has perhaps the highest number of private alarms tied directly to the police station anywhere in the United States. At present 562 home alarms feed their signals directly into a special police monitoring board. Another 198 homes have automatic telephone-dialers set to call the police; still another 157 homes have alarms that ring only at the house itself. Altogether one in six Scarsdale homes has some form of burglar alarm, and the number of false alarms turned in by the systems has been cut in half by a recent ordinance that levies fines against homeowners each time the police respond to a false alarm.

Theoretically, Scarsdale should be "a burglar's paradise," according to Chief of Police Donald Gray. "We have a median income of $40,000 a family here. We have three major highways passing through or near the town, and we are close to a big city." Burglars should be able to come easily, escape quickly, and both hide out and sell their illicit wares in nearby New York City. But last year Scarsdale's burglary rate was 58 per cent below the national average. Instead of the 194 burglaries national FBI statistics would have predicted for the town, it had only 82.

Residents with burglar alarms appear, moreover, to have been better protected than most. Burglars operating in Scarsdale can easily spot and bypass houses with alarms, since a town ordinance requires that every house with an alarm have a red light over the front and rear doors to help police locate the house more quickly when an alarm is ringing. These lights flash only when the alarm is triggered, but the fixtures are always visible. As an indication of their power to deter thieves, Gray points to the fact that of the more than 500 burglaries in Scarsdale from 1967 to 1973, only 18 were perpetrated against premises with alarms.

The families in suburban Scarsdale have, of course, paid handsomely for their special protection. Each hookup to the police station costs $45 for its installation and $9 a month to maintain—or nearly $100,000 a year in toto for all the families involved. Moreover, the nearly 1,000 families probably paid an average of $1,200 to buy and install their alarm systems. Chalk up another million to the cost of being safe.

Only time and experience will tell whether Scarsdale is an exception or whether, ultimately, burglar alarms can actually help slash crime rates on a significant scale in communities across the nation. On one point, however, there is little doubt. So long as monied suburbanites are fearful, as never before, that their personal castles are vulnerable to attack, the suburbs are in for a sales blitz the like of which they haven't seen since the advent of water softeners, termite controls, and buried lawn sprinklers. □

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A CONNOISSEUR'S CATALOGUE OF MODERN PROTECTIVE AIDS

Choosing optimal anti-theft protection requires a certain sophistication. Some pleasure boat alarms are fungus-proof, others are not. Some bicycle locks cost $80, others considerably less. Some watchdogs have menacing, throaty barks, other dogs just yap. For the wary would-be purchaser of protection, *SR* offers on the following pages some assessments and mentions of modern anti-burglary aids: alarms for the home, car, and camper; door locks; decals; and do-it-yourself alarm installation books.

An Automatic Hound Dog

Indications that a dog is home will often scare away burglars; evidently, the indications alone will do the job —you don't necessarily need the dog. Thomas Nova, a New York City dog trainer, has been doing a nice business selling to people without dogs special window decals with a picture of a German shepherd and a stern warning: "Premises fully protected by K-9 Crime Fighters."

To thwart the skeptical burglar, Nova also sells an eight-minute tape cassette of choice growling, snarly, throaty barks, which a woman home alone can switch on if she hears strange noises. (The performance is also available on 33⅓ rpm records.)

The decals sell two for $1, and five for $2. The barking cassette, or record, can be bought for $2.95. It comes with a free K-9 window decal and, upon request, a brochure on special devices to set off the barking automatically if someone tries to break into a house while its owners are away. (Write Nova Kennel & Dog Training Academy, 744 Nostrand Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11216.)

Variations on the Home Protection Theme

Once a house has a burglar alarm installed, other specialized sensors may be hooked into the system to warn of a variety of dangers. Heat and smoke sensors will respond to fire. Others will call attention to rising water in the basement, failure in the heating or air conditioning systems, or rising temperatures in the deep-freeze. One family in San Bernardino, California, has installed heat sensors in a terrarium to guarantee the maintenance of proper levels of heat and humidity for a prized collection of snakes, horned toads, and rare plants.

Approved Anti-Intruder Systems

Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc., is a 79-year-old nonprofit organization that tests electrical products to ensure that they meet national safety standards. Home-protection systems and devices are tested by UL, not only for the safety of material used in them, but also for reliability.

The organization has certified more than 100 central monitoring stations into which some home alarms are wired. Before giving its stamp of approval, UL checks on the station's response time to alarm signals and makes sure that all equipment used in the central station and in the homes tied into the station is also UL-approved.

For unmonitored "local" alarm units to be included on its approved list of "Home Burglar Alarm Systems," UL requires that the alarm unit be simple enough for homeowners to install by themselves, that the decibel level of the alarm be loud enough to wake a sleeping family, and that the unit ring in no false alarms in the course of 6,000 testings. (Note: The false-alarm test ensures against alarms caused by a technological flaw in the device, not against the accidental tripping of the alarm by careless homeowners.) In this home-alarm category UL has approved several control-panel units for do-it-yourself wired alarm systems, as well as the following self-contained alarm devices:

- The Rittenhouse ultrasonic alarm, Model S7640 (Emerson Electric Co., $150).
- The Bourns ultrasonic Intrusion Alarm Model A-6 (Bourns, Inc., $55).
- The 3M ultrasonic Book Intruder Alarm, Model B451 (Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing Co., $124.50), an ultrasonic unit disguised as an English language dictionary—college edition.
- The 3M walnut cabinet Intruder Alarm, Model W451 (Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing Co., $114.50), an ultrasonic unit disguised as a radio.
- The Pinkerton Minuteman II Alarm, or 915 suburban motion-detection system (Pinkerton Electro-Security Co., $449–$480), a radar device that, unlike ultrasonic devices, can detect movement through some walls.

Interestingly enough, none of the telephone-dialers now being used to call police automatically when an alarm sounds have been approved by UL for use in burglar alarm systems.

UL checks every shipment of alarm units it has approved and will not allow its seal to be put on merchandise that differs in any way from the equipment its labs have actually tested. Anyone who wants to buy UL-approved alarms should, therefore, check to be sure that the UL seal appears on the unit being purchased.

"Accident, Automotive, and Burglar Protection," a booklet containing the complete listing of all burglar protection systems approved by UL, can be obtained for $1 by writing to:

Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.
Publications Department
207 East Ohio Street
Chicago, Ill. 60611

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The Fungus-proof Fire, Water, and Burglar Alarm

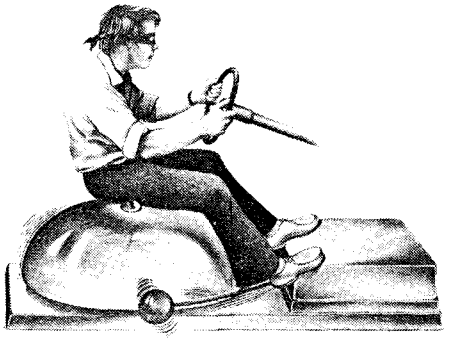
Some nine million Americans own pleasure boats. Another estimated five million own campers, bus-vans, or trailers. Nor have these impressive numbers been lost on the home security industry. Bourns Security System, Inc., now has on the market a Marine Intrusion Alarm ($50). An ultrasonic device specially designed for boats rocking at their moorings, it is equally useful for campers on the move. On board, at the first sign of an intruder, the MA-2 will trigger lights, bells, boat horns, and any other noisemakers a sailor may rig to it. It can also be set to warn of fire and leaks. Best of all, it's fungus-proof.

Thwarting Auto Theft

Automobile thefts, like other common crimes, have increased markedly over the past decade. In 1971, for example, more than 941,000 motor vehicles were stolen in the United States. Kids who see someone else's parked car as a quick, cheap form of transportation or fun are responsible for most of the thefts, and although, according to the FBI, some 80 per cent of stolen vehicles are recovered when abandoned after a joyride, costs to car owners in time and inconvenience are immeasurable. Professional car thieves are largely responsible for those thefts in which the autos are never seen again by their owners—some 170,000 of all cars stolen in 1971. Police say most of these automobiles were either resold as used cars or dismantled and sold part by part. Preliminary FBI figures for 1972 indicate that for the first time in history the number of stolen autos reported in the United States actually declined, but car theft still accounts for a major portion of the personal property stolen in this country.

A variety of inexpensive alarm devices designed to discourage car thieves are now widely available. Among them are:

• Horn alarms: Many inexpensive alarm systems that can be hooked into the automobile horn can now be bought for less than $10. These devices have a mechanism sensitive to vibrations that activates the horn if the car is rocked even slightly by someone attempting to force his way in. An inexpensive horn alarm can be a nuisance, however, since any movement—even a bump from a car being parked in the space behind—is liable to set it off.



• Siren and bell alarms: Costing $15 to $30, these alarms are more sophisticated than low-cost horn alarms, but are still easily installed. Electronic switches are mounted on the doors, front hood, and trunk of the car, and the alarm setting device, which the owner activates by means of a special key, is usually mounted under one of the fenders. Then, if contact is broken by someone opening any wired part of the car, the alarm will begin to clang or wail.

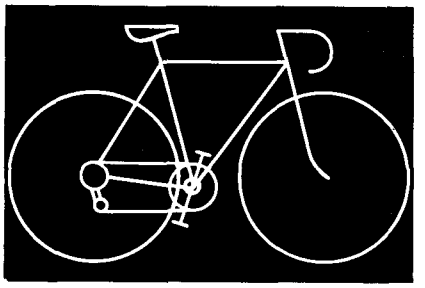
According to police officials, a major reason for the recent decline in auto thefts is the steering-column lock required on new cars by federal law since 1970. When the ignition, transmission, and steering mechanisms are locked in an off position, the car is reasonably well protected from theft by amateurs. Major auto makers are now also offering built-in alarms as optional equipment on many 1973 models. These alarms are set automatically when the car owner locks the front door of his car, and any attempt to jimmy the doors, hood, or trunk will cause the horn to begin sounding and the headlights to start flashing.

Any kind of auto alarm will deter most amateur car thieves, according to George McManus, vice-president of the National Automobile Theft Prevention Bureau, and while alarms won't stop determined professionals, says McManus, "they will make their crime more difficult."

To Guard Your Two-Wheeler

To beat downtown traffic, a young stockbroker pedals a bike each day from his home on the outskirts of Chicago to his office in the Loop. He carries his attaché case on a rack over the rear wheel. He also carries a massive 30-inch length of chain, a heavy padlock, and a wrench. When he arrives at the office building, he puts his bike into a bicycle rack backwards, loops the chain around the frame and through the spokes of the rear wheel, attaches the padlock, and snaps it shut. Then, using the wrench, he loosens the nuts on the front wheel, removes the wheel, and carries it upstairs to his office, where he hides it under his desk.

"I've gotten so I can do it pretty quickly now," he says with a laugh, while he wipes the grease from his fingers with a paper towel. "I figure it's either spending on security or



spending on new bikes," he says. "I lost two $110 imported jobs before a locksmith told me what I was doing wrong. Now I have an ordinary $60 bike, but I've got an $80 pick-proof lock and a hardened-steel chain.

An *SR* survey of bike shops in the San Francisco Bay Area reveals that hardened-steel or alloy chains and locks are indeed considered superior to less expensive wire-cable loops and non-hardened locks because the hardening process makes the metal extremely difficult to snap or hacksaw. But bike-shop owners also report that it is not necessary to spend $80 for a combination chain and lock that will discourage most thieves. Hardened-alloy chains and locks produced by the American Lock Company are considered to be among the best, and their prices range from $5.95 for the most popular combination set (Model 4300) to a high-priced combination that includes a heavy-duty lock (Model H10, $6.40) and a four-foot chain (Model 4380, $12.50).

P.S. The Chicago stockbroker reports he recently returned from lunch to find that the front wheel of his bike had been stolen from under his desk.

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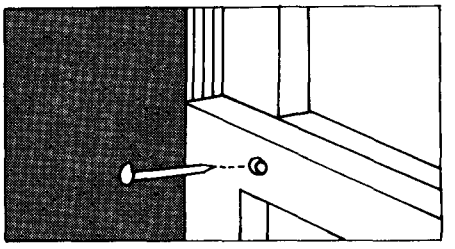
Act in Your Own Safe Interest

Here are a few common-sense tips on home protection:

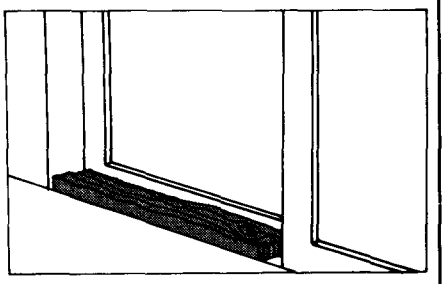
• Don't leave house keys on the key ring when you hand your car keys to a parking lot attendant or an auto repairman. Wax impressions of house keys can be made in a matter of seconds, and your address can be traced through your license plate number.

• Don't help a thief by leaving a ladder leaning against the outside of your house.

• When you go on vacation, stop newspaper and milk deliveries to prevent signs of your absence from piling up on your doorstep. Also arrange to have someone mow your lawn if it is summer or shovel fresh snow off your walks if it is winter.



• Make an effective "lock" for a double-hung wood-frame window by drilling a ⅛-inch hole through the upper and lower sashes where they meet in the middle. Then slip a 16-penny nail into the hole. You can slide the nail back out whenever you want to open the window.



• To secure sliding doors onto a patio, put a piece of wood cut to size in the track at the base of the door on the inside of the house. When you drop the wood in place for the night, it will block any attempt to slide the door open.

Sources and Resources for the Wary Handyman

The advantage of getting out a pair of pliers, a drill, and a screwdriver and installing your own alarm system instead of calling on a professional "security consultant" to do the job for you is obvious: installation of a full-fledged wired alarm system by professionals might run you $750 to $1,800; setting up the system yourself should run you only $250 to $300 for the alarm hardware itself. For those motivated by this substantial money difference, there are now a number of do-it-yourself home security books on the market including:

• *Home Protection—A Common Sense Guide* by Ralph Treves is a thorough, 351-page hardback treatment of the subject, published by Harper & Row in its Popular Science series ($7.95). With elaborate instructions for the wiring of complex alarm systems, the book is aimed at the avid do-it-yourselfer with semiprofessional skills. But a quick reading is also useful homework for anyone who wishes to knowledgeably evaluate the expensive system he may be buying from a professional security consultant. Beware of plugs in the book for security equipment manufacturers; many of the alarm system components the book mentions are in fact considered to be of high quality, but the book also tends to overlook the problems of certain equipment—for instance, the technological shortcomings of telephone-dialers attached to alarm systems and set to phone police automatically in case of a break-in (see accompanying article).

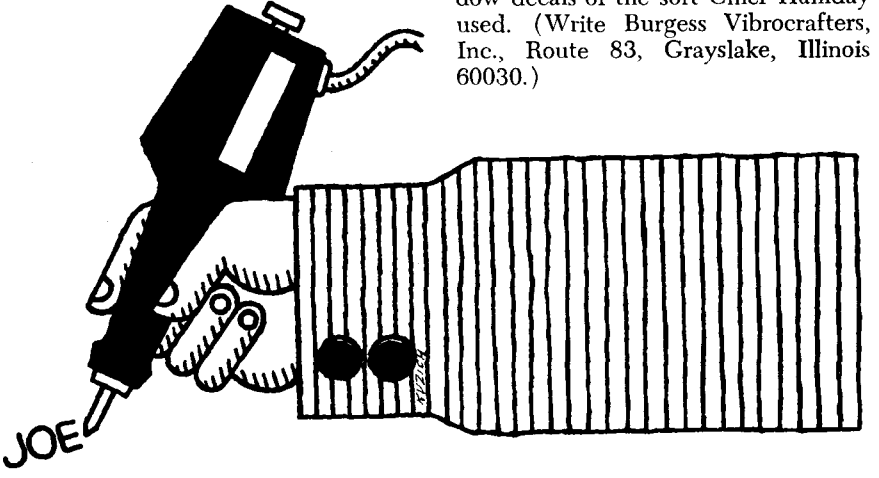
• *Security & You*, a 112-page paperback published by Hydrometals, Inc. ($1), is a thinly disguised promotion and installation manual for Hydrometals' own low-cost wireless alarm units. It does, nevertheless, make the principles of security systems comprehensible even to those who have never been able to grasp how an electrical circuit works. The book is also an adequate guide to the installation of wireless systems costing only $20 to $50.

Toward the Safe Return of Your Stolen Goods

Anti-burglary technology can cost the homeowner hundreds or thousands of dollars, but one device that sells for only a few dollars has also proved effective in warding off thieves. In 1963 Everett Halliday, then chief of police in Monterey Park, California, came across an electric, metal-tipped pencil used primarily by craftsmen and kids to cut designs into the surface of metal and glass. This engraving tool, it occurred to Halliday, could also be used to engrave on household goods an indelible identification "tag" —the owner's name and address or his driver license number. Such a marking would subsequently aid the police department in returning stolen goods to owners, in proving that a burglar or "fence" was in possession of stolen property, and ultimately in warding off burglars who would know they could not sell identifiably stolen goods. To launch Operation Identification, Halliday bought a number of electric pencils and loaned them to homeowners whom he also provided with window decals reading: "Stop, Thief! All items of value on these premises have been marked for ready identification by law enforcement agencies."

Of the 4,000 Monterey Park homeowners who have participated in the police program since 1963 only three have been burgled. On the other hand, more than 1,800 of the 7,000 nonparticipating residences have been robbed. Nationwide, there are more than 400 communities using some variation of Halliday's ingenious stop-a-burglar scheme.

For those interested in starting Operation Identification in their own communities, Burgess Vibrocrafters, Inc., makers of the electric pencils, now offers a free Action Kit with instructions for setting up the program. Burgess also has a mail-order service for its Electric Pencil ($8), its Vibromarker ($10), and its heavy-duty, commercial-quality Vibrograver ($14.50). The engravers come with free window decals of the sort Chief Halliday used. (Write Burgess Vibrocrafters, Inc., Route 83, Grayslake, Illinois 60030.)



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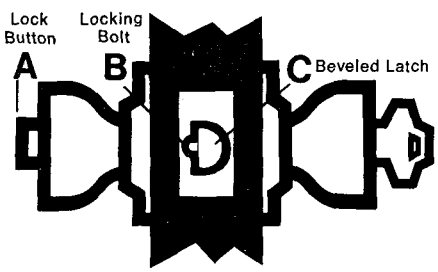
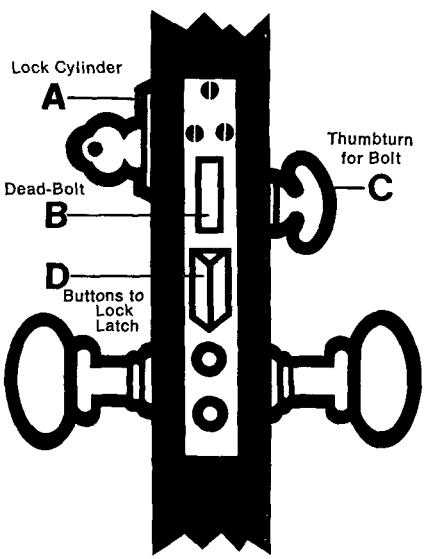
Understanding Door Locks

With the growing concern over break-ins spreading across the country, locksmiths never had it so good. And with hundreds of varieties of front-door locks now on the market, the buyers of locks never had it so perplexing.

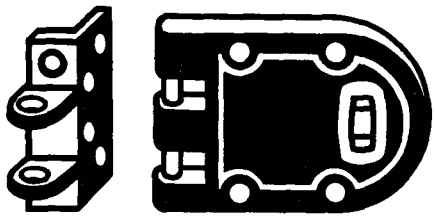
For those enamored of gadgetry, there are push-buttons, combination locks that operate like a touch-tone telephone, and there are alarm locks wired to shriek in the event a burglar attempts to pick them. *Consumer Reports,* in its rating of door locks, finds, however, that these elaborate and expensive locks are less effective than some of the more prosaic, old-fashioned, varieties. *CR* tested nearly 50 locks; among their findings were these:



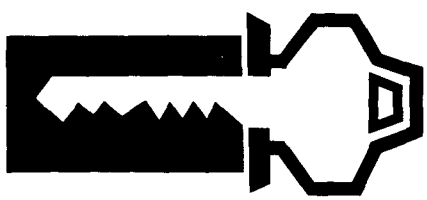
• **Key-in-the-knob locks,** which are the standard front-door locks used by builders, generally "offer little challenge to anyone seriously interested in breaking in."



• **Mortise locks,** which have both a beveled latch that moves with a turn of the door knob and a dead-bolt that slides into the door jamb with a twist of a thumbturn, are considerably more effective. Just how effective individual brands and models of these locks are, however, will depend on how far the dead-bolt extends into the door jamb. The farther the bolt penetrates, the tougher it will be to jimmy the lock (e.g., pry it open by force). Look for mortise locks that will extend ¾ to 1 inch into the jamb.



• **Vertical-bolt locks** were reported to offer the most secure protection of all against jimmying, largely because of their design. When locked, the bolt falls in place like the pin in a door hinge, and it is virtually impossible to force the lock open from the outside without physically destroying the lock —"no easy task," according to *CR.* One drawback of standard vertical-bolt locks is that they generally have standard key cylinders with only five tumblers, and a five-tumbler cylinder "wouldn't challenge a good pickman." A few locks tested do, however, come with more complicated "pick-resistant" cylinders, and the standard cylinders used in other vertical-bolt locks can be replaced by more sophisticated ones.



• **Pick-resistant cylinders** offer extra security because the extra tumblers that move to match the configuration of the key when it is inserted in the lock make for a far greater combination of movements than possible with the standard five tumblers. One cylinder has received *CR*'s checkrating for "high overall quality" because it has 12 tumblers, and because, as an extra security precaution, duplicate keys are available only from the manufacturer by written request from the registered owner of the lock.

For a detailed description of the advantages and shortcomings of a wide variety of door locks, check the ten-page report on locks in the *Consumer Reports 1973 Buying Guide* issue. It can be obtained on the newsstand, in most libraries, or by sending a check ($2.65) and request to:

Consumer Reports
P.O. Box 1111
Mount Vernon, N.Y. 10550

On the Sagacious Selection of Watchdogs

Some breeds of dogs are well suited for home protection simply because they look fierce, while other breeds make natural, though untrained, watchdogs because they tend to be protective, alert, and quick to bark. A brief period of training will turn either type into what is known as a "foundation" dog—an animal conditioned to stand his ground when challenged and, if need be, to bite. (Unlike guard and attack dogs, foundation dogs are not trained for aggressive assault.) When you select a canine protector, here are some points worth remembering:

Image: Large black dogs look more fearsome than small spotted ones, and a deep, growling bark is more threatening than a yap. Dogs with short-haired coats appear more serious, less playful than those with fluffy, long hair, and clipped stand-up ears give a dog an alert appearance. Some breeds —German shepherds, Doberman pinschers, and boxers—frighten strangers not only because of their aggressive appearance, but also because of their reputation.

Temperament: Families, especially those with children, are likely to want a mild-tempered dog. Among those bigger dogs with an especially good disposition are boxers, St. Bernards, Labrador retrievers, Alaskan malamutes, Siberian huskies, and Great Pyrenees. Generally speaking, male dogs are more likely to attach themselves to one particular member of a family, while females tend to feel more protective of the entire family.

Training: Most dogs are receptive to some degree of training at any age, and so one may start coaching the family pet to serve as a watchdog tomorrow morning. However, pups 6 to 12 months old respond most readily to obedience and foundation training. Pups of breeds that are known as good protectors usually cost $75 to $200, and they can be trained as foundation dogs for another $100. Fully grown watchdogs—large, alert dogs with obedience training only—can usually be bought for $250 to $350, but for dogs with foundation training, expect to pay $350 to $700, depending on the breed. If you buy a grown dog, be sure to buy it from a registered trainer, and be sure to have the option of exchanging the dog if it turns out that your family and the dog don't get along.

Finally, trained attack and guard dogs may be great in John Wayne movies, but most experts agree that they are an excessive amount of dog power in the average home.

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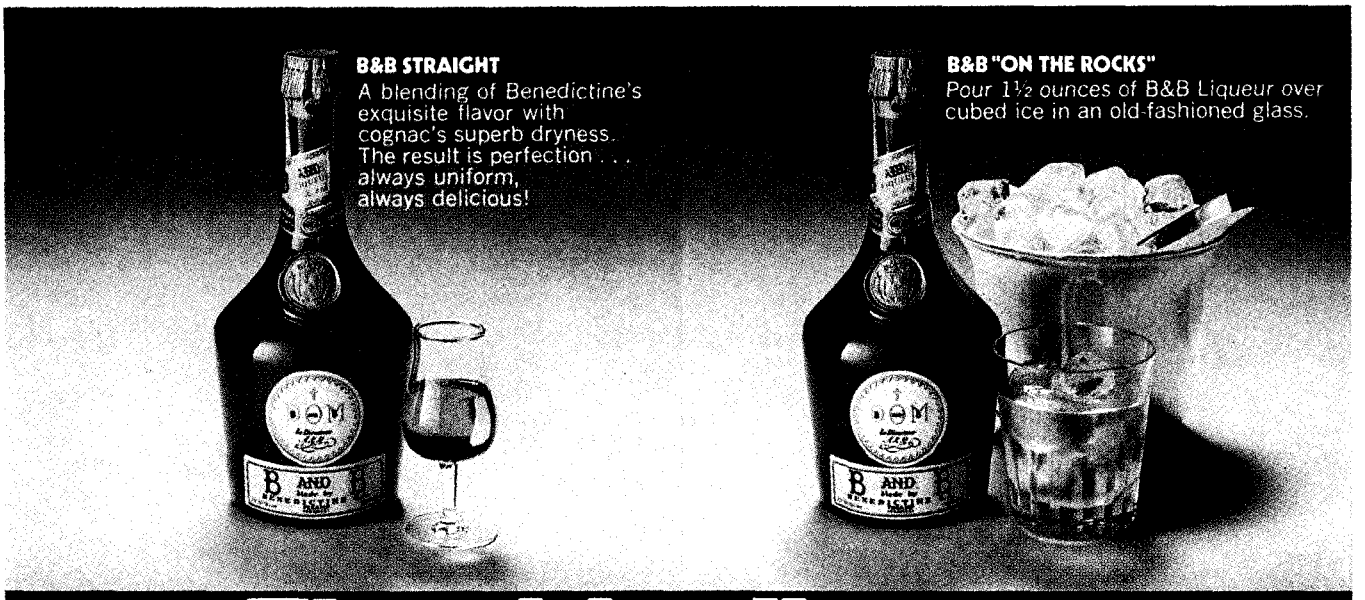


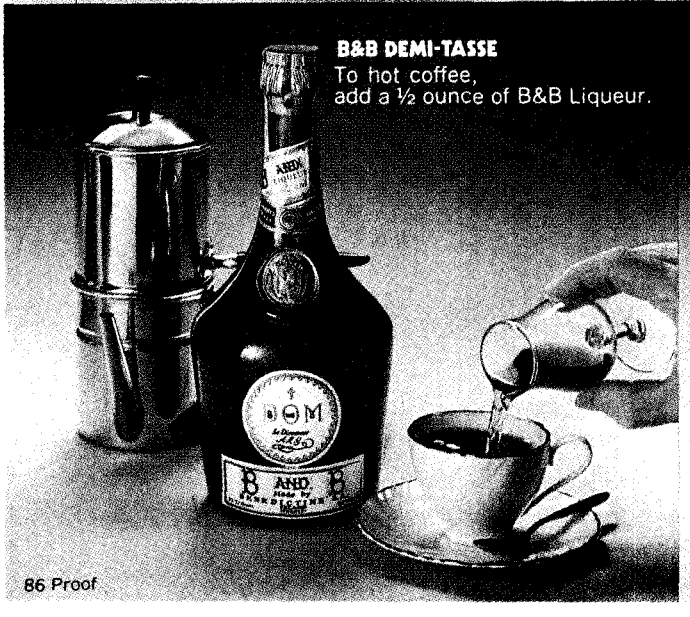
B&B STRAIGHT
A blending of Benedictine's exquisite flavor with cognac's superb dryness. The result is perfection . . . always uniform, always delicious!

B&B "ON THE ROCKS"
Pour 1½ ounces of B&B Liqueur over cubed ice in an old-fashioned glass.

The drier liqueur

B&B STINGER
3 parts B&B Liqueur, 1 part White Creme de Menthe. Shake with ice, strain and serve in cocktail glass or on-the-rocks.

B&B FRAPPE
Fill cocktail glass with crushed ice and B&B Liqueur, serve with short straws.



B&B DEMI-TASSE
To hot coffee, add a ½ ounce of B&B Liqueur.

After coffee enjoy . . .

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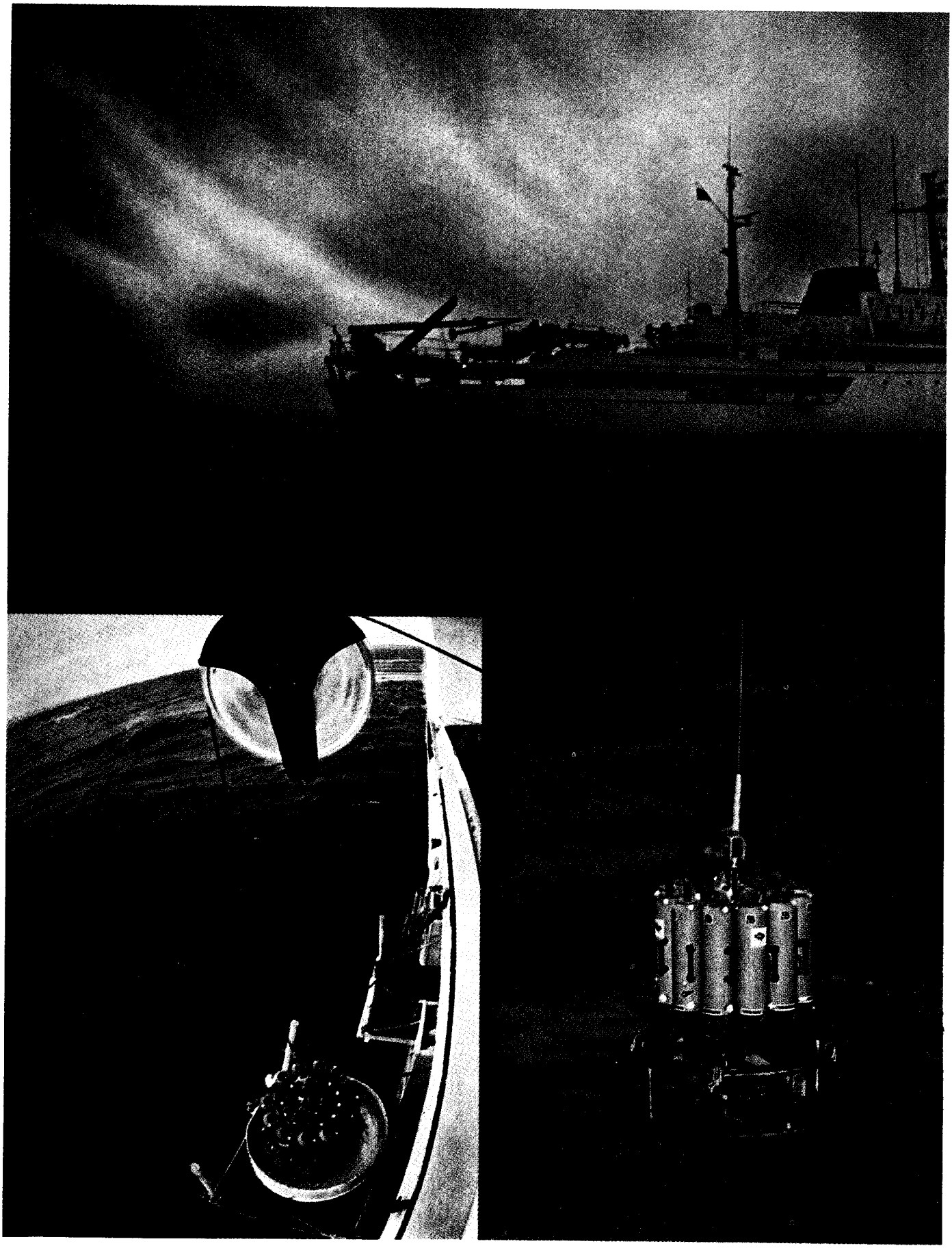
A crucial study of the Great Lakes



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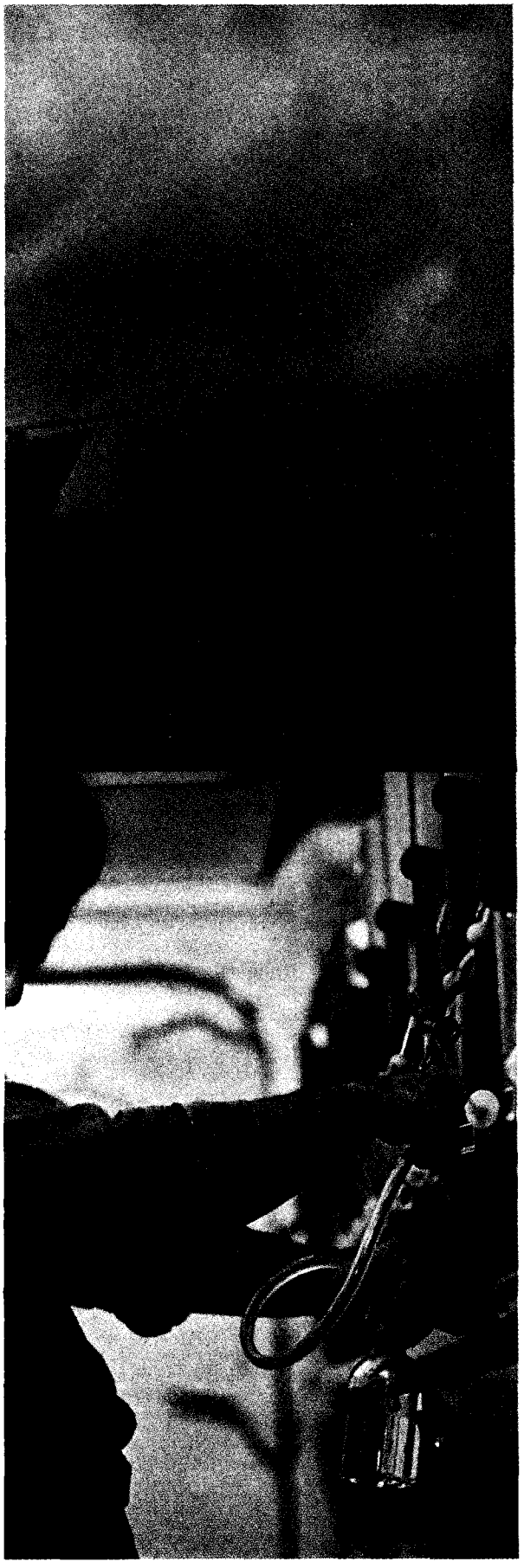
...and how a U.S. Steel cable helps.



A slim, sophisticated cable made by United States Steel is playing a small but hard-working role in an important research project on Lake Ontario. Sponsored by the United States and Canada, this project is designed to study the ecology of the lake—its marine life, wind and water currents, pollution and other factors.

Our cable, on board the NOAA* floating laboratory "Researcher" transmits information from underwater, such as depth and water temperature. And it raises and lowers the sampling pod up to ten times a day.

The cable also transmits electrical current that closes the pod's sampling bottles on command... so that water samples can be collected at various depths.

Analysis of these samples is done in the ship's laboratory, and the results fed into a computer on board.

It's a project U.S. Steel is especially glad to be a part of...because these studies are collecting data crucial to the water management of all the Great Lakes, the largest store of fresh water on our planet. United States Steel, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15230.

*National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration

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Photo of actual ranchland taken at Sangre de Cristo Ranches

Where the deer and the antelope play

Sangre de Cristo Ranches, Midway between Denver and Albuquerque. Where the Kit Carson Trail meets the Navajo Trail in beautiful Southern Colorado.

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You can own land here. Leg-stretching, five-acre minimums. Land for ranches. For vacations. Retirement. For settling down and getting away from it all. For long term investment. To leave to your kids and for them to leave to theirs.

This is good land. Land you can see for yourself. Land you can stand on and dig into. It's a subdivision of the gigantic, 260 square mile Forbes Trinchera Ranch. Forbes Inc., publishers of Forbes Magazine and owners of Sangre de Cristo Ranches Inc. acquired the Trinchera Ranch some years ago. One of the oldest of the remaining big ranches in America, it ranks among the best known hunting preserves for deer, elk, game birds and other wildlife.

Located near the intersection of U.S. Route 160 and Colorado Highway 159 just outside Fort Garland, Colorado, Sangre de Cristo Ranches are spread over thousands of rolling acres which rise to the towering mountain peaks of the Trinchera and Mount Blanca.

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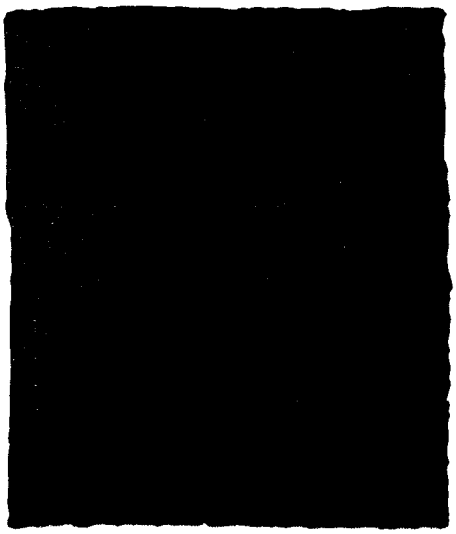
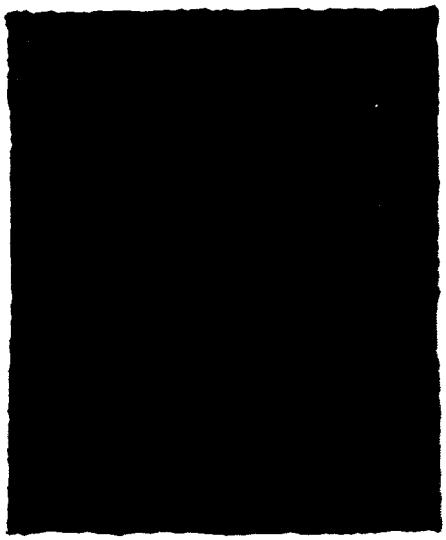
THE END OF SCARCITY?



Social prophets have predicted both a utopian end of scarcity and a doomsday depletion of resources. But the author of *The Coming of Post-Industrial Society* argues here that, although scarcity will remain a problem, it will take surprisingly new forms.



BY DANIEL BELL

Not long ago social scientists were predicting dramatic changes in our work habits, the coming of a "leisure society," and—even more remarkably—the end of scarcity as we moved from an industrial to a post-industrial society. More recently we have been warned that, unless we curtail our appetites and learn to control our exploitation of the natural environment, there will be too many people, not enough resources, and more than enough waste and pollution to engulf future generations. Both of these conceptions—a utopian end of scarcity and a catastrophic end of resources—seem to me to be wrong. What is more likely to come is a new and different set of scarcities, a new set of "costs" that previous generations did not have to pay but that must be borne by those inhabiting the post-industrial society.

Central to this discussion is the notion of scarcity, a word given many interpretations, but usually viewed as something absolute rather than relative, in physical rather than economic terms. For a number of writers the idea of a post-industrial society is equated with a post-scarcity society. David Riesman, when he first used the term "post-industrial" in 1958, was thinking of a "leisure society" and the sociological problems that might arise when, for the first time in human history, large numbers of persons had to confront the use of leisure time rather than the drudgery of work. Anarchist writers such as Paul Goodman and Murray Bookchin envisage a post-scarcity society as one in which technology has freed men from dependence on material things and thus provides the basis for a "free" relation to, rather than dependence on, nature. The elimination of scarcity, as the condition for abolishing all competitiveness and strife, has been the axial principle of all utopian thinking, including Marxist.

Although Marx himself rarely speculated on what the future society would be like, it is clear from every aspect of his work that the condition for socialism, for genuine equality, was economic abundance, the possibility of which lay in the extraordinary accomplishments of the bourgeoisie. In 1848, in a startling panegyric in the Communist Manifesto, Marx wrote that the bourgeoisie "has been the first to show what man's activity can bring about," and has created "during its rule of scarcely 100 years . . . more massive and more colossal productive forces than have all the preceding generations together."

Writing in 1930, John Maynard Keynes pointed out that the worldwide depression then under way was not the "rheumatics of old age" but the "growing pains of over-rapid changes . . . between one economic period and another." The "disastrous mistakes" we have made "blind us to what is going on under the surface—to the true interpretation of the trend of things." The underlying trend of things could be seen in two innovations: the discovery of technical efficiency or productivity, and the sustained means for the accumulation of capital.

From the earliest times down to the eighteenth century, Keynes wrote,

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Daniel Bell is professor of sociology at Harvard and coeditor of the quarterly The Public Interest. *His next book,* The Coming of Post-Industrial Society, *from which this article is adapted, will be published in June by Basic Books.*

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"there was no very great change in the standard of life of the average man living in the civilized centres of earth." But with the combination of technical efficiency and capital accumulation, mankind had discovered the "magic" of "compound interest," of growth building on growth. "If capital increases, say, 2 per cent per annum, the capital equipment of the world will have increased by a half in 20 years, and seven and a half times in 100 years. Think of this in terms of material things—houses, transport, and the like." And to Keynes this meant "in the long run *that mankind is solving its economic problem.* I would predict that the standard of life in progressive countries 100 years hence will be between four and eight times as high as it is today. . . . It would not be foolish to contemplate the possibility of a far greater progress still."

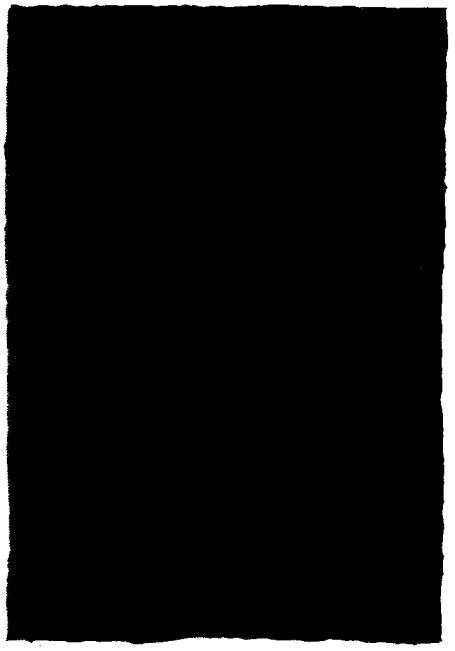
In the decades since Keynes wrote, greater and greater progress, spurred by technological advances, has been envisaged by social scientists. This technological euphoria reached its vertex in 1964 with the statement of a group calling itself The Ad Hoc Committee on the Triple Revolution. "A new era of production has begun," the committee declared; indeed, a new "cybernation revolution" was under way whose "principles of organization are as different from the industrial era as those of the industrial era were different from the agricultural." Cybernation—a term invented by Donald Michael—is "the combination of the computer and the automated self-regulating machine." The increased efficiency of machine systems "is shown in the more rapid increase in productivity per man-hour since 1960, a year that marks the first visible upsurge of the cybernation revolution." Cybernation results "in a system of almost unlimited productive capacity which requires progressively less labor."

★ ★ ★

Has the economic problem been solved? Will scarcity disappear? Put in the terms that socialist and utopian thinkers have used—nineteenth-century terms—the answer is no, or not for a long time. For one thing the cybernetic revolution quickly proved to be illusory. There were no spectacular jumps in productivity. A detailed study by the President's Commission on Technology, Automation, and Economic Progress, completed in 1966, showed that for the past two decades there had been no sharp changes in the rate of productivity, and, if one looked ahead ten years—the period for which one could identify oncoming technological developments—there were no increases in the offing. In fact, the prospects for the economy were quite the reverse. The expansion of the service sector—a significant feature of the post-industrial society—had become a drag on productivity. The image of a completely automated production economy—with an endless capacity to turn out goods—was simply a social science fiction of the early 1960s.

Paradoxically, the vision of utopia was suddenly replaced by the specter of doomsday. In place of the early Sixties theme of endless plenty, the picture by the end of the decade was one of a fragile planet of limited resources whose finite stocks were being rapidly depleted and whose wastes from soaring industrial production were polluting the air and waters. Now the only way of saving the world was zero growth.

The difficulty with such thinking is that it assumes that no qualitative change takes place, or is even possible. But this is clearly not so. Materials can be recycled. New sources of energy



(e.g., solar energy) can be tapped. We do not yet have a full inventory of the mineral and metal resources of the earth (in the oceans, Siberia, the Amazon basin, and elsewhere). And technology makes possible the transmutation of resources. For example, taconite, once thought to be worthless, is now a vast source of iron ore; aluminum oxide, once a curiosity, has now become a source of hundreds of millions of tons of metal reserve because industrial chemistry reduced the cost of extraction. The ecological models take the physical finiteness of the earth as the ultimate bound, but this is fundamentally misleading. Resources are properly measured in economic, not physical, terms, and on the basis of relative costs new investments are made that can irrigate arid land, drain swampy land, clear forests, explore for new resources, or stimulate the process of extraction and transmutation. These methods of adding to the supplies of "fixed resources" have been going on throughout human history.

If in the foreseeable future—say for the next 100 years—there will be neither utopia nor doomsday but the same state that has existed for the last 100 years—namely, the fairly steady advance of "compound interest"—the banality of this fact (how jaded we soon become to the routinization of the spectacular!) should not obscure the extraordinary achievement Keynes called attention to. For the first time in human history, he reminded us, the problem of survival in the bare sense of the word—freedom from hunger and disease—need no longer exist. The question before the human race is not subsistence but standard of living, not biology but sociology. Basic needs are satiable, and the possibility of abundance is real. To that extent, the Marx-Keynes vision of the economic meaning of industrial society is certainly true.

But this is to define the future in nineteenth-century terms, to conceive of scarcity as something to be overcome by the production of goods, and to see society as a game between man and nature, a game man wins when he can wrest enough goods and thereby "conquer" scarcity. When the interaction between man and nature, if not at an end, is less pressing, the primary mode of interaction becomes that among persons—and this is the design of post-industrial society. This new design brings with it a new set of scarcities, not viewed in physical terms as something to be overcome by production, but seen in economic terms measurable in rising costs. For pre-industrial society, scarcity is an absolute measure of have or have not. Yet few goods are completely "free," and if we think of scarcity, we have to think of relative costs.

The question used to be: Are there enough material goods, and how do we produce more? The question now becomes: What are the costs of new kinds of services, and how much are we willing to pay?

Thus, if we think of scarcity in terms of cost, the post-industrial society brings with it a whole new set of scarcities. What have become costly in this society are information, coordination, and time. The nineteenth century never thought of these in terms of costs, but now because we have to pay more for them, each is a scarcity. Let us examine them one by one:

THE COSTS OF INFORMATION

The post-industrial society is an information society, and the centrality of information creates some new and dif-

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ferent problems for the society to manage. These are:

1. The sheer amount of information that one has to absorb because of the expansion of the different arenas—economic, political, and social—of men's attention and involvement. More information is not complete information; if anything, it makes information more and more incomplete. For example, in the political world one must keep up with the changing fortunes of several dozen countries and pay consistent attention to political situations in a half-dozen areas of the world simultaneously. And the cost of gathering relevant information necessarily goes up.

2. The increasingly technical nature of the information. Today the discussion of international affairs involves a knowledge of balance of payments, of first- and second-strike nuclear capabilities, and so forth; to judge economic policy on unemployment and inflation, one has to understand the intersects of the Phillips curve, the relation of monetary to fiscal policy, and the like. Information thus becomes more arcane, and one must study a subject more intensively than ever before.

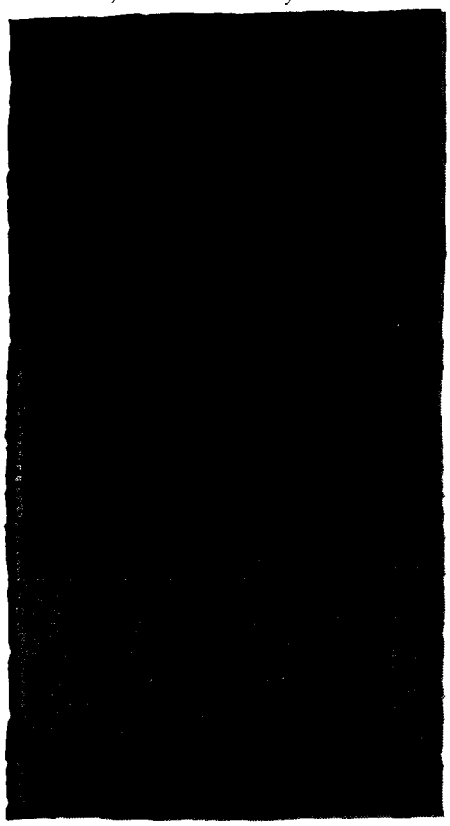
3. The greater need for mediation, or journalistic translation: news is no longer reported but interpreted. There is the question of selection from the vast flow of information; explanation is required because of the technical nature of the information. Not only do journalists have to become more specialized, but the journals themselves become more differentiated in order to explain the new theories to intermediate and mass audiences. The differentiation of journalism inevitably becomes a rising "cost" to the society.

4. The sheer limits of the amount of information one can absorb. There is an outer limit to the span of control of the "bits" of information an individual can "process" at one time. There is equally an outer limit to the amount of information about events one can absorb (or the fields or interests one can pursue). And with the "exponential" growth of knowledge and the multiplication of fields and interests, the knowledge that any individual can retain about the variety of events or the span of knowledge inevitably diminishes. More and more we know less and less.

THE COSTS OF COORDINATION

The post-industrial society is a "game between persons" that requires increasing amounts of coordination, especially when that game is carried on in a visible political arena rather than through the "invisible hand" of the economic marketplace. The costs of coordination can be deducted from this change in the locus of decision making.

1. *Participation.* The expansion of the political arena and the involvement of a greater number of persons means that it takes more time and greater cost to reach a decision and to get anything done. More claimants are involved, interests multiply, caucuses have to meet, demands have to be bargained over, differences have to be mediated—and time and costs mount up as each person or interest wants to have a say. Often one hears the statement that individuals or groups feel "powerless" to affect affairs. But there is probably more participation today than ever before in political life, at all levels of government, and that very increase in



participation leads to the multiplication of groups that "check" each other, and thus to the sense of impasse. Thus increased participation paradoxically leads, more often than not, to increased frustration.

2. *Interaction.* With the expansion of the world sensorium, we exchange more telephone calls, travel more often, go to more conferences, meet more people. But at what cost? Either one accepts the fleeting nature of such encounters, or one encounters an "upper bound" that limits the degree of personal interaction. What happens is that the number of contacts and interactions often increases at the expense of one's relatively good friendships. Increasingly, one goes through "cycles" of friendship while at a particular job or place, and then these end or become attenuated as one moves on to a different job or place. Thus the increase of mobility, spatial and social, has its costs in the multiplication of interactions and networks that one has experienced.

3. *Transaction.* In our definition of freedom we attach a high value to easy mobility and freedom from schedules. We seek to have rapid and easy access from our homes to any other point. Living farther apart, we need to ship more goods—and to ship ourselves—across larger distances. As a result we incur an increasing amount of what one might call *transaction costs*, especially in the form of goods and space devoted to communication and transportation. Two cars per family no longer represent an increase in the standard of living. These are part of the rising transaction costs of the newer affluent lifestyles—and they give rise to larger social costs in the congestion on the roads, the lack of ample parking space, air pollution, and the like. The costs of freedom and mobility in the end become quite high and must be regulated, or the lifestyle becomes self-defeating.

4. *Planning.* Inevitably a complex society, like the large, complex organizations within it, becomes a planning society. The large corporations engage in five-year and even longer-range planning in order to identify new products, estimate capital needs, replace obsolescent plants, train labor, and so on. Necessarily, government begins to plan—in dealing with such questions as renewal of cities, building of housing, planning of medical care, etc. The costs of planning, involving as they do research and consultation, inevitably become more expensive as more and more factors—and claimants—enter into the planning process.

5. *Regulation.* The more income and the greater the abundance in a society, the greater becomes the need for regulation and for an increase in the costs of regulation. It may well be, as Herman Kahn has predicted, that private income in the year 2000 will be $10,000 a person, as against $3,550 in 1965, but that person will not be three times better off, just as a person today, whose income is twice as high as it was 20 years ago, is not twice as well off as he was then. As incomes rise, there is a greater demand for goods or amenities that are by their nature limited: access to parks, to beaches, to vacation homes, to travel. The greater use of these amenities involves more planning, scheduling, and regulation.

The moral is clear: Without appropriate organization the results are apt to be unsatisfactory. But organization, too, has its costs, not only in time, personnel, and money, but in the degree of coercion required. As Mancur Olsen pointed out several years ago in his pathbreaking book *The Logic of Collective Action*, the nature of collective

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goods or benefits is such that they apply to all in the group, and it is impossible to exclude any member of the group from the benefits. But for this very reason there is often an incentive for each individual not to make a payment of his own accord, since he will receive the benefit once it is extended. This is why, for example, trade unions seek to impose a closed shop or obligatory union membership on all workers in a plant in order to bar a "free ride" for those who do not pay the union dues. For a collective action to be fair, everyone must be required to join the agreement.

Again, greater abundance and more time for leisure create wider choice and more individual options, but also, and paradoxically, the greater need for collective regulation. If all people are to coexist, there is a greater need for a social contract, but for that contract to work it must also be enforceable—which is also a greater cost.

THE COSTS OF TIME

Benjamin Franklin, that practical Yankee, used to say that "time is money," a remark that Max Weber regarded as the heart of the Protestant ethic of calculation. We usually think of time as a cost when applied to production. When a machine is idle—or "downtime"—costs mount up; an efficient manager seeks to get full use of the time of the machine. But consumption also requires time. In the modern economy, which is one of growing abundance, time paradoxically becomes the scarcest element of all. Unlike other economic resources, time cannot be accumulated. In economic terms there is a limited "supply" of time. And like any limited supply, it has a cost. When productivity is low, time is relatively cheap; when productivity is high, time becomes relatively expensive. In short, economic growth entails a general increase in the scarcity of time.

Working time is subject to measurement and allocation. Time, outside of work, is "free time" for play or leisure. But in the post-industrial society that "free time" also becomes subject to measurement and allocation, and the "yield on time" in those activities is brought into parity with the yield on working time.

There are three areas in which this calculus begins to take hold:

1. *Services.* Most of the durable goods we buy—TV sets, autos, houses—have costs in the form of time required for maintenance. An individual can either take these costs out of his own time (e.g., paint the house himself), or engage a service man to do the work. When only a small proportion of people own many goods, it is easy to farm out the maintenance cost. But as productivity rises and the high yield on time spreads throughout the whole society, the price of maintenance services rises, too. Thus the consumer finds he needs more income to buy the maintenance time required for his consumer goods.

2. *Consumption.* The pleasures of consumption take time: the time to read a book, to talk to a friend, to drink a cup of coffee, to travel abroad. In "backward countries" with fewer goods to enjoy, there is more time. But when a man has a sailing boat, a sports car, or a series of concert tickets, he finds that his "free time" is his scarcest resource. If he wants to go to a concert, he may have to rush through his dinner, and since good cooking takes time, he may buy frozen

dinners that can be cooked quickly. If he goes to a concert and takes his dinner afterwards, he may have to stay up too late and thus lose sleep in order to get to work "on time." If he could cut down the "on time" requirements, he would have more time, but then he would have to be quite wealthy or retired. So he must ration and allocate his time.

3. *Time-savers.* Since "free time" becomes more and more precious, the consumer will tend to buy those items that require relatively little of his non-work time and relatively more of his income from work. He will buy items that he can use and then throw away. He will "contract out" various services or maintenances (as he now sends clothes to the dry cleaner's). And to do this, he may have to work longer in order to acquire the kinds of goods and services that give him a high yield on his non-work time. But the cost may be too high, and he has to begin to reckon his trade-offs. He must calculate relative prices and yields from different allocations of time and money. He may find that because of high maintenance cost he will do his own laundry or dry cleaning in a self-service store, thus spending part of his time to save money. Or he may want to spend money to save time. In balancing these considerations he begins to plot (without knowing that he is doing technical economics) an indifference curve of differential scales of substitution (of time and money) and the marginal utility of each unit of satisfaction in the different sectors of his expenditures. Low yields have to be transferred to high yields until, at the end, his resources have been so efficiently distributed as to give him an equal yield in all sectors of use. Economic abundance thus reintroduces utility by the back door of time. Man, in his leisure time, has become *homo economicus.*

In cruel fashion, utopia thus stands confounded. The end of scarcity, as it was envisaged by nineteenth-century writers, would bring such a plethora of goods that man would no longer need to delay his gratifications or live like a calculating machine.

And yet it has all been turned around. Industrial society is spectacularly devoted to the production of things. But in the post-industrial society the multiplication of things and their rising custodial costs bring time into the calculus of allocating one's personal activities; men become enslaved to its measurement through marginal utility.

In utopia (as in the market economy) each man is to be free to pursue his own interest, but in the post-industrial society—where the relation among men (rather than between man and nature, or man and things) becomes the primary mode of interaction—the clash of individual interests, each following its own whim, leads necessarily to a greater need for collective regulation and a greater degree of coercion in order to have effective communal action. And when individuals demand full participation in the decisions that affect their lives, the consequence is an increase in information costs and in the time required for bargaining in order to reach agreement.

The end of scarcity, it was believed—the leap from the kingdom of necessity—would be the freeing of time from the inexorable rhythm of economic life. In the end, all time has become an economic calculus. As Auden put it, "Time will say only, I told you so." □

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The Ethic of Enjoy

Blending Arabian mysticism with a bizarre assortment of consciousness-raising rites, Oscar Ichazo has packaged a program that is becoming the rage in the U.S.A.

BY TONY HISS

"To a crisis of the spirit, we need an answer of the spirit. And to find that answer, we need only look within ourselves."

—Richard Nixon, First Inaugural

"And all teachers are expected to be able to teach in accordance with the peculiarities of the people who are learning from them. That means that you have to have a very versatile and sophisticated type of mind . . . . You must not have a doctrinaire or dogmatic approach. You must not have a system. But you must have a tremendous range of information as to how to put the thing in different ways. I think that sort of thing is happening here [in the Western world], but there has been a tendency, I believe, in the past for people to pursue what I call the Eureka system—'This is it! We've found it! This is how to teach people!' "

—Idries Shah, BBC radio interview

"Well, the only thing I would like really to say is that, well, Arica has been a preparation for the Open Path. That is really the fruit of all the effort. And I repeat to you, we want to go to everybody, in any condition. The only thing that we want is that people hear us."

—Oscar Ichazo, interview with the author

Richard Nixon needs no introduction. Idries Shah lives in England and writes the most interesting books in the English language. Shah is a Sufi—in fact, it would not be going too far to say that he is the chief exponent of Sufism in the West today. (Sufism? It has often been described as the mystical wing of the Moslem religion. Shah himself says it is "not a mystical system, not a religion, but a body of knowledge.") Oscar Ichazo, the subject of this article, calls himself "a former Sufi." He is a mustachioed Bolivian mystic who has a message for America. He is an interesting man, a nice guy, the new mystical entry into New York, the man who is about to introduce franchising to mysticism, the growth industry of the Seventies. Oscar's message to the U.S.A.: "We jump or we die!" What does this mean? It means: wake up, buddy! It means: either you start seeing the big picture or we'll all be pushing up daisies, except that there won't be any more daisies! It means: we've only got ten years before calamity overtakes us! It means: save the planet!

Oscar has a system. The system is called the Open Path. The Open Path is now available in New York, Boston, Washington, Pittsburgh, Miami, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. How does the Open Path work? Well, how the Open Path works is still being worked out, but, at the moment, what happens is this: initially there's a 16-hour group program. Cost of the 16-hour program: $50 ($30 for anyone with a student card). You can do the 16-hour program either in two 8-hour days or four 4-hour evenings. The minimum size of a 16-hour group is 30 people. A preferred size is 50 people. After that, you are invited to join a continuing group —size: 12 people; name: Circle of Light. You can ask friends into the Circle of Light who haven't been through the 16-hour program. Circles of Light meet once a week, generally on Wednesday nights. They receive instructional material through the mail. There's a suggested donation of a dollar each week. Other Open Path programs—a three-hour lecture-demonstration, cost: $3 for adults, $1.50 for students; a nine-day intensive program, cost not yet settled on; a 40-day intensive program, cost: $600. The Open Path is open only to those 18 or older.

Who teaches the Open Path? Oscar's trainees, who are collectively known as the Arica Institute in America, Inc. The institute has headquarters on West Fifty-seventh Street in New York, a few doors down from Henri Bendel's. Oscar set it up in the fall of 1971, when he first blew into town. Then, in January 1972, a branch institute opened in San Francisco. Together, they have trained about 300 U.S. citizens. Most of these people are in their late twenties; the youngest is about 19, there are a few people in their early

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Tony Hiss, a staff writer for The New Yorker, *has just completed a children's book about giant pandas. It will be out in plenty of time for Christmas.*

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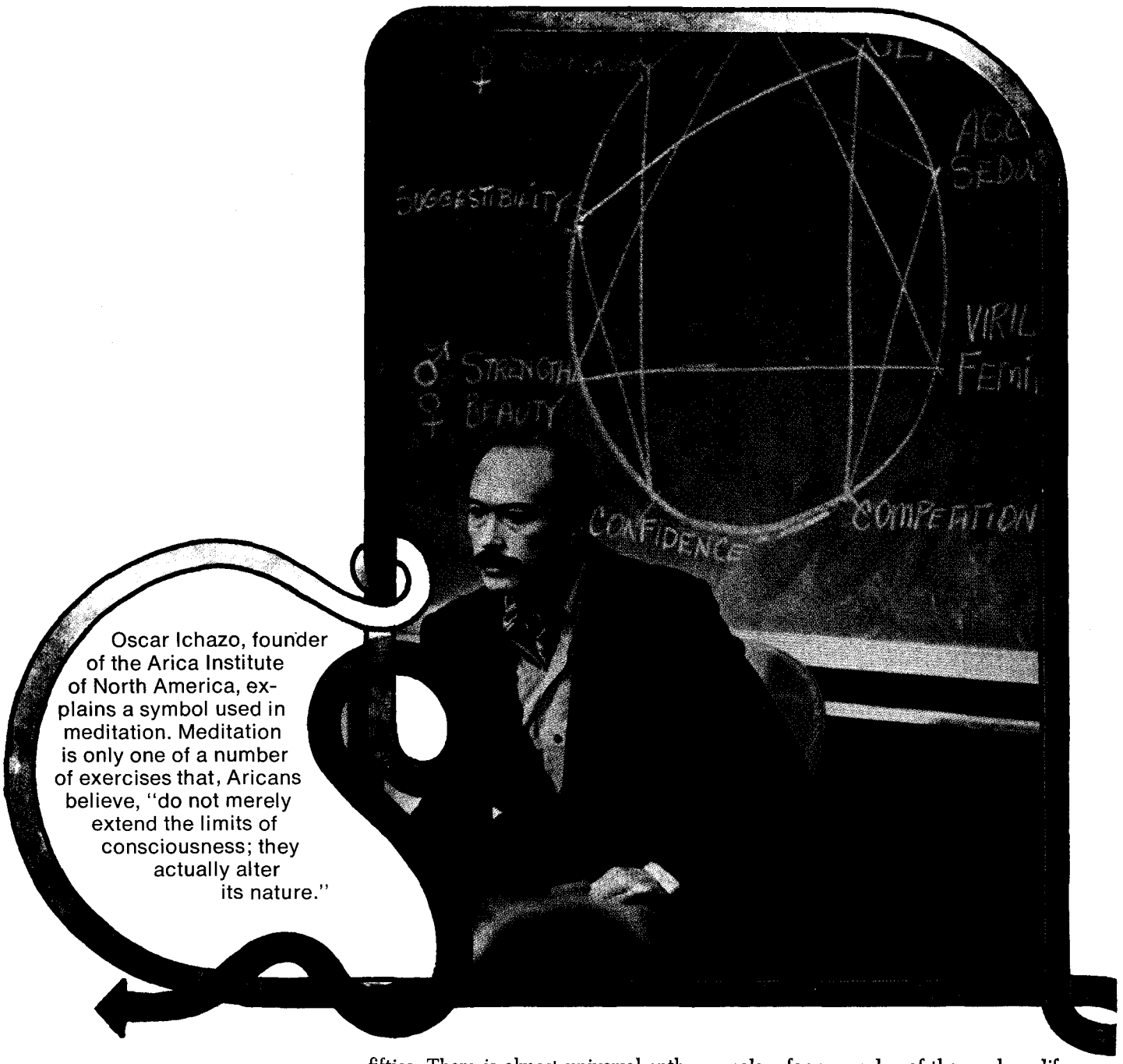

Oscar Ichazo, founder of the Arica Institute of North America, explains a symbol used in meditation. Meditation is only one of a number of exercises that, Aricans believe, "do not merely extend the limits of consciousness; they actually alter its nature."

fifties. There is almost universal enthusiasm among them for Oscar and his methods. Not many people have quit Arica to do other things. One woman, a writer named Winifred Rosen, got purged recently and went off to Mexico to swim, but she was bored with Arica anyway. Most Aricans aren't.

Next question: What lies along the Open Path? Well, it's got meditation, chanting, enthusiasm, energy, staring at the institute's blue, pink, off-white, and gold symbol (Arica has come up with some pretty good graphics), a fun exercise called "trespasso" that involves staring at another person's left eyeball while that person stares at yours, twelve axioms, three human instincts, instruction in breathing, a gym program (mostly movements taken from Rolfing, Yoga, and modern dance), different colors for every day of the week, a different planet for every day of the week, a whole new way of typing absolutely anyone's personality, enneagrams (nine-pointed circles used in meditation), dietary suggestions (no pigs, crabs, or rodents), cold baths, tension, repetition, a sense of purposefulness, goodwill, and even its own jargon. (See glossary of Arica terms, page 58.) A group of five Aricans, called a "halka," is sent out to a town to give lecture-demonstrations, set up 16-hour programs, and generally get things going in that area. " 'Halka' means hand," an Arican explained to me. In what language? "I'm really not sure, but I can find out and call you Monday."

Final question: What are the Aricans *really* interested in? Well, when Arica was starting up in New York, it placed

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a full-page ad in the *Times*, promising that every student would achieve a state of consciousness known as "permanent 24." "Permanent 24" is a number derived from a chart of levels of consciousness popularized by George Gurdjieff. (The lower the number the higher your level; most people cruise at around 6,000.) Twenty-four represents a rather advanced achievement. Well, no one in Arica has made it to permanent 24, so they have stopped promising it in their more recent literature. A recent mailing for the Open Path—written in part by Sally Kempton—says that the Open Path is "a process of transmutation which transforms the human psyche," and adds: "THE OPEN PATH IS TRUTH, LIGHT; AND LOVE." The mailing concludes with the sentence: "The exercises do not merely extend the limits of consciousness; they actually alter its nature." But, to answer your specific question, I would say that the Aricans are *really* interested in peace, love, freedom, happiness, dope, sex, and music—like almost everybody else.

Oscar may make it big. *Time* did something about him last spring. *Harper's* and *Esquire* have articles in the works. (The purged Winifred Rosen is doing the *Harper's* piece.) And here is *Saturday Review of The Society* bringing out a big piece about him, complete with photographs. Household word? Don't sell Oscar short. Remember, he's been in the country only a year and a half. Well-known names among the Arica student body: Sally Kempton—she's doing the piece for *Esquire*; Adam Smith—the pseudonymous fellow who writes about money for *New York* magazine; Jacob Brackman—former movie reviewer for *Esquire* and author of the screenplay of *The King of Marvin Gardens*. There are now Arica centers in London and Santiago, and very shortly there will be Arica centers in Sao Paolo, Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires, Quito, and La Paz.

Oscar will be 42 on July 24, which makes him, let's see, a Leo. He looks like—well, here's a description of him by a fan, John C. Lilly, M.D., author of *Man and Dolphin*, *The Mind of the Dolphin: A Non-Human Intelligence*, and *Programming and Metaprogramming in the Human Biocomputer*. Lilly spent a month with Oscar in Chile a few years ago, and the description comes from his new book, *The Center of the Cyclone: An Autobiography of Inner Space*.

"Oscar's physical appearance on first sight does not live up to the visual expectation of a 'holy man.' He wears modern, Western, stylish clothes in very good taste. His wardrobe is varied. He wears colored turtlenecks with trousers to match, or a suit with shirt and tie when it is appropriate. He has special costumes for special rituals and ceremonies. Yet he dresses in such a way that he does not attract attention to himself. He uses color in his dress as an expression of the day's energy. He is of medium height, neither tall nor short. His black hair is cut relatively short and is thinning on top. He wears a mustache, black. He is balding. His eyes are of the darkest brown and prominent.

"His features are very mobile when he expresses himself. One feels there is a genuine consciousness of feedback with other persons in face and body. There is the expert's economy of movement, of the use of his energy, in facial and bodily usage. He has a repose, a meditative relaxing from which his movements originate. His speaking is similarly efficient and originates from a unified center within, reflecting the hearer's conscious center outside."

Supplement to this description: Oscar's manners are impeccable. He has a nice smile. He has pouches under his eyes. He often takes his shoes off when indoors, but leaves his socks on. Sitting down, he looks as though he is holding his chest rather rigidly. Likes to talk. Cute. Famous people he reminds you of—Alec Guinness, El Exigente, El Topo. Favorite words and phrases of Oscar Ichazo: "becourse" (because), "really speaking," "sharp," "wild," "happen like this" (sometimes: "happen this"), "Here come one another thing."

Now here is a brief chronology of the life of Oscar Ichazo, Arica, and the Open Path.

"Happen like this."
—Oscar Ichazo

1931—Oscar Ichazo born in Bolivia.

1937—At the age of six Oscar Ichazo begins to have strange and rather terrifying inner experiences. His father is a Bolivian general. For political reasons the general and his family spend a good deal of their time living outside their own country—often in Peru. Oscar has a rather lonely childhood. He finds the altered states of consciousness he experiences painful, "a hell to cross" for many years, and, at the same time, absolutely attractive. As a child he is interested in three things:

1) the body, anatomy, the physical construction of man
2) martial arts
3) mysticism

During these years he reads books, studies Yoga by himself, studies martial arts with a wandering samurai master, studies music with a German-Jewish refugee living in Bolivia, goes to school.

1949—At the age of 18 Oscar gets involved with a group of people studying mystical matters. This is it! "It was a big luck for me to find these people around," he will remember. "But I get real help, real guidance, after my 19 years old." He maintains his connection with this group for some four years. Then, feeling that he has accomplished his work with them, he sets out again on his own. He travels—three months here, four months there, maybe as many as five, never as long as a year in any one place. An important journey to Kashmir. An important encounter with an elderly master of the martial arts in the Hong Kong–Kowloon area. Sometimes he thinks of coming to the United States, but it never happens.

1965—Oscar decides that maybe he is under an obligation to transmit what he has learned, to help others achieve self-realization. Before this time he had had no such thoughts. He had thought only that perhaps someday he might write a book about his research into the nature of the universe and his own experiences. But now he begins to feel impelled to teach. He says, "When I finish all this, let's say, investigation, or research, or whatever, when I have finish it, then I found—what? This can't be for you alone. It's nonsense. You very small, you are very little, you are almost nothing, and all this can't be just for one person. If happen that to you—and, really, it happen to me—it was becourse I was obviously incredible lucky. Yah, very, extremely lucky. So, in seeing my life, and in seeing such a tremendous fortune repeating so many times, well, didn't make sense that such good fortune would be for just one person, and, really, started that inside demand that before I didn't have. Then, oww, it was quite a long period before I made the decision. I have been, let's say, two years in the think: I do it, I don't do it, I do it, I don't do it, I do it, I don't do it. See, things are like that. Or at least for me."

Oscar decides that he will break all connections with every group with which he has had contact so that his own teaching can be completely free and independent. Then he decides to go to Buenos Aires, to see what happens there. "I started very lightly, saying, well, if this is have some value, I am going to have somebody listen to me. Well, the strange thing was that I started in Buenos Aires, and right away I have *many*—too many. So I ran out, ran away to Chile—to Santiago. Same thing happened. Too many people. I couldn't work, so then I went to Arica, with only a few ones. And in Arica I shut the door becourse in a week I have 30 people again, 30 *Chilenos*. Yes, I wanted only 10 and reached 30. Then I really shut the door, for two years—more, three years—and we worked very hard. And when I consider that the work was ready, I just say, well, now I am going really to start to whoever come. I said to myself, I didn't

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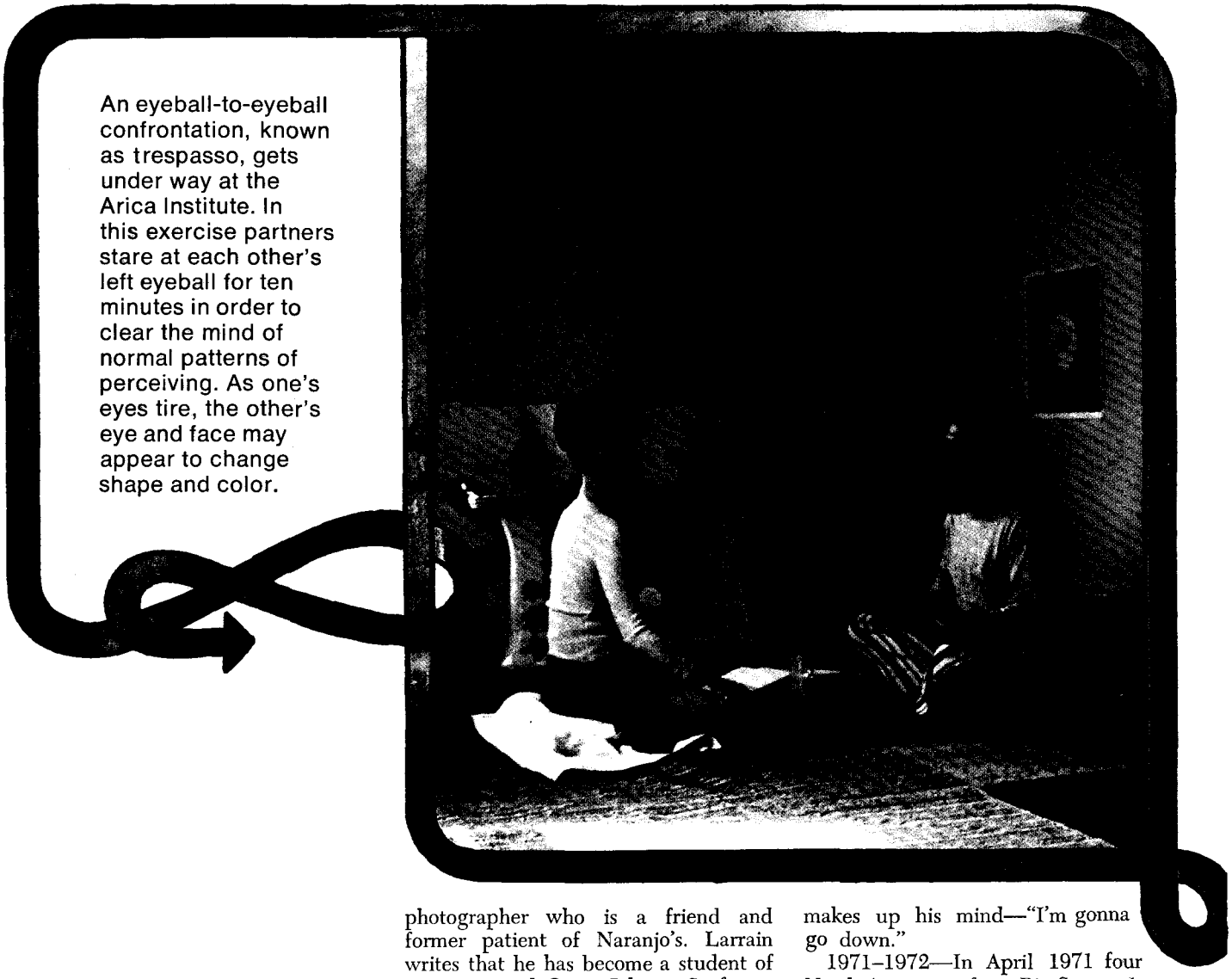
communicate, I am going to take only 50. And then appeared the group of the 50 Americans. The thing just happened. I didn't push at all. Well, what do you say about that?"

Arica is a city of about 100,000 at the extreme northern end of Chile. It's a desert boom town with factories making Japanese solid-state electronics equipment and a radical Catholic Universidad del Norte full of young, bearded, Marxist activists. One North American has said it reminds him of Phoenix in 1910 with the addition of the CCNY of 1930. But to continue.

1969—In late June or early July Dr. Claudio Naranjo, then working at the Esalen Institute at Big Sur, receives a letter from Sergio Larrain, a Chilean photographer who is a friend and former patient of Naranjo's. Larrain writes that he has become a student of a man named Oscar Ichazo. So far as anyone recollects, this letter contains the first news about Oscar to reach the North American continent. The letter says things like: you won't believe this, but I feel like I've been up on 300 mikes of acid for three weeks, and I haven't touched any drugs at all. The world is a shimmering, joyful place. Something is really happening. I think we've found someone who knows what's happening. I think you ought to check this guy out. Don't bother even turning the lights off.

In September Naranjo visits Chile, staying until the following January. He sees a lot of Oscar. In November writer John (*Parable of the Beast*) Bleibtreu and wife, Katherine, visit Chile for a month. They see a lot of Oscar. When they return to this country, they talk about their experiences. "People saw something strange about me," John Bleibtreu remembers. He recalls running into a friend at a gas station in California: "What happened to you, man?" "Oh, I just got back from Chile. I met a master." Right then and there in the gas station Rowland Hall makes up his mind—"I'm gonna go down."

1971–1972—In April 1971 four North Americans from Big Sur go down to Arica and study with Oscar for three months. (All four of them are still part of the Arica Institute in America, Inc.) In May John, MD, Lilly C, and a woman named Cynthia Kerney go to Arica and stay a month. Then a big group, Rowland Hall among them, begins to gather; they drift in from mid-June on. At the beginning of July there are some



An eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation, known as trespasso, gets under way at the Arica Institute. In this exercise partners stare at each other's left eyeball for ten minutes in order to clear the mind of normal patterns of perceiving. As one's eyes tire, the other's eye and face may appear to change shape and color.

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50 North Americans in Arica, Chile. They spend the next ten months in an intensive, expensive ($1,000) training course with Oscar. Then they take the next summer off. "They worked very hard," Oscar said to me recently. "No, really, very hard. They said it was like a mixture of a monastery, a prison camp, and basic training. But they all learned a lot." Before the summer break Oscar tells his group that it is time to take the training to the States. He also tells them that New York is the logical place to begin their work.

On September 1 Oscar and his band rent and move into a big house in Bayville, Long Island. The money comes from the richer trainees. In October they shift their base to the Essex House on Central Park South and place a full-page ad in the *Times* (cost then: $8,800) to attract students. A three-month training ("New York 1") opens on October 15 and draws 72 students, each of whom pays $3,000 for the experience. New York 1 is followed by New York 2 (64 students) and New York 3 (70 students). Many of the trainees move into Orwell House, an expensive, recently reconditioned apartment house on Central Park West between Eighty-fifth and Eighty-sixth streets. In June 1972 the Arica Institute moves to its present Fifty-seventh Street location. Essex House, Orwell House, Fifty-seventh Street—pretty fancy places. Aricans live well. They take cabs all over town, too. They love New York. Last summer everyone who had been through the training was put on salary. $200 a week. One of the trainees, a woman, is underwriting almost the entire cost of the operation. She will, of course, be paid back as soon as the institute can pay its own way. Simultaneously with New Yorks 2 and 3 there are two three-month training sessions in San Francisco. San Francisco 1 draws 39 students; San Francisco 2, 65 students.

After this—the time is now September 1972—Oscar assembles all the Aricans and makes a bombshell announcement: *everybody* is asleep and operating at a low level of consciousness. 3,000. Maybe as low as 6,000. Everybody, even the Chile group. He also announces that the purpose of the training they have been through is to prepare them to teach the Open Path —a new, concentrated, cheap form of Arica that will be made available to the entire country.

Rethinking. Regrouping. Preparation for the Open Path. I attended several workshops at the Arica "facility" at this time—August, September—workshops supposed to be prototypes of Open Path work. The "facility" is what they call the Fifty-seventh Street place. Large room, once part of a Manufacturers Hanover branch. White walls, wall-to-wall, apple-green carpeting. Wear old clothes, please take off your shoes. Chanting: "Om." "Ram." "Hum." "Holy Love." Kath relaxation exercise. The kath is one of three body energy centers in Arican theoretical formulation. Path in the forehead, intellect. Oth in the heart region, emotions. Kath, four or five finger-widths below the navel, body centeredness, naturalness, instincts, that kind of thing. Misogi breathing. Very complicated exercise. Staring at the Arica symbol while a strobe light flickers. (During this exercise in one workshop a woman went into a *grand mal* epileptic fit. A former medical student who happened to be present brought her around. This man explained to me that they teach you in medical school that certain frequencies of flashing lights bring on seizures in anyone with epileptic tendencies. The Aricans gathered around the stricken woman and chanted "Holy Love" for her.) Trespasso as a treat at the end of the session. I always enjoyed trespasso.

During this period Oscar spends a good deal of time with Peter Cameron, a very nice fellow who's been a big-time show business promoter for many years. Managing, publishing, promoting, distributing, setting up what needs to be set up. Records, movies, tours, acts. Has helped out the Weavers, the Rolling Stones, the Who, Harry Belafonte, Flip Wilson, Terence Stamp, Jimi Hendrix, the James Bond movies. Peter is a Seeker in his own right. "I would normally be in India at this time of the year," Peter told me last fall. "I've been on this meditation trip for years. India, Afghanistan, the Sufis—I've seen all the cats who were there." Peter became convinced that Oscar had something to offer that was good, genuine, palatable, and marketable. "It has tremendous life, tremendous vitality" was the way Peter put it. "It doesn't get mystical, doesn't get abstract, but is really a part of our pop culture. It has the elements, and there's a need for it. It's a very pragmatic, scientific approach to how to deal with all the mystic, occult things we're looking for. I've sat with these cats around the world, but I don't have time to spend six years staring at the wall. Oscar wants to make it easy for the public to go through it. We want to make it like fun. We're going out to the public now. I'm working on all the different ways we can present this, and I'm working on what we call secondary residuals—a total media presentation: music, theater, books, cassettes, videotape. I just want to help it along. That's my trip." Peter gets in touch with people in L.A.—the head of Universal Studio. He gets in touch with people in London and Paris. "I got a call the other day from Rome," he confided. "Cat whose father is chief of protocol at the Vatican."

The facility is spruced up. New carpeting. Tarot cards painted on the walls. Big parties to announce the Open Path. At one of these parties I listened to the mother of an Arican, a middle-aged woman from Long Island in a red coat, talk to an Arican (not her son). "I think this is very nice," she said. "But I think it is very interesting that young people damned our generation for all the clubs we belonged to and now they need 'em. This is a nice little club. Today everything is group. Groupies. I don't say don't depend on other people for help with your emotional needs. But eventually you've got to stand on your own two feet. Most people under 30 belong to a confused generation. Tell me, does Oscar discuss God at all? Does he discuss the Good Lord at all?"

"Yes," said the Arican. "All the time."

"Well, that's nice," said the lady. "I guess I shouldn't be too down on this place. You look like happy people. If it answers needs, I guess it's good. Are you happy?"

"Yes," said the Arican. "Are you?"

"I guess these are the best years of my life," said the woman. "Because now I know what's important."

(One Arican was sent home from this party. She arrived in slacks, not realizing it was a dress-up affair. The Arican in charge stopped her at the door. "Is that your charisma package for today?" "Yes." "Then go home." She went home and changed into a dress. By the way, most of the men at Arica had long hair/beards when they arrived. They now are all short-haired/clean-shaven.)

Abstract of an Arican document of this period, carelessly left lying around on the front desk of the facility, where it was seen and covertly copied by an alert reporter:

"*For inquiries about Open Path*: KEEP IT CONCISE AND FAST. FILL IN QUESTIONNAIRES IN FOLDER. GET ZIP CODE, IS NEEDED FOR THE COMPUTER.

"Guide for telephone inquiries and interviews (personal)

"The Open Path is truth, light, and love . . . .

"It is a training in total self-development. We offer a comprehensive program of exercises drawn from a number of sources, both ancient and contemporary . . . .

"SUGGESTIONS FOR WHAT IS ARICA:

"Phrases that may be useful:

"—It's a science of life

"—Man is an ecological organism

"—It raises one's level of consciousness/awareness with practical techniques

"—It reduces the ego

"—We are a training institute . . . .

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Glossary

In the brave new world of Arica, novel words—drawn from a variety of languages—abound. Familiar words are given a novel twist. Author Hiss defines below.

ego	what we tell ourselves we are
essence	what we really are "Such harmony is in immortal souls; But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it." —Shakespeare
kath **oth** **path**	the three energy centers in the body
conservation **relations** **syntony**	the three instincts
protoanalysis	the assignment of absolutely anybody's ego into one of nine "fixations" (types)
ego fixations (types)	nine behavior clusters: ego-in, ego-resent, ego-flat, ego-go, ego-melan, ego-stinge, ego-cow, ego-plan, ego-revenge "Ego? GO!" —The Firesign Theatre, "I Think We're All Bozos on This Bus"
passions	the nine passions of the nine ego fixations (types): indolence, anger, pride, deceit, envy, avarice, fear, gluttony, excess
"in my point"	experiencing the passion of my ego fixation
"on the point"	in reality (opposite of "out of the point," but that's beside the point)
facility	Arica's main office (near Henri Bendel's)
doyo	a place where martial arts are practiced (down the street from the "Facility," in the opposite direction from Bendel's)
psychoalchemy	causing alchemical changes in the psyche through an exercise called "uroboros"
uroboros	a golden serpent
void	the ultimate goal of psychoalchemy; a light in your head
halka	five-person teaching unit of the Open Path (bringing truth, light, and love)
charisma	what you look like; also associated with elbows and knees
mentations	parts of the body associated with different aspects of life
deviations	when your mentations are out of line
levels (the numbers)	states of consciousness (The *lower* the number, the *higher* you are.)
chakras (pl.)	energy centers in the spine
bramacharya	continence
vital energy	what you lose when you are not in a state of bramacharya
enneagram	a circle whose circumference is divided into nine points with a diagram in the middle
trespasso	I stare into your left eye; you stare into my left eye. This can be done in the mirror.
Misogyi breathing	rhythmic breathing exercise, of unknown origin
woosoo	ritual cleansing of the body with cold water under the bedcovers
trialectics	a new form of reasoning (more complicated than dialectics)
objective silence	an exercise to cure one of subjective thoughts (You say only what is necessary: "pass the salt")
Chile group	Oscar's first North American students, trained in Arica, Chile
O	What Aricans call Oscar behind his back
a master of the teaching	How Oscar refers to himself

"—Learn how to be friends with yourself

"—Learn how to feel at home in the universe.

Fragment of a telephone conversation. Arican at the facility calling a friend somewhere:

"Sartre has never gotten beyond 700 in his philosophy, although in his novels he gets to 384. Camus's *The Stranger* starts out in 384 but crosses over into positive 96 in the end when he's at complete peace with himself and has completely clarified all his karma. Hesse? Sure he went to the East, but did he have the Buddha experience? Harry, most novels are 3,000, or 3,000 descriptions of 6,000. Dickens is a real 3,000 or 3,000 describing 6,000, and in his Christian stuff he's a ghastly example of 6,000. Some of them that present a more or less satirical view of everyday life are 1,500 view of 3,000. A lot of Russian novels are 1,500 about 1,500. Samuel Beckett has quite a bit of 384 and even 196. Dostoevski and Tolstoy reach even higher levels. Harry, the reason I say that is that Oscar said that, not that I've experienced those levels."

Monday, December 11, 1972, 10:00 A.M. Opening of the first 40-day intensive training session of the Open Path. Scene: the Alexis Ballroom, second floor of a commercial building on Broadway in the upper Eighties. Rented by Arica for the occasion. Sign outside the ballroom: LESSONS IN LATIN AMERICAN, INTERNATIONAL STYLE, AND GO GO, BY ALEXIS, FELLOW HC OF THE ISTD. Ballroom is semi-transformed—part Alexis, part Arica. Large group sitting in semi-circle. Aricans and new trainees. New trainees, 50-some, very young for the most part. Some low conversation. "I knew I wouldn't be late, because Oscar's always even later." An Arican comes to the middle of the semicircle. "Will everyone please stand for a moment?" He raises his right hand with the first two fingers extended. "In the name of God the only One this training is opened." *Om* by everyone. "Okay, we're off. There's really nothing we can say about the training except do it, so let's get started. Who has the indications for this morning?" Dietary instructions are given. ("And, please, avoid pork, or any member of the rodent family, or crab. These animals have especially low vibrations. They're full of fear.") How to do the morning cold-bath rubdown called "woosoo." ("Oh, yes, I forgot to mention, be especially careful of all joints. There's something we're taking off our skins. I'm not sure what, but there's more of it in those places.")

This training is opened.

Several weeks ago Oscar invited me and a friend of mine to come up to his apartment and look at some photo-

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graphs he'd taken in and around Arica. Oscar lives in a new high-rise in the East Sixties. A nice big flat, stunning views of northern Manhattan, comfortable, not much furniture, wall-to-wall carpeting. He showed us the view and said how much it always excited him. Skyscrapers. Mountains, but living mountains. Mountains full of life. Then he showed us his photographs, apologizing for their quality. They were slides, and they were mostly of rocks, sunsets, the Pacific Ocean, flowers. Then he served us tea and showed us his samurai swords. Three hundred years old and they have never had to be sharpened. Built to cut through bones like butter, he said. He called them his "jealous ladies." He said that meant that when you used them you had to give them your complete attention, otherwise they would harm you. He was sorry, but of course he couldn't let us touch them. He said he had spent the day talking to high officials of the United Nations about world problems. Then he told us a nice story about an experience with one of his masters, an elderly Chinese man in Kowloon who instructed him in martial arts. The master wanted to teach Oscar how to sleep like an animal. Completely relaxed, completely at rest, but alert to the slightest sound, the slightest movement, always prepared. The way the master taught him was they both slept in the same room, and every time Oscar dozed off the master would jump up and wallop him. One night Oscar thought he was ready. He waited three hours in complete silence, complete stillness. Then without a sound, because he had mastered the art of sand movement (the art of moving without looking as if you're moving at all), Oscar stole across the room and—haah-wump—he brought both arms down on the master in his bed. But the bed was empty. Oscar wheeled around, snapped on the light. And there, in Oscar's bed, was the master, sound asleep.

Oscar offered us more tea, but we had to go. A thoroughly delightful visit.

Professional evaluations of Oscar Ichazo and the Arica Institute.

By Dr. Claudio Naranjo. A statement read over the telephone to me by an associate of Dr. Naranjo's. "Oscar Ichazo is a teacher of a kind very little known in the West; the attitude and way of operating may be seen in Gurdjieff or in Professor Conchis in John Fowles's *The Magus*. The theoretical perspective behind such an attitude may be understood from this document, *Reflections* by Idries Shah (Zenith Books, London, 1969):

REPORT ON THE PLANET EARTH

A body of celestial beings, who wanted to develop their influence upon the people of the earth, commissioned an experienced and independent investigator to provide them with a feasibility report.

When he came back, he said:

"Here is a complete analysis of the situation. To get through to mankind you must promise happiness to those who are sad, and threaten with distress those who are happy. They are all to be exposed to tension, anxiety, joy, and repetition. They must be induced to think, when they are *hypocrites, that they are honest* and straightforward. You will also sanctify self-indulgence by making people enjoy suffering and then tell them that they are not enjoying it, because it is a punishment."

"But this is terrible!" exclaimed the celestial ones. "To turn people into automata, to manipulate them . . . ."

"Now listen," said the expert, "do you or do you not want to extend your territory? If you plan expansion in this field you must remember that—for thousands of years—your competitors have been ahead of you. They are well established there, and they are successful. In fact, there are *only a very few quite insignificant exceptions* . . . ."

I understand that what Oscar is trying to do is work upon society rather than upon individuals.

"I believe that he will come to have, in our culture, the impact of a rejuvenating seed. Not because he is a genius, but because he is a carrier that has been painstakingly prepared to have a necessary impact on America by *people who know*: the living council of the wise, the people of the way, the network of enlightened consciousness on the planet, the invisible hierarchy, the Objective Sangha, The School." (*Sangha* is a Buddhist term. It means the community of conscious beings on earth.)

By a prominent West Coast psychologist. "He's a not uninteresting guy. I think he is one of these people who has a method and a formula, and it's crystallized with, I think, all the positive parts of that, and all the negative ones. He's created a system that is much more like a church than any of the other new groups, almost a sort of Neo-Catholicism. Interesting, to say the least. I would say it provided for a lot of people the kind of social support they need, in addition to hopefully straightening them out a little bit. People are not unchanged by the experience, a lot of them are resocialized, which I guess is a definite plus. As that kind of therapy it seems to be very useful. I'm thinking of people I know who went into it who were really fouled up and who have come out in pretty good shape. A couple of ex-dope addicts, for instance. They're all a little bit, a little bit . . . automatized. But much less fouled up. They're parroting the rituals a little bit, but it's certainly not worthless.

"The question I think needs to be asked is: 'Who is this good for, and when?' It's like a restaurant that cooks a delicious duck—but duck is the only thing on the menu. They say: 'Here's the way we cook our duck.' They take you through 47 steps and you come out with very good duck, and a full tummy of duck, and sometimes what you need is a little vitamin C. And so on and so forth. They are competent duck cooks—which immediately distinguishes them from 99.8 per cent of everybody else in the field who can't even cook duck. It's very unappealing to me personally, but when there are no duck restaurants around, an edible one is an advance. They're very dogmatic and very crazy in that sense. I don't know about Oscar. I imagine he's a little more interesting than the automata around him.

"Unfortunately, Oscar appeals to people who really have a hard time with life in general, people who are sort of not very competent in, uh, getting dressed and getting up and getting off. And for people like that who need a lot of social community and other support, he's giving them that at, I think, a fair cost—adherence to a cult, to a religion. Very good at taking people off the streets and getting them into doing something useful. I really could not say that it's more useful than handing out Gideon Bibles on street corners. That's my personal opinion."

By an East Coast therapist. "My basic objection was that I didn't see much growth in these people. You look in their eyes, and your eyes go in two inches, and then they stop. They're meeting a wall, they're not meeting an essence. It's a very uncomfortable feeling for me. To go in and not meet them is very strange when you're supposed to be meeting them. Also, you can't go up or down or sideways. Only in two inches and then stop. My other objection is the amount of drugs used. I know they're not supposed to, but they all do. They talk about inner chemical transformation, but they are still relying on an outward chemical process, and I cannot see this if you're going to be in a program of getting somewhere. Also, it bothers me that therapists up and down the coast are taking Arica techniques—the exercise programs, trespasso—and just doing numbers on them. Depurifying a de-pure system. Sitting and doing 'rams' does create a lot of high energy, but it's got to be focused to be of any use. I guess the nicest thing I could say about Arica is that it has taught some people some discipline. They can sit for nine hours without moving, which is something of an achievement. But, listen, we could develop a whole system from that. We could get people to just lie flat for eight hours. People would certainly learn something from this exercise. They might even end up feeling refreshed. And we could call it, we could call it, I've got it—'Sleep.'" □

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SEX AS ATHLETICS IN THE SINGLES COMPLEX

BY CYNTHIA PROULX

The new suburban apartment buildings for the singles crowd are sexual Disneylands, where the only marriages are those between maximum temptation and maximum opportunity.

No sports page ever said a word about it, but three years ago Houston, Texas, gave birth to a superman contest which, though officially ended, will probably be waged fiercely, if unofficially, for years. The object of the struggle was classically simple: to see which man could take the most girls to bed in a given year. The rules were gentlemanly: each contestant was expected to keep an honest score on himself and share the names, telephone numbers, and sexual preferences of the women who added to his total. In 1971 the winner was Charley Hazzard. (Like all the other names I'll give, this is a pseudonym.)

His winning score: 79.

A modestly built bachelor on the spare-tire side of 36, Charley discovered his sporting instincts when he moved into Woodway Square Apartments, a 48-acre complex of private hideaways and communal indoor and outdoor playpens dedicated to the greater glory of the Swinging Single. Recalling his first taste of the Woodway way of life, Charley says: "All of a sudden I realized—wow!—you can have just about anything you want around here. And you don't even have to say *please*."

Thousands of other Charleys have recently been making the same discovery in singles apartment complexes all over America, and, since Houston's Woodway is one of the largest and most lavish of all such dormitories, it seemed to me a good place to find out what this lifestyle has done to the state of being single.

Last July and again in January I flew to Houston and drank Harvey Wallbangers and danced to Grand Funk and listened to the stories of a dozen Woodway lives. First there was Charley. Then some of the women who helped him reach his winning count of 79. I listened to fragile Texas wild flowers who thrive on one-night stands. And to sad 26-year-olds who've already had their day and now dream only of finding someone to take them away from it all.

I heard how it feels to be married in the midst of this singles circus from a couple who wouldn't live anywhere else. And how it feels to be on the outside looking in—from the Baptist minister who lives and preaches right across the street from Woodway. And when I got back to New York, I asked a psychoanalyst and some social psychologists what they made of the singles-complex syndrome.

It used to be, in the palmy Fifties, that boys and girls graduated from college, found a job in their hometown, and lived with their parents until marriage sprang them loose. Sexual Freedom was limited to Saturday night and the back seat of the family DeSoto.

Then came the Sixties. Everybody started going straight from college dorm to big-city apartment to share the thrills and the rent with a gaggle of roommates. The era of Mom's midnight curfews was over. Yet as liberating as this new freedom seemed then, the logistics of city living weren't encouraging to the heavy-breathing lifestyle Helen Gurley Brown had promised every career girl as her birthright.

By 1965, however, singles in Southern California had discovered something called the Never-on-Sunday Club, a cluster of tiny apartments built around a swimming pool and party room. All the management asked was that tenants be single, fun-loving, and able to pay the rent. Soon half a dozen copies, called South Bay Clubs, sprang up in and around Los Angeles, and big developers began to take the new lifestyle eastward—first to Texas and Florida, then to suburbs around all the big cities. (New York is belatedly getting its share with two grandiose complexes about to open on Long Island.)

Of course, no real estate man comes right out and calls his property a singles complex. That would bring bad press, irate citizens, rumors of immorality "right here in Maple City!" So the name changed to "adult social-rec club." But the standard equipment remains the same: whirlpool baths, gyms, saunas, barbecue pits, bicycle trails, and heated swimming pools scattered around the grounds as casually as mud puddles.

The recreation facilities of each complex can cost as much as $800,000, but the developers aren't complaining. While non-singles apartments in many large cities are averaging a 20 per cent vacancy rate, at least 100,000 new singles apartments have opened in the last year, and they are already running 90 to 100 per cent full. Woodway is no exception. The free spirits who nest there pay anywhere from $10 to $35 a month more than they would for a comparable apartment elsewhere in Houston (the cost of a one-bedroom unit at Woodway ranges from $142 to $217 a month), yet the management is turning away would-be residents in droves.

Let the philosophers argue whether the New Freedom created the Woodways of the Western world or vice versa. The important thing is that the real estate industry has created a new hot house where sexual indulgence can flourish as never before. As one peaches-and-cream young woman just loosed from the University of North Carolina, explains it, "Listen heah, darlin'. Why should Ah give a hoot if everybody knows Ah lahk to play around? Aftuh all, isn't that what we'ah heah fo'?" After conducting dozens of interviews under Woodway's various roofs, I can tell you that indeed it is.

Single, married, or celibate, everyone in Houston knows about Woodway.

Cynthia Proulx is coauthor of A Guide to France for Loving Couples.

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So when I started investigating the singles phenomenon, a friend who had been exiled to the Houston branch of his advertising agency promptly advised me to postpone Grossinger's and the bars on San Francisco's Union Street in favor of Woodway.

I found it among 20 or 30 other singles complexes in a corner of Houston that has been transformed from what ten years ago were piny woods and pin oaks into a sea of second mortgages. The neighborhood is a favorite of oil-company executives, who build themselves sprawling $200,000 Greco-Texan split-levels and settle down to raising crape myrtle and a new generation of blue-eyed Young Democrats for Agnew.

Woodway has managed to remain isolated from this suburban sanctimony, as well as from the commercial blight of the surrounding shopping centers. Most of Woodway's neighbors seem either resigned or indifferent to the goings-on at the complex. And Woodwayites rarely, if ever, become an active part of the outside community. One witness to their insular style of life is the minister of the Second Baptist Church of Houston, directly across the street from Woodway. The pastor, the Rev. James S. Riley, is a man who speaks in a hushed basso profundo and looks as if he's spent the best years of his life waiting in vain for the sinners of the Southwest to repent, and he said to me, simply and sadly, "We wait, but the people over there just don't come." When I asked him how many Woodwayites had attended his church over the eight years of Woodway's existence, he said one or two hundred, at the most: a pious trickle—less than one one-hundredth of Woodway's entire singles population since the complex was built.

However, the beginnings of a dialogue between church and complex have been established. Rev. Riley remembered, just as I was going out the door, to tell me that he did, in fact, sporadically receive flurries of calls, cards, and letters from Woodway residents. The purpose of every last one of them has been to complain about the church carillon, which sends out a gentle shower of Baptist carols and hymns at the close of the day.

The official population of Woodway's 1,800 apartments is 2,500. The real count, however, is rumored to be closer to 4,000, due to multiple roommates per apartment—a practice management smilingly denies knowing anything about. The architecture hasn't totally escaped the two-story Basic Training Camp look of most complexes, but it does have a certain style of its own, ranging from Swiss chalet to English Tudor and built of handsomely aged woods and dusty pink adobe brick. The grounds are faultlessly tweezered and manicured.

"All that bein' a one-woman man seems like it musta happened to somebody else," says Charley. "I'm into playin' and lovin' and not givin' a damn for the rest of my life."

Wandering off the gas-lamp-decorated main street—named Winrock Avenue, in honor of one of Woodway's original backers, Winthrop Rockefeller—I passed by nine swimming pools, two tennis courts, one putting green, a huge social center, and acres of parking lots, where air-conditioned Cougars and Corvettes proliferate like chiggers on a hound dog alongside fleets of twin-engine outboards and cabin cruisers waiting to be hauled to the nearest artificial lake.

Nobody at Woodway seems to be saving for a rainy day. The men—most of whom are engineers, junior managers, or salesmen—earn between $10,000 and $20,000 a year, rarely more. The majority of the women are secretaries; the rest are apt to be either teachers or stewardesses. Their average income is probably no more than about $7,500, yet because they often live three or four to an apartment, they are likely to have plenty of spending money.

Management's primary concern is not the size of a tenant's income but that everybody be "the white-collar type." When I asked a rental agent if that included $5,000-a-year stenographers and high-school-dropout bailing-wire salesmen, she sniffed that it certainly did—if they were the "right type." When you look around Woodway, you realize that the right type includes everyone but blacks and hippies.

The thought of interviewing these right types had me worried. How was I going to get the facts without approaching sex head on? Would I get anywhere by tactfully probing for a hint of indiscretion here, a revealing blush there? As it turned out, there was no need for tact. A cocktail party was being staged by one of the resident bachelors, an office acquaintance of my friend, so that I could meet some of his pals. As soon as it was announced what I was there for, a line formed in front of my chair. At the head of the line stood Charley Hazzard.

Like fully half the people at Woodway, Charley isn't a native Texan, although he now talks and walks like one, rolling on the balls of his feet as if being off a horse isn't quite natural for a real man. He was born in Minneapolis, sampled universities there and in California without graduating, and became a sign painter in San Diego. After a stint in the navy, he billed himself as a commercial artist. Now he earns $17,500 a year painting posters and advertising art. His friends call him Renoir—pronounced rain-war.

At 36, he has no intention of getting married or pairing off in a steady relationship with anyone. "Like Elvis Presley used to say," Charley quotes fondly, "'Why own a cow when you can get all the milk you need through the fence?'"

Married at 21 and divorced nine years later, he sees his teen-age daughter twice a year. But his mind is made up. "All that bein' a one-woman man with kids to feed and a lawn to mow seems like it musta happened to somebody else, not old Charley," he says. "I'm into playin' and lovin' and not givin' a damn for the rest of my life. Comin' home to the same pair of tits and the same corned-beef hash every night—hell, that just ain't what I was born for."

Charley's idea of a more profitable way to spend an evening is to amble over to Woodway's recreation club to look over the crowd at a wine-tasting. (The night I attended, some 200 aspiring oenologists were rolling wine around on their tongues and scoring their choices.) As we stood swooshing wine around in our tiny paper cups, Charley explained that wine-tasting nights at Woodway are not traditionally good hunting, for they are known to attract mostly guys who come in just for free drinks—which means that girls looking for action don't usually show up. But it wasn't long before he started sipping his way over to a little girl in the corner who looked as if she'd be much happier with a Dr Pepper. "What's your favorite tonight, sweets?" he asked. She looked confused but gamely answered that the only thing that really turned her on here was the muenster cheese.

Gretchen—or Gretchy, as she introduced herself—had all the requisite charms of someone Charley could learn to love before the night was over. Her hair was teased into a spun-copper minaret. Her angora sweater had long ago given up trying to make contact with the baby-blue knit of her hot pants. (This was just last January, but fashions die hard in Texas.) Gretchen was also unarguably pretty and not a birthday past 23.

Less than eight minutes after finding out which end of Woodway she lived in, Charley could be heard to toss off mock-casually, "You gonna let me come help you make the bed tonight?"

When I returned from the bar and found the two of them gone, I con-

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cluded that the answer had been yes.

Roughly half the men living in this singles complex have, like Charley, at least one broken marriage behind them. Unlike their younger, never-been-married counterparts, these men feel the need for a steady standby—someone ready to provide 4 A.M. consolation if the Gretchens of the world prove disappointing or simply wear out. Standbys are also expected to be genuinely in love with their Charleys. The amazing thing is, they often are.

At the cocktail party where Charley was animatedly replaying for me the highlights of 1971, his winning year in the Woodway Sexual Olympics, Charley's standby was no farther than five or six bodies away. Surely a few of his high notes were drifting into her pick-up range. Yet, far from worrying about being overheard, Charley seemed to flirt with the possibility. When I looked nervously in her direction, he explained, "Oh, that's just Mindy. But she's beautiful people, she *loves* me." What about the love objects he spends six nights a week collecting? "Oh, she knows," Charley answered loudly. "I tell *her* and she tells *me*, and she's so damned honest it'd nearly make you upchuck." Tells him what? "Well, she loves me so much she doesn't play around—except with my best friends. So if *she* doesn't tell me, she knows *they* will."

Charley didn't seem to feel any need to explain here, so I prompted, "Why your best friends?" "To get back at me. But I know that's all it is, so I let her go at it."

Does he love her? Charley's nice gray eyes went almost dewy for a second, and the broad patch of pink pate that his retreating hair was so carefully hot-combed to hide suddenly seemed as vulnerable as a new baby's. Hitching up his electric-blue embroidered bell bottoms, he drawled flintily, "Honey, old Charley don't love *no*body. I went that route once, and the lady I promised to love, honor, and cherish, well, she woke up one morning and told me she never wanted to see my face again. From that day on, lovin's just been a lot of laughs for me."

But isn't he lonely, doesn't he feel something may be missing in his life? "Do I *look* lonely?" he asked, a touch defensively. "Hell, Mindy wants to live with me—she's 27. Mary Ellen wants to live with me—she's 24. Jody wants to live with me—I think she's even younger. Who's lonely? I can have anything I want around here. It's just that I don't want anything."

Two days later I was sipping peppermint tea in Mindy's apartment. No one I'd seen Charley give a second glance to at the wine-tasting was dressed nearly so conservatively: Peter Pan collar, knee-length plaid skirt, sensible shoes, in territory where high-heeled vinyl boots are as sacrosanct as Sam Houston. Mindy has a trim figure, and her face is passably pretty—but unresponsive, as if all the electricity had been disconnected. For the last six years since she graduated from North Texas State she has been working an adding machine in the accounting department of a Houston tire company and living at Woodway.

"Cindy wants to live with me—she's 27. Mary Ellen wants to live with me—she's 24. Jody wants to live with me—she's even younger. I can have anything I want around here."

I asked her if she found her job interesting; she answered with a lackluster mmmm. No elaboration. I inquired if her present job was the kind of work she would like to be doing ten years from now. Silence. She wasn't trying to be a difficult interviewee; it was simply that the possibility of being independent or intellectually satisfied was a totally new and alien thought. For the Woodway girl of today, there is only one possible tomorrow: marriage. And the odds are not in her favor. In this bastion of singleness, not one person I spoke to could remember more than one marriage that had taken place between two Woodway tenants in the past year. That couple is expecting their divorce to come through by June.

Another grim statistic: there are fully three times as many women living in the complex as men. And it's probably safe to say that 100 per cent of the women over 25 are actively competing for the available supply of potential husbands. Another reasonable assumption is that the great majority of the men over 30 who live here are *not* looking for wives, and that most of those who are aren't looking at Woodway. So who's left?

Well, among the minority of Woodway men in their early-to-mid-twenties there are some who at least aren't *against* marriage. They pursue it, however, with none of the economic or social urgency that spurs on the girls. And that's not all that foils the hopes of would-be brides. Those who do interest the younger men are, predictably, the same age or younger, which leaves only about a third of the women to qualify—and, alas, that's the very third that are either having too good a time to settle down right away or are looking for someone older, gentler, and more considerate. A bouncy 24-year-old complains, "Spend the night with one of those capital-I guys and you go home feeling like a tape recorder. They're tuned in to just one station—themselves."

It's not surprising that, having served as a tape recorder for six long years in a singles complex, Mindy has developed a few complexes of her own. Number one on the list is Charley. To hear Mindy tell it, she and Charley have a practically idyllic relationship, and it's just a question of time before he offers to make it legal. That's not quite how Charley or his friends see it. "No way" is Charley's dated but determined way of describing such a possibility. But for three years Mindy's been sitting on the sidelines feeding her hopes while Charley spends virtually six nights out of seven combing the club for new material. "Let her wait another three years," he says. "She's a nice kid, but—please God!—not as a steady diet."

A married couple who know them both rate Mindy's chances as zero. "Charley hauls her up to the club and buys her a few whiskey sours maybe once a week," one says, "but he never forgets to remind her how much he doesn't need her." The other agrees: "Charley gets his kicks out of treating his women like Little Orphan Annies, maybe because his wife was so rough on him. Some refuse to take it, but Mindy doesn't seem to mind being kept in the closet as long as he trots her out once in a while."

Mindy has given up going to the social club—or anywhere else—on her own. The thought of recycling herself through another round of those overnight affairs of her first, hopeful years at Woodway is even less tolerable than performing as a human security blanket for a man who, as she knows, never stops shopping for someone new to wrap himself up in.

Becoming a standby takes time. The process usually starts in a girl's early twenties when she finds herself being picked up at least as often as she's put down, with few lonely nights in between. Georgina, 23, is a good example of an early-phase standby. Boasting Karo syrup–colored hair dripping over freckly shoulders, green eyes that seem the size of go lights, and measurements with the 38s all in the right places, Georgina hasn't had to spend a manless 24 hours since she came to Woodway late last summer. When I asked her how many men she'd slept with since she moved in, she couldn't rightly say. "Does 20 sound like what the other girls say?" she asked sweetly.

Not that she's a dart board, mind you. Georgina takes care to explain that she was "engaged" to a diesel salesman in the 1400 Building last month and

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"going very steady" with someone else just before that—and someone else just before that. She wants you to know that she's warm and human, but she also wants it in the record that she really *cared*.

In the singles apartment complex, as in the rest of the civilized world, the double standard still flourishes like wisteria on the sunny side of the barn. While there's no limit to how promiscuous a man can be and still be socially acceptable, what a woman admits to had better be at least vaguely related to true love or too many vodka Martinis—or suddenly her standing sinks to the level of "quick punch." Any quick-witted girl can, of course, wiggle around this inequity simply by calling a two-week affair an "engagement" and a one-night stand a "mad crush." As far as Georgina's concerned, life is just one breathless, full-color page right out of *Cosmopolitan*, and, at 23, who's going to give up all the wine and roses for washing one man's socks?

A bubbly ex-majorette named Linda represents the second stage in the making of an apartment complex also-ran. Three years older than Georgina, Linda has already found that the telephone doesn't ring as insistently as it used to. So she's taken matters into her own hands and become a steady patron of Woodway hayrides, luaus, and Ladies' Nights. She has no interests outside the complex—it's much easier just to suit up and pad over to catch the action at the pool. Her own appraisal of her lifestyle sounds exactly like Georgina's: fun, fun, fun. Yet two of the men who have dated and dropped her blame their fast exits on precisely the fact that she refused to settle for just plain fun.

"After the very first weekend she started hinting it might be nice if I moved in and contributed toward the rent," one of them reminisces, still in a state of mild shock. The other told me: "If I left her just long enough to run out for a six-pack, she'd be wailing at the door like she thought I was never coming back. So one day I didn't."

Linda still hasn't settled for becoming somebody's standby. But the more she hustles and the harder she tries to hold on, the greater the odds become that someday she'll end up a Mindy.

Coexisting with the Lindas, Georginas, and Mindys of Woodway is a numerically unequal enclave of several hundred lawfully wedded couples. Their presence is welcomed by management as evidence that adult social-rec clubs are populated by respectable, home-loving types, and if a few rutting singles slip in—well, it's only to keep the complex filled to capacity. The fact that the ranks of the married folks are so thin, however, prevents them from exerting any stabilizing influence on the Woodway scene. That, and the fact that they keep hermetically to themselves.

I asked Georgina how many men she'd slept with since she moved in, but she couldn't rightly say. "Does 20 sound like what the other girls say?" she asked sweetly.

As far as anyone can remember, only one married couple has ever showed up at the social club regularly. And although the usual reason married couples give for having moved into Woodway is "the facilities," few of them use even the swimming pools. When I asked why, they answered vaguely that they had too many outside interests or that the singles were "too young" or "too self-occupied" to make friends with. A more likely explanation for the married couples' isolation would seem to be fear. Or, at least, caution. Even the strongest union would be hard put to survive the competition available on the premises. Then why choose to live so close to danger? Some people claim that they just didn't know what they were getting into.

One couple that did know is the pair mentioned above as the sole married couple to show up regularly at the club. Don and Jackey O'Neil go to the club every night for the Happy Hour (5 to 7) when drinks are half price, and they often end up staying past midnight, watching the ceaseless body exchange. "No more than about 10 or 15 per cent of the tenants ever come to the club," Jackey says, "but it's still like watching *Peyton Place* seven nights a week. Nobody seems to tire of playing the game."

The O'Neils, who are in their early forties but newly married after a ten-year affair with each other while married to other mates, claim that their reason for living at Woodway is purely to be entertained. Yet they also give the impression of being a couple that thrives on danger, and Woodway may be their way of keeping in touch with the sexual tension and excitement that many people fear they will lose after marriage.

Of all the high-tension areas in a singles complex, by far the highest is the social center, or club. Formally known as the Wood Hollow Club, Woodway's social center is informally referred to as the Meat Rack, Body Works, Pig Place, or any number of other standard nicknames signifying a sexual market place. Besides accommodating all of Woodway's communal indoor social activities, the Meat Rack is the scene of a phenomenon called Ladies' Night. This takes place every Tuesday, rain or shine, and has nothing to do with baseball.

Unescorted women get free drinks on Ladies' Night, and on a typical Tuesday the bartender will hand out as many as 1,500 drinks between 7 P.M. and midnight. Girls from Woodway and every other corner of Houston (more than half of the Tuesday night freeloaders are outsiders) treat their beehives to one last blast of the aerosol can and head for the club. Businessmen from out of town are escorted there by their Houston hosts who show them Woodway as proudly as other city fathers show off the city's topless/bottomless bars.

The King Ranch of singles-complex social centers, the Meat Rack is 10,000 square feet of shag-carpeted, bead-curtained conviviality, complete with a roaring fire of gas flames and eternal logs. The place is divided into a huge lounge, where couples make contact, and a discotheque, where prospective partners are mutually interrogated and either given the go-ahead to make the next move or dropped cold. Often it's the girl who takes the initiative in getting things moving.

Cal, an attractive, 24-year-old Woodwayite who has participated in several Ladies' Nights, told me that most of the girls he approaches get right down to the basics fast. Their conversation on the dance floor goes something like: 1) "What do you do?" 2) "Does that pay pretty good?" 3) "Do you live upstairs or down?" (up is more expensive than down), and 4) "What kind of car do you drive?" Clearly, their eye is on the checkbook, but they stay flexible. Cal's income is anemic, and he admits to driving an aging, dented Toyota, but his take-home rate of the girls he goes after at the club is, he says, at least 80 per cent.

As couples weave and bob in a self-conscious, almost chaste Sixties version of rock dancing, a revolving, multi-mirrored chandelier right out of the Avalon Ballroom era turns the Meat Rack's discotheque into a deep red fishbowl of undulating bodies and unblinking eyes tirelessly in search of bait. Meanwhile, out in the lounge, wrought-iron, pseudo-Moorish chandeliers cast an amber glow over clusters of girls wearing miniskirts or hot pants or skintight pantsuits.

By 1 A.M. most of the prettiest girls have disappeared, leaving a predominantly plain and thirtyish group for the remaining men to pick from. Youth is an *idée fixe* with Woodway men. Like Charley Hazzard, they are as likely to identify their girls by age as by name.

"I took Suellen home last night—she's 25," is a standard sequitur used

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to impress people that she was worth having. Never mind what Suellen thinks or says or does. Her most valued accomplishment is not having turned 26.

Twenty-eight is the average age for women at Woodway. This means that for every coed fresh out of college and in no hurry to give up flirtin' and funnin' there is a single in her middle thirties still enduring weekends full of egg-throwing contests, beer busts, and $2 barbecues in the hope of finding someone who will give her a way out.

The false security of having a coterie of friends to join at the swimming pool or at the bar seduces a lot of girls who come to Woodway for a year or two into staying on past all hope of achieving either marriage or independence. "It's like a group marriage," says one young observer. "After a couple of years here, they all know the same people, share the same jokes, trade the same gossip. It makes the older gals feel as if they belong even when they really don't."

Insidiously, habit engenders hope. Afternoons are spent at the pool or a beer-keg party lining up something for the evening at the club. Evenings at the club are spent hunting for someone to stay the night with. And nights are spent trotting out the wares and wiles to earn the rank of *Mrs.* Somebody. To an outsider, at least, it seems like desperately hard work. Yet there's an inexhaustible supply of willing laborers.

The Woodway male, on the other hand, has a three-to-one ratio working in his favor, as well as the advantage that the older he is—up to the point of shuffleboard and senility, that is—the more tantalizingly sophisticated he appears.

A year or two at Woodway can be great therapy for a man who's gone through a painful divorce or been sealed off in a high-rise apartment where the only chance for achieving close contact with tenants of the opposite sex is to get stuck overnight in a crowded elevator or to hit the laundry room while the redhead from 18N is still in her spin-dry cycle. But let him settle into this sexual Disneyland on a long-term basis, and he may find sophomorism becoming a way of life.

Mickey "Flash" Gordon, for example, is well into his 41st year and his second chin. But he nonetheless keeps a neo-seraglio apartment at Woodway, outfitted with harem cushions, a hyper-hi-fi set, ha-ha candles made to look like penises, and colored strobe lights over the satin-sheeted king-size bed. Scattered on a bathroom shelf are half a dozen little beauty aids, including a jar labeled "nightcap facial massage," a 60-second bronzer, and a wrinkle-stick. For him, not for his guests.

Apart from a *Playboy* calendar, the only work of art in Mickey's apartment

"It's like a group marriage," says one young observer. "After a couple of years here, they all know the same people, share the same jokes, trade the same gossip."

is a wallful of record albums, proudly displayed on special slanting racks. (The afternoon I stopped by for a visit, Mickey's display consisted of two Herb Alperts and an Aretha Franklin flanked by a Peter, Paul and Mary and some romantic-looking Percy Faiths.) Mickey can't remember the last book he's read all the way through (very few Woodwayites I talked to could), but his conversation revealed a vague acquaintance with *Jonathan Livingston Seagull* and *Every Woman Can!* His coffee table offers further evidence of literacy with a pile of back issues of *Playboy, Penthouse,* and *Gallery.*

Mickey's proudest possessions are wedged into his tiny pullman kitchen: two giant refrigerators—one provided by Woodway, the other brought in at Mickey's own expense. Open one and you see seven six-packs of beer, ten bottles of Spanish Chablis, five plastic (to take to the pool) bottles of red wine, two bottles of Rhine wine, five bottles of Lancers' rosé, four magnums of domestic champagne. So you figure the other refrigerator must be stocked with food. Wrong. Except for a few lonely Swanson pies huddled in the back of the freezer, the contents are more bottles of wine and champagne, plus tonic, bitter lemon, soda water, and Dr Pepper. And that's by no means all that Mickey has in store for his guests. In a nearby cabinet are exactly 15 fifths and 11 half-gallons of assorted hard liquor, plus 3 bottles of Strega.

"You just never know when a really big blastaroo is gonna break loose around here, and I hate to be caught short," Mickey explains.

The germs of arrested development endemic to the dormitory atmosphere of a singles complex would undoubtedly infect even the healthiest mind. Anybody who seeks privacy there is quickly labeled a recluse. The open door is not so much an invitation as a command: "Come in, whoever you are!"

When you enter, the same ritual is inevitably under way: Harvey Wallbangers are being passed around, beer is being chuggalugged, and the conversation is running swift if not deep, with the emphasis on how drunk everyone was last night, how hung over they were this morning, and how late (heh-heh) certain twosomes stayed in bed. Mickey and his chums introduce each other as "a real fun guy," "one heckuva neat gal," "a super-duper party hound," and so on and on.

For all the frantic fun-making and superficiality, nobody ever lets on that life isn't one long hurrah at Woodway. In fact, not one tenant I met there had ever made contact with a psychological counselor of any kind. Yet I have heard of singles from other complexes around the country who have done so—and the impression they make on those they turn to for help differs radically from the happy-go-lucky image the Woodwayites work so hard to maintain.

Dr. Eric Margenau, a bright young psychotherapist who has treated singles living in apartment complexes in California, finds them "very different from my other patients." In what way? "Most people who seek therapy are in touch with their pain," Dr. Margenau explained. "That's why they come to me. But the men and women in these large complexes are people whose objective in living where they do is precisely to cut themselves off from their pain. They anesthetize themselves with a lifestyle that consists of ritually getting drunk, getting stoned, getting laid. The very nature of their interaction there is one of *not* dealing with anything real or intense, of not dealing with their own feelings.

"Many of them enjoy it while they're in a transitional phase, coming out of a relationship with a lover or mate," Dr. Margenau added. "But I see it as just another rip-off—both by the people who design these complexes and by the people who live in them—and it nurtures the whole male-female rip-off attitude. Although the women could theoretically turn the tables on the men in these places and refuse to be objects, they don't. On the contrary, they go there because they *are* objects, and they stick to the same double-standard role playing they were brought up on."

Dr. Richard Robertiello, a psychoanalyst who practices in New York, comes up with much the same diagnosis. "These people seem to have different variations of a basic schizoid personality. I don't mean split; I mean cut off, afraid of closeness. I suspect that many of them couldn't sustain an intense relationship even though they may consciously feel—and say—they want it. Just from natural selection, if they were the kind of people who could 'make it' with someone, by now they would have. So now you're getting a very selective population.

"Often, such people have had traumatic experiences in childhood that caused them pain, and they handle pain now by simply cutting it off. If

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your relationship with your mother, especially in the first year of life, was a bad one, you may decide to close up that whole area of needing somebody to be close to. This way, you're settling for a life that has less satisfaction than it might—but also a lot less pain. Usually, even when men and women like this marry, they pick very remote partners. In my opinion, the only hope for this kind of alienation is very intensive psychotherapy."

Dr. Salomon Rettig looks at the problem from a different point of view. Chairman of the Department of Psychology at New York's Hunter College, Dr. Rettig specializes in the psychology of groups, and he cites some very immediate and tangible reasons why so many singles are turning to this kind of group living.

"One is simply the new affluence," he says. "Only recently have young people in their twenties been able to afford to live alone and in such luxurious surroundings. Another is the significant sexual changes that started way back with beatniks and flower children and continue to be popularized by hippies and the whole counterculture. The adults now living in these complexes were kids when all this began and they were inevitably influenced by it, even though they never dropped out of society themselves. The group creates for them a microsociety in which things are permitted that are permitted nowhere else and where the norms are the opposite of those in the world at large."

Dr. Rettig goes on to say, however, that by far the most significant factor is "the total meaninglessness and senselessness of their occupational existence. Generally speaking, these are people who find no meaning in what they do in life. Their work is routine, standardized. It does not permit genuine human participation in terms of planning, decision-making, watching the results of their efforts. They are merely cogs in the enormous machinery of the office. So to combat this meaninglessness, they look for solutions in terms of affiliations and associations—even if only temporary ones."

Contrasting the complex with the kibbutz, where he has done ten years of socio-psychological research, Dr. Rettig says, "I see these singles complexes as simply a reaction to both the mass society and the lack of meaningful labor that people are caught in today."

In the communal life of a kibbutz, Dr. Rettig found, "the religion of labor was the most important criterion in making for a meaningful existence. Yet I'm not convinced that what you and I are doing is so much better than what these singles are doing. The apartment complex is only one of the total range

Says Dr. Salomon Rettig: "I see these singles complexes as simply a reaction to the mass society and the lack of meaningful labor that people are caught in today."

of experiments in coexistence in America now, and I expect this kind of experiment to continue to a significant extent. The traditional family will not be the only way of existing, because in many ways the traditional family has failed us."

A colleague of Dr. Rettig's at Hunter, social psychologist Dr. Robert Sobel, believes that separation is the major difference between life in a complex and life in a large city. "When you interact with someone in New York, say, and things don't work out, you don't have to worry about facing the failure," he explains. "In a complex, when a relationship goes sour, word gets around, because everyone knows—or knows someone else who knows—everyone else. This creates conflicts and frustrations, and one way to ease the discomfort is to create psychological distance in your *mind*. So the single in a crowded complex says, 'It doesn't really matter that I failed. I'll just put that person out of my mind.'

"Another way to reduce the frustration is to absorb the values around you. To say, 'What the hell! I'm supposed to be free and open here—everybody else is, so why not me?' These verbal rationalizations are a way of maintaining a relationship with the values you grew up with. We all do it with some aspects of our lives.

"The demands of a person's immediate environment are always more powerful than the demands of his previous life. He does what he does because he expects to be rewarded—or at least not punished. What makes the case of the complex so interesting is that the demands of the environment here conflict so dramatically with the demands of the single's—especially the female single's—previous life. A girl's previous life demands, 'Don't sleep with a man unless you know he's going to marry you.' Yet the reality of her present life is that she'll never get married unless she does sleep with men."

When I asked Dr. Sobel why the Woodway girl who finds herself in this dilemma doesn't leave, he quoted what the textbooks call the "comparison level of alternatives." This means, he said, "that even if a situation is punishing, she won't leave it unless the situation she is going *to* promises less punishment."

Clearly, then, when Woodwayites peek out at the real world, they see the prospect of even more punishment than they're absorbing where they are now.

One thoughtful observer of the singles scene who finds considerable justification for this Woodway view of the world is a 28-year-old psychotherapist and doctoral student at the New School for Social Research in New York named Catherine Hahner. Ms. Hahner asserts that Woodway is just an exaggeration of the world we live in. "Sexually available women far outnumber—and fight for—sexually available men," Ms. Hahner said. "Women are stuck with an obsolescent desire to feather their nest, furnish the cage, while men grow progressively less interested. This sounds sexist, but I'm convinced that women have a psychic predisposition toward monogamy, evolved through hundreds of thousands of years of responsibility for the survival of their offspring and dependence on a male provider.

"At the same time, marriage as we know it is obsolete. It's a lie, because the male animal is not strictly monogamous. No primate is. But there's no other primate who'll copulate with everything in sight, either, and this hands us liberated women still another problem. We now feel not only that we cannot be afraid to make love with men—but that we *must*. Our glorious sex revolution has turned us into worse slaves than we were a hundred years ago.

"Now, instead of being the sexual property of *one* man, we're the sexual property of every man!" Ms. Hahner's laugh is heavy with irony. "Our uteruses are telling us to stay home and make sure that the children are fed and that we know who their father is, while society is telling us to get out there and get laid.

"In these apartment complexes, people are doing an even more farcical reproductive dance than we are. It has nothing to do with life. It doesn't come from their feelings. The basic disease here is a clear-cut case of disassociation: being out of touch with one's nature. They're afraid to be alone and just don't know they're more alone than anybody else.

"They're actualizing *all* their fantasies, like starvelings let loose in a supermarket after hours. They gorge and gorge and gorge, thinking, 'Whee! Such bliss!' After all, our society has told them that more is always better."

While the gluttons of Woodway may someday suffer as a result of such gorging, so far none of them admit to feeling any pain—or any deep satisfaction, either. □

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"... uproariously funny spoof of the rock scene and its counter-culture folk heros.... topical skits done in the style of old vaudeville, neoburlesque, superior college humor, and the antic, abrasive tradition of Lenny Bruce.... a brilliantly sustained rock parody... *Lemmings* will slay... with its high-voltage humor." **—Time.** "... Alice Playten ... an unquestionable delight. [John] Belushi is an experience no matter what he's doing.... not only a good show but a surprisingly tight performing band."**—Stuart Werbin, Rolling Stone.** "... if you see one show this lifetime, it should be this one ... This is no mere revue sponsored by the nation's most consistant humor magazine. *Lemmings* is the theatrical triumph of the season. Long may it run—and we don't mean into the ocean!"**—Cash Box.** "... very, very good and very, very funny—parody so acute and audacious that it edges into satire ... Lyrics ... are first-rate—far better than just clever."**—Edith Oliver, New Yorker.** "A wicked parody of the world of rock, spoofing the talented along with the pretenders, their absurdities, conceits, and affectations ... Should keep the Village Gate busy for months to come."**—Mel Gussow, New York Times.** "It goes straight for the satirical jugular on many fronts, much in the reckless manner of the late Lenny Bruce. My brother critics were falling out of their seats. I was too. The cast is remarkable, all of them able to act, spoof, sing and play numerous musical instruments."**—Jerry Tallmer, New York Post.** "It makes me laugh just to think about *Lemmings*! Transferred to the stage, it (the *National Lampoon*) is an entertaining series of counter-culture blows brilliantly done. It has absolutely no respect, and its advice for all of us is to 'give up'..." **—Leonard Probst, NBC.** "The first half is funny enough, gathering momentum all the way. But from the moment the stocky, bearded John Belushi comes on after intermission to serve as the announcer for the Woodshuck festival we are truly among the crazies, and happy to be there."**—Douglas Watt, New York Daily News.** "This is first-rate stuff. Funny, self-aware, unsparing. Particularly the second act, which is an extended take-off on Woodstock, complete with technical difficulties, spaced-out announcements, a visit from the local farmer, and the key rock groups ..."**—Leonard Harris, WCBS-TV**"

At the **Village Gate** in New York City; corner of Bleecker and Thompson Streets in the heart of Greenwich Village. **Performances:** Tues. thru Fri. at 7:30 P.M.; late show Fri. at 10:45 P.M.; two shows Sat. evening at 7:00 and 10:30 P.M.; matinee only on Sun. at 3:00 P.M. **Ticket Prices:** Regular tickets $5.95 Sundays thru Thursdays, $6.95 on Fridays and Saturdays. Student tickets, limited time only (Tues.-Thurs.), $4.00 (two tickets only per student). Tickets are available through May 13. Order immediately by sending the attached order form, your check or money order, and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Lemmings Tickets, The Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St., N.Y., N.Y. 10014

Coming soon: *National Lampoon's Lemmings* starts its college concert tour of the United States and Canada. For more information write or call: William Morris Agency, Concert Division, 1350 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y., 10019, (212) 586-5100 **Coming even sooner:** The *National Lampoon's Lemmings* album recorded live at the Village Gate—via Blue Thumb Records.

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POLITICS & GOVERNMENT

Our Government, the Publisher

Q: What well-known publisher currently offers *The Environmentally Controlled Poultry House, Foot Care for the Diabetic Patient, Live-trapping North American Upland Game Birds, Blasting Vibrations and Their Effects on Structures, Growing Parsnips,* and an 81-volume *History of World War II*?
A: The U.S. government, the biggest and most inexpensive publishing house anywhere.

Currently there are about 50,000 government publications in print and available to the public. This cornucopian supply includes some truly breathtaking esoterica. My favorite: *As You Travel, Ask Yourself: How Safe Are Motel Pools?* However, Washington's presses turn out enough other books, booklets, pamphlets, and periodicals to make publishing one of the most useful services the government has to offer. A vast variety of subject areas are regularly covered by this outpouring, including: federal laws, home economics, geology, the army, the navy, fish and wildlife, transportation, finance, education, labor, occupations, parks, tariffs and taxes, animal industry, insects, water power, forestry, plants, soils, weather, American history, health, maps, political science, the Smithsonian Institution, mines, commerce, scientific tests, foreign relations, immigration, farm management, the census, child development, homes, social services, the air force, space, radio and electricity, the Library of Congress, atomic energy, defense, consumer information, the states, and ecology.

It is not generally publicized, but most government publications have two prices. One is not very much, and the other is nothing at all.

How to get something for something:

1) Get a catalog. Actually, there is no one catalog for government publications, but 47. The long list of subjects in the above paragraph also happens to be a list of catalogs, or "price lists," of items stocked by the Government Printing Office. You can get any or all of them by writing to the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402. Also ask to be put on the mailing list for Selected U.S. Government Publications," a biweekly supplement to the catalogs. Catalogs and supplement are free.

2) Order your books from the Government Printing Office. Be sure to enclose a check or money order for the amount. (The GPO charges only cost plus 50 per cent.) Also, for best service, request only one item on a piece of paper. Anything else, I am advised, fouls up the system.

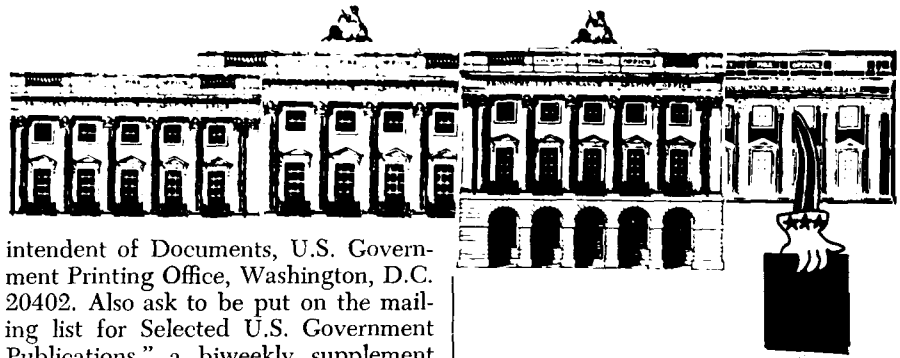
How to get something for nothing:

1) Get catalogs, as above.

2) Once you've determined what you want, forget about the Government Printing Office. Order directly from that department of the government for which the publications you want were produced. (It is usually clear from the catalog which department, agency, or congressional committee you should address.) The originating agency, as the bureaucrats say when they talk among themselves, always gets a supply of its own publications. While the supply lasts, it'll send you a copy free.

If the department has run out, you will have to resort to the GPO. There are also a very few expensive items—for example, the *Public Papers of the Presidents: Lyndon Baines Johnson* (ten volumes for $76.50)—that are available only through the GPO.

For my money, anyway, the most useful government publications are those that are free or that cost just a few cents. These are the pamphlets, many of them from the Department of Agriculture, that tell how to grow plants, build houses, cook, paint, raise animals, and perform countless other homely tasks. My wife, who is a plant freak, particularly recommends *Minigardens for Vegetables*, which tells how to grow a bumper crop of peas and tomatoes in baskets and pots. A Department of Agriculture pamphlet entitled *Removing Stains from Fabrics* should have universal appeal. There are also works on how to cook clams, skin sheep, and put up lightning rods.



The United States government publishes some truly breathtaking esoterica.

Another, somewhat less bucolic function of government publications is to provide basic information on government operations. Official documents, chiefly *The Congressional Record* and transcripts of congressional hearings, are filled with data, frequently raw and undigested, that aren't available elsewhere. For insights into the seamier side of government, James Ridgeway, one of the best of Washington's muckrakers, recommends an obscure government publication called the *Commerce Business Daily*, which lists all government contracts. (It is published five times a week and costs $40 a year from the GPO.) "Everybody on the inside reads it," Ridgeway says. If you want to understand government, he says, you have to know where the money goes. Therefore, you must also read the *Appendix to the Budget* (1,119 pages of it, $9.75 from GPO).

But those with somewhat lighter reading in mind might want to consider *Prospecting for Gold in the United States* (a Department of the Interior publication) or the *Descriptive List of Treasure Maps and Charts in the Library of Congress* (45 cents from the GPO), itself an unexpected treasure. Then, there is always the HEW pamphlet in which a task force of experts comes to grips with the question, *Should Pregnant Women Wear Seat Belts?* Their answer is a resounding yes, but a little higher.

PHIL STANFORD

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BUSINESS & ECONOMICS

How to Survive in Your Native Supermarket

While our government doesn't seem able to keep food prices from soaring, there are at least a few things consumers can do to make sure they're not paying more than they must. By collecting price data, tabulating them, and then publishing the comparison in a suitable form, a handful of citizens can have a significant effect on prices and merchandising practices within their own communities. In Hawaii, where the first consumer-sponsored price comparisons were undertaken, supermarket prices dropped an average of 4 per cent in the four months following the introduction of the comparisons. In Washington, D.C., shortly after the results of price surveys received wide publicity, Grand Union food stores, the highest-priced chain in the survey, began to cut prices.

Retail price comparisons can do more than compare average prices on a store-by-store basis. They can also show:

1. Price differences between chains. There are often dramatic differences between the prices charged by supermarket chains. The Washington, D.C., survey mentioned above found a 13 per cent difference between the prices charged by the highest-priced and lowest-priced chains. On a few items the disparity rose as high as 40 per cent.

2. Price differences among stores in the same chain. Contrary to popular belief, a store may charge much more (or less) than other stores in the same chain. A survey of Peoples Drug Stores, the capital's largest chain, found a difference of 12 per cent between the highest-priced and lowest-priced stores, with, again, even wider gaps for some items.

3. Price differences among different areas of the city. A Columbus, Ohio, price comparison showed student communities near Ohio State University and residents of ghetto areas paying significantly higher prices than suburban shoppers.

4. Price differences among product categories such as meats, produce, dairy, and canned goods. Stores ranked closely overall may have wide price disparities among different product categories.

After a few comparisons the patterns will become apparent. Surveyors can even check to see whether a sale is used to disguise subsequent price increases (lower the price of an item for a sale and then raise it again higher than it was before), whether prices jump in ghetto areas or areas where many elderly people live when welfare and Social Security checks arrive, and whether price stabilization programs are effective.

Two ingredients are needed to conduct, tabulate, and disseminate the survey. The first is a task force of volunteers to do the research; the second is a few minutes' access to a computer. (Small surveys can be tabulated by hand, but a computer is the only practical means to conduct large supermarket surveys.) Survey results can be disseminated through the news media or in leaflets distributed by members of the survey team.

It is impossible to survey every item in a store since the average supermarket stocks more than 7,000 items. However, a representative sampling of a small number of items can serve as a basis for a valid comparison among stores. The list should reflect the relative importance of items in a typical consumer's market basket.

The problem of quality comparability among stores can be solved by surveying only national name brands—checking the price of Campbell's pork and beans in three different stores, for example. When there is no name brand, as with fresh meats and poultry, the same grade or cut should be surveyed. For example, all fresh beef products surveyed should be U.S. Choice. If chicken is surveyed, whole chickens, breasts, backs, or wings should be specified. Produce causes more problems. Some stores sell oranges by the bag, others by the dozen or by the pound. The survey requires standardization—items sold in different amounts should be dropped from the survey list.

Generally, only the most popular items should be surveyed. If sales data indicating the most popular brands are unavailable, allocation of shelf space within stores provides a rough estimate. The more popular the item, the more shelf space it will get. Store brands present a special problem since many of the large chains sell their own brands in addition to standard brands. Prices of store brands usually average about 15 to 20 per cent below those of name brands. In a community with several major supermarket chains, one section of the survey might be devoted to a comparison among various store brands.

The number of items on a list should be large enough to provide a good cross-section of the market, but not so large as to overburden surveyors. A 100-item list is a good size, though smaller lists are adequate for drug stores, convenience stores, or appliance stores.

DONALD ROSS

(This article is taken from A Public Citizen's Action Manual, *which will be published by Grossman later this month.)*

An Expert's Tips on How to Beat High Food Costs

by Jennifer Cross, author of *The Supermarket Trap*

Eat less meat, more cheese, eggs, beans, tuna, more Mexican and Chinese food with smaller meat portions.

Tighten up shopping habits: always make a list. Avoid snacks and impulse purchases. Leave husband/wife and kids at home. Don't shop when hungry. Never shop more than once a week. Shop at several stores. Always buy specials. Compare prices, using unit pricing.

Give up expensive processed meats for sandwiches. Use hard-boiled egg, tuna, cold chicken, leftover roast, or meat loaf. Think up new ways of cooking hamburger—and a new wrinkle, ground turkey meat, cheaper and less fatty.

Make soup in huge quantities. Simmer a whole chicken, covered with water, along with salt, peppercorns, bay leaf, and celery tops. I throw in rice or noodles later. Ask the butcher for free "doggy bones." Add neck bones, cheap ribs, etc., brown them in hot oven, cover with water, add big can of tomatoes, simmer for three hours or more, then add vegetables like potatoes, celery, half a cabbage, artichokes, etc.

(Reprinted from the *San Francisco Bay Guardian*, February 28, 1973)

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LIFESTYLES

Home Ecology

As the wave of environmental concerns floods our national consciousness, Americans are being forced to confront some hard facts about their consumer society. Since the end of World War II the production of all goods—particularly synthetic products and technological gadgetry—has increased tremendously, putting an unprecedented strain on our water and power sources. It is typical of this strain that the standard advertising phrase "energy saving" refers only to conserving *human* energy, while the demands of technology continue to deplete our natural resources. Just as importantly, such abuses impoverish our lives as well as our land, leaving us with idle hours and wasted skills.

There is no question for many of us that a reevaluation of our needs is in order, that we must cut back somewhere, maybe everywhere. A good place to begin this process might be in your own household. Charity is not the only virtue that begins at home.

POWER

Many Americans may be amazed to learn that the United States, with 6 per cent of the world's population, is responsible for 35 per cent of the world's energy consumption. Power companies advertise that the more units of energy you use in your home or business, the cheaper your rates will be, and few consumers stop to finish the equation: the more energy you use, the more fossil fuel is consumed. If each of us would make small, sustained changes in our consumption of power, the combined effect would be significant, since about a quarter of all the electrical output in this country goes to the individual home. Here are some "energy saving" tips you won't hear from the captains of industry:

• The major power consumers in today's homes are central heaters, air conditioners, ranges, water heaters, and clothes dryers. If you live in an area that produces natural gas, it is generally cheaper to fuel your appliances with gas. The natural gas fields are located in the Southwest, and the cost of transporting fuel greatly increases the rates in the Northeast. Call your utility company and ask for its power rates.

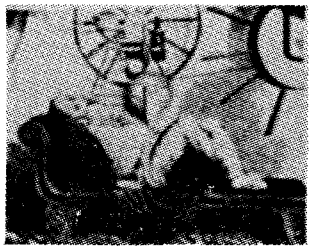
• A clothes dryer is a great service in the winter and rainy seasons in most parts of the country, but need not be used in the warm months of the year. Keep a clothes line for good weather and hold yourself back from buying a dryer if your family is small.

• Familiarize yourself with the workings of your heating system. Know which parts to keep clean in order to avoid overworking the heater and wasting energy. Make sure the thermostat setting is giving an accurate reading.

• Use your dishwasher and washing machine for full loads only. This saves both power and water (though some machines have adjustable water levels). And ask yourself whether you really need a dishwasher at all?

• It's best to set the water heater no hotter than the highest temperature your hand can stand. Otherwise, you will need to bring the temperature down with cold water, thus wasting the energy that heated the water in the first place.

• Establish some sensible priorities for nonessential power-eating gadgets. Do you really need that electric toothbrush, that waterbed heater (how about a thick pad?), or that electric coffeepot that gets left on all day, making bad coffee and luring you to drink more than is good for you? How about the hair dryer, the sunlamp, those electric curlers, or the electric carving knife that usurped an artful ritual.



Staying high and dry: A plan for an automatic liquor server and fan from The Bettmann Archive.

WATER

Water is not only wasted in this country, but is also carelessly and dangerously polluted. Get involved in community water-pollution issues. On the home front, practice a few simple water-conservation techniques:

• Act as if you did not have a faucet that flowed without your hand on it. Use the minimum amount of water you need to wash dishes, water the garden, or shower (try turning off the shower water between the lather and the rinse).

• Never throw out cooking water. If you don't use it for soup stock, use it to water your house plants (lots of nutrients), or at least throw it into the garden.

• Cut down the amount of water your toilet uses by putting a brick or some stones in the tank. Don't use the toilet as a wastebasket.

• In dry areas especially, rig up a barrel to store rainwater for watering your garden at a later date.

WASTE AND POLLUTION

Americans were once renowned as a resourceful and thrifty people, but the road to affluence has been strewn with the waste of a technological society. When we take the family out to the local franchised fried-chicken coop to save money and time, do we think of the square acreage of forests it takes to supply the paper for one such establishment each year? You can't do much about the local eatery, but there are a number of habits you can develop to improve the situation in your own household:

• Buy returnable bottles whenever possible and participate in your local recycling program when you must use nonreturnable containers.

• Don't use paper plates, cups, and napkins if at all possible. Invest in a set of inexpensive enameled tinware for patio and picnic use. Think of the pieces of paper in your wastebasket as branches of some great pine.

• Boycott items that come in plastic containers. They are not reusable for long, and they take forever to break down in the environment.

• Use old-fashioned laundry soap unless you are in a hard-water area where the soap forms a scum on the water. You can reduce the scum by adding ½ cup of washing soda to a cup of soap flakes, or you can use a low-phosphate detergent. Never use high-phosphate detergents with soft water, since part of their function is to soften the water.

• Do your part in reducing automotive pollution. Never drive when you can walk or bicycle easily. Operate your car efficiently with low-lead or lead-free gas, a smog-control device, clean air filters, and proper carburetor adjustment. Think about buying a small car.

• Avoid all chemical pesticides. They are highly poisonous and last a long time in the environment—and in you, too.

SHARON CADWALLADER

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THE LAW

The Case of the Shrunken Coat

Ours was a simple but typical tale. A local dry-cleaning firm with which we had done business for nearly ten years ruined an expensive cloth coat that belonged to my wife. So severely had the coat been shrunk that the sleeves stopped just below her elbows and never, in the wildest stretch of imagination (or cloth), would the buttons touch the buttonholes again. But in this age of consumerism what did I get when I complained? A shoulder shrug. A curt "We're not responsible." And so I joined the growing number of citizens who have righted grave wrongs by taking their consumer complaints to Small Claims Court.

The cleaning firm based its rejection of my request for compensation on a laboratory analysis of the coat fabric done by the International Fabricare Institute, a national trade organization for dry cleaners. The report concluded that the fabric had not been properly preshrunk. Along with its analysis, the institute sent a long technical bulletin on the shortcomings of the fabric. It warned dry cleaners to be watchful for garments made of the fabric used in my wife's coat. But it also told them how to recognize this particular fabric and, furthermore, how to dry-clean it in order to minimize or eliminate shrinkage. Then I noticed that the publication date of the bulletin was 1967, which meant, to me, that such technical information had been well known to my dry cleaner for some six years. This fact would be key in my case.

We paid a filing fee of $3.18 and a helpful clerk of the Small Claims Court advised us on the legal procedures to be followed in order to recover our $100. Immediately after our filing, the court sent a summons by registered mail to inform the defendant to appear in court on the date of the trial. This official-looking document brought two overtures—a letter and a phone call—from the previously unsympathetic dry cleaner who offered us an out-of-court settlement. But our course was charted.

The trial was scheduled for the evening, and I arrived at the courthouse with a duplicate bill of sale for the coat, as well as a canceled check to further verify the date of purchase and the price. My wife, Lynn, was my only witness. I called her to the witness stand; she took the oath and told our side of the story. When she had finished speaking, I stood.

"I would like the witness to try on the coat, Your Honor," I said with just a touch of the dramatic.

The defense counsel was on his feet. "Not necessary, Your Honor," he said. "We will stipulate that the coat shrank."

"I would like the court to see the extent of the shrinkage, Your Honor," I replied.

The judge nodded. Small Claims waives many of the normal procedures involved in presenting evidence to allow amateurs to present the most effective evidence they can think of to support their case. So Lynn stood up in the witness box, and I think I detected a slight buzz in the courtroom as she tried to squeeze into the coat. Once upon a time it had been a size 10. After being cleaned, it was approximately size 5.

The supervisor of the dry-cleaning plant was the only defense witness. He explained that the firm followed certain accepted cleaning methods and techniques, and that the fabric in the coat had not been properly preshrunk.

Then came the moment I had been eagerly anticipating. Pacing back and forth, studying the notes on my yellow legal pad in a semiprofessional courtroom style developed over years of watching *Perry Mason, Owen Marshall,* and *The Advocates,* I asked the supervisor a few warm-up questions, then proceeded to the critical ones concerning the technical bulletin.

They went something like this:

"Does the International Fabricare Institute from time to time publish technical bulletins and distribute them to members?"

"Yes."

"Do they give information on the latest developments in cleaning techniques so that members can keep up to date with those methods?"

"Yes."

"Is this bulletin one of them, and was it published in 1967?"

"Yes."

"Does it tell how to clean fabrics similar to those used in this coat, and does it describe methods to be used to eliminate or minimize shrinkage?"

"Well, I'd have to study it . . . ."

The witness did study the bulletin. More importantly, so did the judge, who accepted it as evidence over objections by the defense. But I was robbed of my final glory. Just as I was about to rise with an impassioned summation of our case, the judge interrupted, rendered his verdict in our favor, and awarded us full damages plus court costs, thus ending Case Number 45901 on the Small Claims docket of City Court. Buffalo, New York.

DICK HIRSCH

Courts Without Lawyers

All but three of the 50 states—Colorado, Indiana, and Nebraska—have Small Claims Courts or special sessions to hear cases involving small claims. What distinguishes Small Claims procedures is the fact that you do not need a lawyer to represent you, which means that you need not wind up paying lawyers' fees that outstrip the potential award in your suit. In six states—California, Idaho, Michigan, Nevada, Oregon, and Washington—Small Claims Courts are true "people's courts" since both plaintiff and defendant are prohibited by law from hiring lawyers to represent them.

The kinds of cases most frequently argued in Small Claims Courts are landlord-tenant disagreements; breaches of warranty; complaints concerning home, auto, or appliance repairs; claims resulting from minor accidents; and disputes over the return of deposits for merchandise never delivered or services never rendered. Court procedures are deliberately informal, and the rules of evidence are relaxed so that a common-sense argument by an amateur should carry as much weight with the judge as a convoluted technical one presented by an ace lawyer. Both sides simply tell their stories to the judge or to a court-appointed arbitrator. Decisions are usually announced in the courtroom immediately following testimony.

Whether you can use the Small Claims Court in your state to settle a particular grievance will depend on whether the court has jurisdiction over the claim involved; whether the court has jurisdiction over the defendant involved (the individual or company must usually "reside" in your state); and whether the amount of money involved in your claim falls within the limits of the damages the court is permitted to award. A call to the court clerk should answer all these questions.

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COMMUNICATIONS

What Goes on Inside a TV Newsman's Head

Do television newsmen across the country have a bias that clearly shows in their selection, presentation, and/or interpretation of the news? Do we, in short, get the news? Spiro T. Agnew, and more recently Clay T. Whitehead, director of the White House Office of Telecommunications Policy, argue that we don't get the news. A while ago Mr. Whitehead spoke of "ideological plugola," and of his suspicion that most news shows were "weighted against Nixon and for the liberal Democrats."

In an effort to shed light on this question and to help the public better understand the news they see on TV, I recently supervised a survey of local news anchormen in the top 140 television markets—which serve 95 per cent of America's television households. The project was done at the Media Development Center at Case Western Reserve University in Cleveland, Ohio.

Instead of asking questions, we decided to present the TV newsmen with a series of assertions, and then ask them to indicate their agreement or disagreement, and to add written comments if they wished.

SOME NEWSCASTERS OVEREMPHASIZE RADICAL OR EXTREME ORGANIZATIONS.

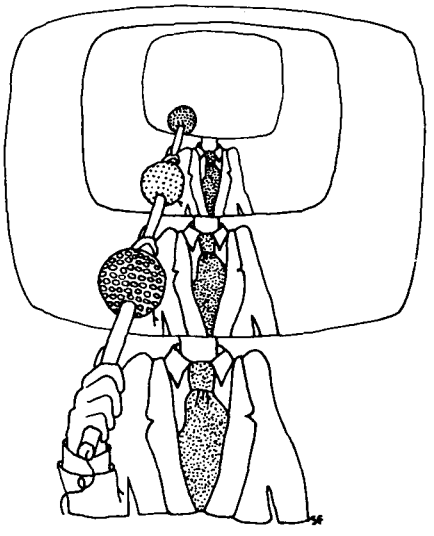
A resounding 74 per cent agreed. "Newscasters overemphasize radical views," said one major market journalist, "but that's where the news comes from—it almost always begins on the fringes of society." For many years we've heard people complain that bad news—fires, deaths, riots—is the only news reporters bother with. But this assumes that the anchorman can present whatever stories he wants, in any form he prefers, acting as an isolated, totally independent segment of the broadcasting industry. We learned, in part from the next response, that this assumption is incorrect.

THE MANAGEMENT OF THE STATION EXERTS CONTROL OVER WHAT I SAY.

As is so of any other company operating to make money, management is not going to let its employees run rampant. This is the way it is according to 67 per cent of the survey respondents. There are standards set by management and policies to which the reporters must adhere. Not only is the station management responsible for everything broadcast, but government has a convincing and constant finger on the television station—the FCC license. If that's taken away, the station is out of business.

However, only 28 per cent of the respondents said they have ever been *censored* by management. The actual effect of management's control was best summarized by one big-city NBC newsman, who said: "Certainly the station management exerts control over news broadcasts, but just what does that mean? If it means constant harassing interference, then the answer is no; if it means management is informing itself as to what is broadcast and by whom, then the answer is yes."

We then must ask to what extent the news reporter can express his own views via his news presentation.



I CAN, IF I WISH, INSERT MY PERSONAL OPINIONS INTO NEWSCASTS WITHOUT REPERCUSSIONS.

"No one can be objective, unless his central nervous system has been removed," answered one reporter at an eastern CBS affiliate. But 74 per cent of his colleagues said that they cannot insert their personal opinions. Again management pressure seems to be a strong enough force to eradicate, or at least anesthetize, much of the anchorman's nervous system while he's on the air. Another newsman mentioned that inserting his opinion "would violate my own sense of journalistic ethics where issues of substance are concerned," adding that in lighthearted pieces he might include a personal observation.

I FEEL SOME NEWSMEN OCCASIONALLY BEND THE TRUTH.

Few respondents were very complimentary to their fellow workers in this area: 84 per cent felt that newsmen do bend the truth at times. But the truth is most often "bent" when it is deemed harmful. One broadcaster summed up a common attitude by saying, "I'm convinced that the truth has a sting in it for most naïve persons, or those who persist in a type of selective perception." Fifty-five per cent of the respondents agreed that some news stories can be harmful to the audience; one newsman from a middle-sized midwestern city said, "I have at times softened a story that might be harmful to an individual or family—but out of compassion."

THE MAJOR DECISIONS ARE MADE AT THE TOP OF THE EXECUTIVE HIERARCHY.

The statement was denied in an offbeat manner by one station manager, who commented, "News guys are babies—they're sensitive, artistic creatures who need to have their own way or they won't do their job." And 75 per cent of the respondents agreed that the major decisions are not made at the top. While 69 per cent said that the key man at the station is the manager, it seems clear that the manager leaves the staff alone, prodding them only in such professional matters as style, and, of course, for ratings. But one small-city newscaster said, "The management of every station exerts control, to a certain degree, over what newscasters say on the air. Heaven help us if they didn't."

POLITICALLY, I CONSIDER MYSELF (LIBERAL, CONSERVATIVE, NEUTRAL).

Some outsiders have tended to view television newsmen as blatant liberals, but a majority of those polled considered themselves as "neutral" or as having no political orientation. While 27 per cent claimed to be liberals, 21 per cent described themselves as "strict conservatives." One major NBC television anchorman summed it up by saying: "A newsman is out in the world and sees what's going on, and because he sees the need for some kind of change he might therefore come across as a 'liberal.' I myself am moderate. I see reality."

WILLIAM F. BAKER

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BOOKS

On Reporting: Four Views
1. One Woman's World

BY LYNNE WILLIAMS

DOROTHY THOMPSON: A Legend in Her Time. By Marion K. Sanders. Illustrated. 428 pages. Houghton Mifflin. $10.

Dorothy Thompson was, as the subtitle of this biography claims, "a legend in her time." The first woman journalist to head a major foreign press bureau (Berlin, 1924–1928), by the late thirties her widely syndicated political column spoke out so powerfully against the fascism moving across Europe that critic Lewis Gannett declared her words made Winston Churchill's "sound timid, faltering, and sometimes wrongheaded." (Her writings about the *Führer* had, in fact, caused her expulsion from Germany in 1934.) She pounded out more than half a million published words on the mounting world crisis, and, by 1937, five million Americans listened religiously to her radio talks. Americans clearly believed that she, like Walter Cronkite today, not only reported events but masterminded them: "Has Germany answered Dorothy Thompson yet?" asked a 1939 *New Yorker* cartoon.

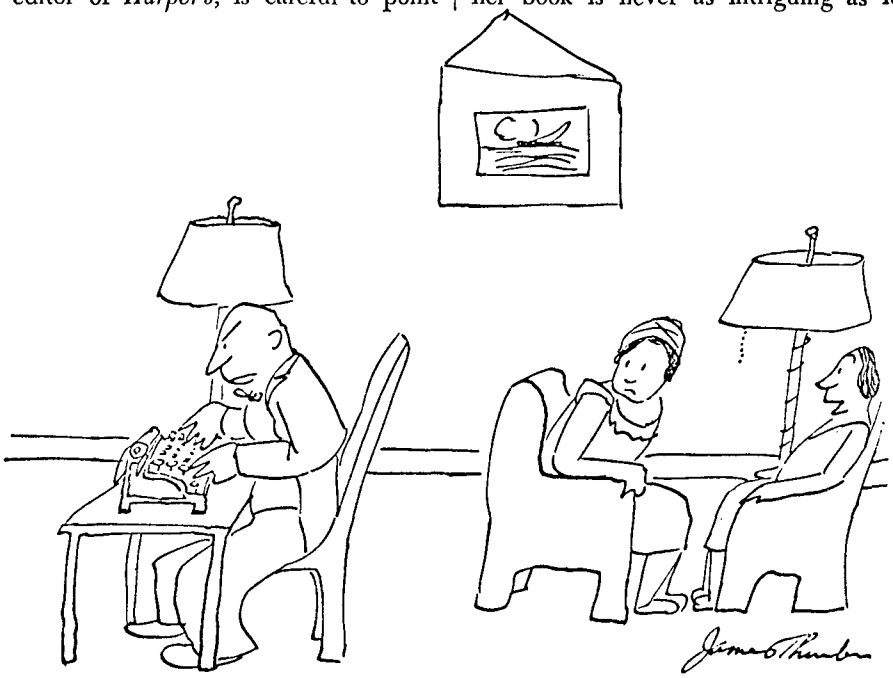
So Dorothy was a legend, and since there are so few female legends, one wants this book to work—or at least I, as a feminist and journalist, wanted it to work. I wanted to know what motivated this obviously intelligent, emotional, and sometimes overbearing woman; how she felt as a woman moving in a man's world; why she was, according to a 1937 *New York Herald Tribune* ad for her column, "unique among women columnists [because] men read her as much as women." What, in short, ever prompted the all-male Harvard Club to invite her to be its first woman speaker?

Marion K. Sanders manages to bare some of the threads that laced her dynamic character. For one thing, Dorothy had flair. Once she walked "miles in the Polish mud" in an evening gown and silk slippers to report on a military coup. Another time she broke up an anti-Semitic Bund meeting in Madison Square Garden by seating herself in the first row and literally laughing the speakers off the stage. She also had a knack for being in the right place at the right time. She was an active young feminist at the moment the women's right-to-vote amendment was being passed. She was on the scene for the Fascist takeover in Italy. She headed the Berlin bureau (of the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*) during that city's madcap, decadent Weimar interlude. Shortly after she married Sinclair Lewis in 1928, he became—quite unexpectedly—the first American novelist to receive the Nobel Prize.

But the lady had more than luck and daring. She had a professional discipline that Sanders, herself a former editor of *Harper's*, is careful to point out. As a young correspondent in Vienna, Dorothy would excuse herself from her own dinner parties, go into her bedroom to bat out the day's feature, then return for brandy and coffee. Years later, when returning to New York after a five-month separation from Lewis and their infant child, she holed up in the Plaza Hotel for two days and ground out 6,000 words on the demise of the Austrian Socialist Party before heading home to her family. Staunch and unyielding in the face of critical pressure, she had a penchant for moral causes that came off as enthusiasm when she chased down the revolutions of her youth, as crusading when she spoke out for the Jews during World War II, and as obsession when she grew to be an aging political commentator bypassed by the times. And finally, she was a romantic. A plain, freckle-faced child raised in the respectable penury of her father's parsonage in upstate New York, she daydreamed of travel to foreign worlds, of adventures in which she would be an "incredible unbelievable beauty." In her later life the romantic fantasizing persisted in her longing letters to her three husbands—letters that had to counter the starker reality that Dorothy was hardly ever home.

Sanders has done a creditable job of piecing together the facts of this busy life, and yet, given the rich material, her book is never as intriguing as it might have been. In part this is because there is such a clutter of well-researched but unsifted detail standing between us and Dorothy; in part it is because the anecdotes just don't come alive. Repeatedly we are told that Dorothy made friends easily, but we are given little feel for the magnetism of character that drew people to her. What the lackluster prose demands is that we fill in the blank surrounds, the ambience of Dorothy's worlds—difficult enough when there are points of association (the strong-willed Zelda, the Berlin of Sally Bowles), but impossible when Dorothy becomes a singular public figure, comparable to no one.

But these problems are, to some extent, the problems of writing about any woman whose primary importance is as



"He's giving Dorothy Thompson a piece of his mind." 1936 New Yorker *cartoon by James Thurber, from* Dorothy Thompson

Lynne Williams is a senior editor of SR of The Society.

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BOOKS

a public figure. And ironically, the distanced style reflects some of the problems central to Dorothy's life. If Sanders tends to give us names, dates, places, and events instead of Dorothy, if we often feel we cannot find Dorothy in all this hectic detail—well, neither could Dorothy. Near the end of her life she would write: "Journalism was only a means to an end—to see, to learn, if possible, to *be*. The means swallowed the end and the search for freedom became a voluntary slavery . . . I wonder *exactly* what went wrong."

Dorothy's lament for having lost it on the way to the typewriter, radio mike, and lecture podium is partially a lament for the novels she never found time to write, but it was also for her undernourished personal (and sexual) life. Like a good many ambitious working women, Dorothy believed that her accomplishments, once they had brought her respect, admiration, influence, and money, would also earn her love. This was an admittedly leftover yearning from a childhood about which she wrote: " 'A clever child, Doro-thea, but not much comfort—' Oh my dear father! I wanted to grow up, amount to something, do something for you, make you proud of me."

Love. Work. The two weighed on opposite ends of a scale Dorothy Thompson never managed to balance, and they were inseparably related themes in her own thoughts on her life. When her first husband left her, she wrote to him, "I wonder what I shall do with this career which was made to build [our] home, to help create a mutual life." And again, after Sinclair Lewis left her, she reviewed her whole career in terms of the men who had played parts in it: "I went to Europe to get away from a man; I stayed in Europe to be with another man; I left journalism to marry a third man; I reentered it . . . because I could write a column and stay home. . . . Work with me has always been a by-product and a secondary interest; I'd throw the state of the nation into the ash can for anyone I love."

Whether Dorothy would in fact have dumped her work for love at any given moment is, of course, highly doubtful. She relished her work as much as any high-powered man, and she couldn't keep away from it when she *was* married—not even when she was the new mother of Lewis's child. What is important about the fantasies, however, is that they functioned as a necessary excuse for her work. So long as she chose to see her work as earning love, or substituting for it, the all-consuming work could be justified in a way that it could not have been by the flat-out declaration that she was working simply for herself—that she was working because she got the same kind of sex men do from being out there giving the world a piece of her intelligent mind and having it matter. And without maintaining a troubled consciousness of the interplay of love and work, she would have risked becoming, in her own eyes, the sort of aggressive, love-be-damned executive lady of which Hollywood movies (including one based on her own life—*Woman of the Year*) are made. Dorothy preferred to keep those comforting conflicts alive.

Dorothy Thompson is a book that should have been written, and one is glad that this influential woman, scarcely remembered only a generation after "her time," has been resurrected. Children tend to grow up wanting to be and do what they think they are allowed to be and do, and, for little girls, Amelia Earhart, Eleanor Roosevelt, and Betsy Ross are a pretty lonely set of options —especially since few girls want to fly, fewer still can marry presidents, and the revolution seems to have been called off for the moment. Dorothy Thompson's life adds another possibility to that slim repertoire of choices, and one can only wish the book had been as gutsy as the lady herself. □

Dorothy Thompson with Herbert Hoover and Fiorello La Guardia, 1939

2. Inside the House That Luce Built

THE WORLD OF TIME INC.: The Intimate History of a Publishing Enterprise. Volume Two: 1941–1960. By Robert T. Elson. Edited by Duncan Norton-Taylor. Illustrated. 505 pages. Atheneum. $10.

BY RONALD P. KRISS

"Official" histories are supposed to be whitewash jobs, but somebody forgot to supply the author of this one with bucket and brush. In line with the late Henry R. Luce's injunction "to be candid, truthful, and to suppress nothing relevant or essential to the narrative," Robert T. Elson, who was given unrestricted access to all the company files, details with extraordinary candor and absorbing anecdote the feuds, foibles, and fumbles that marked the march of Time Inc. from a sassy upstart to the country's most influential magazine empire. Having spent a decade at *Time* magazine, I approached the history wondering which warts would be concealed, which blemishes covered with cosmetics. To be sure, some of the heat generated by the internal policy debates that regularly erupted within the company has dissipated—but no cosmetics are apparent, and the warts do show.

The first volume of Elson's account, published in 1968 under the simpler title, *Time Inc.*, covered the years 1923 to 1941—the birth of the enterprise and its transformation from what Luce called "a big Small Business" into "a small Big Business." This second and concluding volume (an epilogue brings us from 1960 to the present) recounts the company's growth into a *big* Big Business. In 1941 Time Inc.'s total assets amounted to $25 million; by 1960 they had risen to $230 million. With such growth came a tremendous expansion in the number of people working for and associated with Time Inc., and this volume suffers from attempting to profile too many of them. The only figures who really come across as more than two-dimensional are Luce and, to a considerably lesser extent, his versa-

Ronald P. Kriss, a former senior editor of Time, *is executive editor of* SR.

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tile, articulate chief of staff, principal trouble-shooter, and devil's advocate, Roy Larsen. For its portrayal of Luce's mind and mannerisms alone, however, Elson is worth reading—and a valuable corrective to W. A. Swanberg's recent, extremely polemical and one-sided biography.

Luce emerges from Elson's book in his own words, a veritable cascade of them, as well as in the words of those who worked for and with him. Memomania pervaded Time Inc. while Luce was still active, and what memos they were! A dozen pages were merely a throat-clearing; a score merely the starting point for a *real* exchange. Memoranda by the basketful whipped from office to office and floor to floor as Luce guided, goaded, and cajoled his staff into a constant reevaluation of themselves and their magazines. "Luce was never satisfied with any of his magazines," Elson notes; he was incessantly writing critiques on mangled stories, missed angles, muddled approaches, misguided analyses. When his memos were too critical or acerbic, the editors or publishers on the receiving end rarely hesitated to reply in kind, and Luce was usually chastened enough to follow up with a softer memo, a word of praise, even a raise.

Despite this open-ended dialogue, Luce was frequently frustrated by his inability to sell his story suggestions or points of view to his editors. When labor leader Harry Bridges threatened to call a general strike in Hawaii in 1947, Luce fired off a memo suggesting sarcastically that *Time* had been entirely too sympathetic to Bridges on past occasions and ordering the magazine's top editors to reverse that position: "This is to state as a matter of policy that, for the purpose of this 1947–48 battle, Time Inc. is 100% in favor of the property owners, capitalists and corporations of Hawaii and 100% against Harry Bridges and anyone who is in any way allied with him. (If there are any worse names for property owners and capitalists such as 'reactionaries' we are for them, too.)" Then he added waspishly: "I hope—but without real hope—that Time Inc. led by *Time* will give some dynamic reflection of the above-stated policy. I realize that is unlikely—if for no other reason than that I have laid it down as categorical policy." Bridges was treated less sympathetically thereafter, but Luce was also treated to angry protests from the editors of *Time* and to a stern admonition from his chief editorial assistant, John Shaw Billings. "A memo such as this one, I fear, fails to accomplish its policy purpose," Billings replied. "You would have done better to think twice before you began to swing."

Another source of frustration to Luce was his magazines' coverage of the activities of his wife, Clare Boothe Luce. "I don't know what's the matter," he once told one of his managing editors. "If Clare were anybody else's wife, *Time* would just love to write about her." As Elson puts it: "A succession of Time Inc. editors, trying too self-consciously to be detached, either treated Mrs. Luce with a distinct lack of gallantry or ignored her when she was making news." When, in a congressional speech, she coined the word "globaloney" to describe then Vice-President Henry Wallace's philosophy, *Fortune* magazine called it an "ill-mannered crack." On another occasion Luce suggested to *Time*'s managing editor that one of her speeches might be worth reporting and signed the memo, "Y'r humble s'v't."

The years covered in this volume saw a succession of crises and conflicts at Time Inc. World War II brought about the real beginnings of what is now a global network of correspondents as well as the conversion of *Time* from a self-proclaimed rewrite sheet to an operation with immense reportorial resources. Time Inc. heralded the Cold War before much of the rest of the press, and this brought condemnation on the magazines as blindly anti-Communist and war-mongering; there was also the Alger Hiss case, in which Whittaker Chambers, an admitted ex-Communist and a *Time* senior editor, played the pivotal role. The civil war in China occasioned a dramatic conflict between *Time*'s chief China correspondent, Theodore H. White, who saw no chance of salvaging Chiang Kai-shek's corrupt regime, and the China-born Luce, who hoped against reasonable hope that the Christian Chiang would somehow reform and broaden his appeal to counter the Communists. Luce never really gave up on this; until his death, in 1967, he defended General MacArthur's conviction that the United States should have crossed the Yalu in Korea in 1951 and taken on Mao Tse-tung's hordes. There were also, during these years, the ardent courtship of Winston Churchill to land his memoirs (this involved the subsidization by Time Inc. and the *New York Times* of a half-dozen costly vacations in places like Marrakech); the McCarthyite blight, of which more in a moment; Luce's growing determination to put a Republican in the White House; increasingly frequent battles with editors who resisted the boss's efforts to make his magazines more partisan; the launching of *Sports Illustrated* and its seven-year struggle to get into the black; the burgeoning problem of *Life*, which ultimately could not find enough adver-

SR. RECOMMENDS

A rotating selection by the book review editors of ten particularly notable new and current books of general interest, arranged alphabetically by title.

AFTER CONVICTION. By Ronald L. Goldfarb and Linda R. Singer (Simon & Schuster, $15.95)—A comprehensive review of the American correction system—why it doesn't work and how it might be made to work.

BIRD LIVES! The High Life and Hard Times of Charlie (Yardbird) Parker. By Ross Russell (Charterhouse, $8.95)—This full-scale biography of alto saxist Charlie Parker is not only a tribute to that musician but a portrait of black culture in the 1930s and 1940s and one of the best books ever written on jazz.

CATHOLICS. By Brian Moore (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $4.95)—A brief, compelling novel about a confrontation in the ecumenical world of the future between a representative of the new religion and some isolated Irish monks who have kept to their old faith.

DEEPER INTO MOVIES. By Pauline Kael (Atlantic–Little, Brown, $12.95)—This huge new collection of movie reviews (1969–1972), by a critic whose writing combines intelligence, enthusiasm, wit, and clarity, serves also as a record of current interaction between movies—our national theater—and our national life.

FEAR AND LOATHING ON THE CAMPAIGN TRAIL '72. By Hunter S. Thompson (Straight Arrow, $6.95)—A wild, highly original excursion into the frontal lobes of the 1972 presidential campaign by the author of *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas.*

GRAVITY'S RAINBOW. By Thomas Pynchon (Viking, $15; paperback, $4.95)—Hailed as a major literary event, this mammoth new novel—in size, complexity, and imaginative scope—is set toward the end of World War II and has to do in part with the firing off of a renegade V-2 rocket.

I'M SOMEBODY IMPORTANT: Young Black Voices From Rural Georgia. By George Mitchell (University of Illinois, $7.95)—Six children in one of the country's poorest regions talk, with extraordinary candor and eloquence, about their bewilderments, hopes, and hurts.

THE INSPECTOR. By Saul Steinberg (Viking, $10)—A new, very witty, sometimes lethal, collection of drawings by the artist-cartoonist.

KEROUAC. By Ann Charters (Straight Arrow, $7.95)—A rich, sympathetic, and immensely readable biography of the late author of *On the Road*, whose own life on the road, and those of his friends—Neal Cassady, Allen Ginsberg, William Burroughs, among others—supplied the raw material for his 18 books and gave impetus to the Beat movement.

WITTGENSTEIN'S VIENNA. By Allan Janik and Stephen Toulmin (Simon & Schuster, $8.95)—A cross-disciplinary cultural history of late Hapbsburg Vienna from 1890 to 1919, focusing primarily on the life and work of Ludwig Wittgenstein and the intellectual milieu that helped to shape his philosophy; a challenging and rewarding book.

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BOOKS

tising to compensate for the low per-copy and subscription prices mandated by Luce because he wanted the magazine to reach large numbers of people.

The McCarthy episode is particularly illuminating. *Time* in January 1950 started out by giving the senator from Wisconsin the back of its hand. Luce, worried that *Time*'s approach would obscure what he felt to be an important issue beyond McCarthy—the danger of Communists in and around government—urged his magazines to ease up. In the summer of 1951 he changed his mind. "It's about time now to hit [McCarthyism] hard," he told his editors. " 'Communism' has become too much the scapegoat of everything that's wrong with us." At about the same time he noted in a memo to Billings: "You know—it takes a Capitalist to make one feel like a Communist and one is never so Capitalist as after an encounter with a Socialist!"

This was the quintessential Luce. He had certain fundamental convictions (most notably, in favor of Protestantism, free enterprise, and the Republican Party, as he once put it), and the biases that flowed from these convictions sent more than a few of his editors (many of them atheists, welfare-staters, and Democrats) into despair. But he was always ready to hear an argument, provided it was shaped by a lively mind, and he frequently stood on the sidelines while his editors staked out positions with which he was less than sympathetic. Overall, his passion and main purposes were, as he once defined them, to provide "a little 'light and leading' in this profoundly troubled world." One might not have always agreed with the direction of the "leading," but "light" Luce did provide, in all his magazines. □

3. Madness and Filigree

FEAR AND LOATHING ON THE CAMPAIGN TRAIL '72. By Hunter S. Thompson. Illustrated. 506 pages. Straight Arrow. $6.95.
RUNNING. By Bob Greene. 267 pages. Henry Regnery. $7.95.

BY JOSEPH KANON

It was probably inevitable that Hunter Thompson take on the political scene. After *Hell's Angels* (1967) and *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* (1972), where else was there to go? And having once been a candidate for sheriff of Pitkin County, Colorado, Thompson was not exactly a stranger to the political process. In any case, in December 1971, as national correspondent for *Rolling Stone*, Thompson hit the presidential campaign trail, and his stream of monthly Gonzo journalism reports became one of the brighter features of that otherwise sorry year. Now rushed into book form with some additional material (presumably to beat out Teddy White, not to mention the 19 books said to be in the works by McGovern staffers), they seem even better than the first time round—the gaps, delays, and general fooling around have melted away with the heat of events. It simply doesn't matter as much now that he doesn't discuss McGovern's welfare proposals at any length or that the elaborate parliamentary maneuverings of the Democratic convention are no clearer here than they were elsewhere. What remains, instead, is very much what Thompson says he intended: "a kind of high-speed cinematic reel-record of what the campaign was like *at the time*, not what the whole thing

Hunter Thompson and George McGovern, from Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail '72

boiled down to or how it fits into history."

It should be noted at the outset that *Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail '72* is open to attack from just about any traditional standard of political journalism: it is sometimes self-indulgent, wildly speculative, overwhelmingly partisan (pro-McGovern), and even short on information (most of the pieces were written on the assumption that the reader had already heard the major details). It should also be noted that none of this matters very much. Hunter Thompson is an original; there is no one quite like him, and we turn to his work not for "objective" reporting ("The only thing I ever saw that came close to Objective Journalism was a closed-circuit TV setup that watched shoplifters in the General Store at Woody Creek, Colorado") but to watch an interesting sensibility engaged in high drama. Particularly in a case like the presidential campaign, where television has taken over standard reporting (and hardly anyone expects to hear the "real story" of backroom dealings anyway), his eccentricity works for him—he seems a rare individual voice in a world of homogenized telecasts. His raving excess is what we read him *for*, and, as with all good writers, his style—a wild mishmash of put-on, fantasy, and cultivated lunacy—seems an extension of personality. He is the kind of writer who talks to you right on the page. When this kind of high-voltage energy is frustrated by its subject (as was often the case on the campaign trail), it simply creates its own excitement: "With the truth so dull and depressing, the only working alternative is wild bursts of madness and filigree."

His reckless independence ("as far as I was concerned, there was no such thing as 'off the record' ") caused no little inconvenience, of course. He was denied White House press credentials because *Rolling Stone* was a "music magazine." But that was scarcely a setback: "Getting barred from the White House is like being blackballed at the Playboy Club. There are definite advantages to having your name on the Ugly List in places like that." Then he was barred from the Muskie train after lending his press pass to a drunken hell-raiser. By May, when the McGovern campaign moved into high-gear respectability, he was "the resident Puff Adder." Certainly his gift for merciless caricature didn't help matters. One imagines he would not exactly be welcome company to Pat Nixon ("Barbie doll"), Hubert Humphrey ("he has always campaigned like a rat in heat"), or "Big Ed" Muskie (whose emotional excesses he attributed to the exotic drug Ibogaine, in one of the book's funnier passages).

But Thompson is up to a good deal more than sideswipes and verbal contempt. He is intrigued by the mechanics of campaigning, "the drifts and strange quirks of the game," the showmanship and gambling for high stakes. (His own gambling record was a wonder—he lost only two bets out of 50 or 60, though at least one of those was in November.) The campaign, in this book, emerges with a dynamic of its own, virtually divorced from the rest of life. He shows us the endless succession of motels and bolted meals, the sheer adrenalin rush of an election night. He is good at describing the atmosphere of the warring camps and gauges their effectiveness like a rock promoter: "June 1 was also the day—give or take a few—when the McGovern campaign seemed to peak and start losing its energy. There was still enough momentum to edge Hubert in California and enough tactical expertise to croak the ABM (Anybody But McGovern) Movement in Miami . . . . But once that was done—the moment

Joseph Kanon is senior book review editor of SR.

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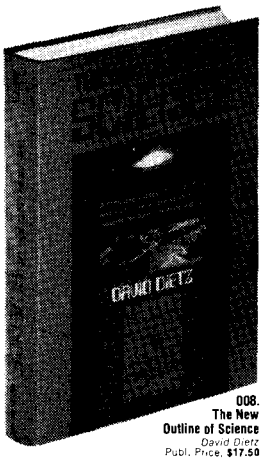

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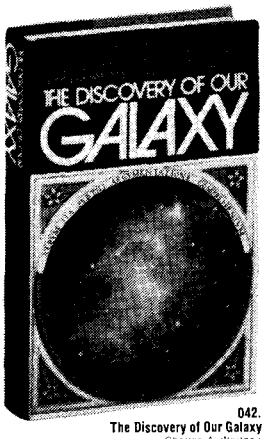

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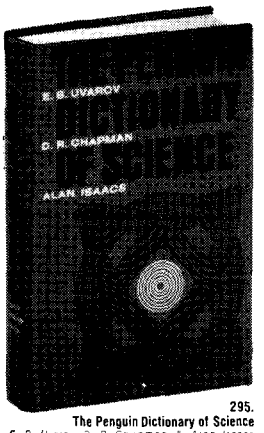

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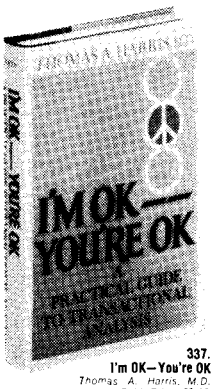

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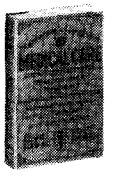

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his troops understood that George had actually *won the nomination*—his act started falling apart." He was one of the few reporters to come down hard on Tom Eagleton for his part in the V.P. mess, and his description of the Vietnam Veterans' march on the Republican convention is the best I have read (topped off when a silly girl tried to drive her Honda through the march and Thompson "was tempted to lean over and set her hair on fire with my Zippo"). And he is no slouch at ferreting out some good dirt: there is a hush-hush story of last-minute big money from Las Vegas to bolster Humphrey's California campaign, with McGovern people, tipped off by one of their spies, standing guard at the airport to prevent the connection.

Perhaps Thompson is able to write so well about politics because he has such enthusiasm for it, an almost visceral feel for the boys in the back room (a favorite expression is "when the deal went down"), and certainly a politician's gift for language. *Fear and Loathing* is the kind of book that will probably cause the usual song and dance about the New Journalism, but even that label would sit uncomfortably on so individual a talent. This is a *writer*: he can make the page come alive, and he sees things for himself. (The book, incidentally, has some wonderfully vicious drawings by Ralph Steadman, who also illustrated *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*. Like Dickens and "Phiz," it seems one of those magically right encounters between author and illustrator.) *Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail '72* can be irritating, muddled, and even wearing, but it is the best political reporting in some time—it manages to give politics, after years of televised lobotomy, some flesh.

Bob Greene, a young (25) columnist for the *Chicago Sun-Times*, has neither Thompson's intensity nor bravura gestures, but his *Running* is a likable and informative book. *Running* is a campaign diary of small moments, side events largely unnoticed elsewhere or too minor to make the evening telecast, and it is often so finely observed that it could serve as a source book for a novelist who needs details to round out a larger story. Not particularly interested in nor temperamentally suited for politics (he does not, for instance, have Thompson's instinct for the jugular), Greene decided to "take it all in as a massive, unique road show instead," so what he notices are the details of campaign following: the hookers in Miami, reporters covering the convention by watching TV in their hotel rooms, who gets to sit where on which press plane. He tells us, for instance, that at the Republican convention there were "electric paper shredders available to destroy written matter, and garbage bags that are burned each evening to incinerate anything on paper that the campaign staff is uncomfortable with." Even more extraordinary were the prerecorded Republican press releases obtained by dialing a local number—national announcements, like the weather, between bleeps. Greene saw himself as "just along for the ride," and this detachment is at once the virtue and flaw of the book—the effect is rather like going to the zoo and standing a good distance from the bars. But watching behavior from the outside can produce its fine moments, as at the McGovern-Kennedy rally in Detroit: "McGovern came out at the sidewalk, and there was one brief, bad moment when he was standing alone by his car, waiting to go. But he could not, for the people from the rally had forgotten about him. They were leaning to touch Ted Kennedy, holding Kennedy by the sleeve of his coat and calling his name. There was nothing for McGovern to do but wait." □

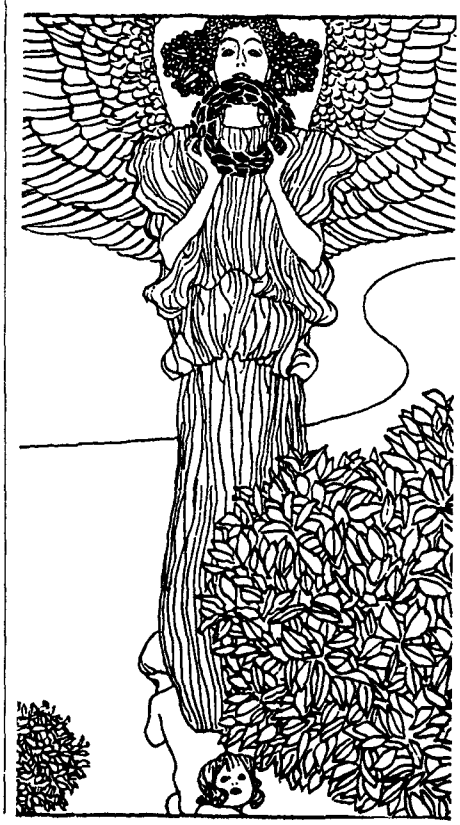
Losing Touch

WITTGENSTEIN'S VIENNA. By Allan Janik and Stephen Toulmin. Illustrated. 314 pages. Simon & Schuster. $8.95.

The general subject of this unusual and fascinating book is late Hapsburg Vienna during the three decades 1890–1919—not the "gay Vienna" of gugelhupf and Lehar operettas, but a stultifying, bourgeois world "in which all established media, or means of expression . . . had seemingly lost touch with their intended 'messages,' and had been robbed of all capacity to perform their proper functions." Against this backdrop the authors place the enigmatic figure of Ludwig Wittgenstein, the youngest son of a millionaire industrialist and one of the seminal figures of modern philosophy. Taking a cross-disciplinary approach, Janik and Toulmin are concerned with showing that Wittgenstein's philosophical concerns, his interest in language and the separation of the world of "facts" and the world of "values" can be clearly understood only if they are seen as a direct outgrowth of the problems faced by many of the Viennese intellectuals of his time. In Hapsburg Vienna, say the authors, "genuine moral principles and aesthetic values could be arrived at only by an idealized abstraction; and they could be given an actual realization, if at all, only in the lives of those few single-minded, Puritan individuals who were capable of this abstraction."

Wittgenstein was one such individual, but there were a number of others: the journalist Karl Kraus, the architect Adolf Loos, and Arnold Schönberg, all concerned with the purification of the "language" of their work. *Wittgenstein's Vienna* contains thorough discussions of them and touches, as well, on such less important figures as Gustav Klimt and Hugo von Hofmannsthal. This is not a particularly easy book to read. Wisely, it doesn't attempt to popularize its subject or take a denigrating and useless Wittgenstein-made-simple approach; the reader who is willing to take a deep breath and plunge ahead will be well rewarded. A. H.

Detail from a drawing by Gustav Klimt, from Wittgenstein's Vienna



4. Through a Tube, Darkly

NEWS FROM NOWHERE. By Edward Jay Epstein. 321 pages. Random House. $7.95.

BY KENNETH M. PIERCE

All it took was one cable from New York headquarters to ABC-TV's Saigon bureau, and—presto!—the Vietnam news was transformed. Av Westin, executive producer of the ABC Evening News, cabled his news team, in 1969: "I think the time has come to shift some of our focus from American military involvement with the enemy

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to themes and stories under the general heading: We Are on Our Way out of Vietnam . . . . Find us that Oriental Sidney Greenstreet," Westin added, urging his correspondents to focus on export-import entrepreneurs, as well as province chiefs and local politicians.

"Quite predictably," writes Edward Jay Epstein, "a radical change from combat stories to 'We Are on Our Way Out'–type stories followed in ABC's coverage of the Vietnam War." Epstein tells this anecdote—and many others about CBS and NBC—to prove that the news is shaped to a great extent by the network news organizations that report it. Not that this shaping is necessarily bad—or good; it is merely inevitable. The fact that newsmen make news is only worrisome if it turns out that newsmen give peculiar patterns to the reality they report. And Epstein's book, while seriously flawed, does identify a number of peculiar patterns in network news, patterns that have more to do with the news shows than with the world out there.

Epstein, whose earlier book, *Inquest*, examined the Warren Commission and its report on the assassination of President Kennedy, had free access to the inner councils of NBC and ABC news; CBS answered his questions, but decided that an observer would hinder the network's operation. The book recounts some fascinating bloopers—among them, the film of a thin and dying baby that was used in the opening of "Hunger in America," a celebrated CBS documentary. The film's narrator said: "Hunger is easy to recognize when it looks like this. The baby is dying of starvation." Yet a subsequent congressional investigation found the baby was not dying of malnutrition, but of premature birth, precipitated by an auto accident. Epstein quotes the comment made by CBS News President Richard Salant on this embarrassment: "In that area, at that time, and in that hospital, babies were dying of malnutrition."

There is almost no grist here for those who would accuse the networks of partisan politics. It is Epstein's thesis that organizational dynamics are more important than the personal views of newsmen in determining how the news is played. He cites, as an example, a liberal news-writer who nevertheless wrote scripts with a conservative tone for Chet Huntley; it seems the network wanted to produce "tension" between Huntley and David Brinkley, whose "image" was thought to be more liberal. Epstein notes that the networks routinely rotate their correspondents to guard against strong friendships with news sources. And he gives us a marvelous glimpse of the ephemeral, "medium cool" politics of many on-camera correspondents. In 1968 Epstein asked eight NBC correspondents to name the black leader they most admired. Six named Lou Smith, a little-known organizer from Los Angeles who had appeared that week on the evening news. A month later, after the news program interviewed the Reverend Jesse Jackson of Chicago, Epstein put the same question to the correspondents; four said Jackson was the leader they most admired, and none mentioned Lou Smith.

The peculiar patterns of network news arise, in Epstein's view, from economic and legal pressures. Because of budget limits, only ten film crews produced 90 per cent of NBC's national news during the five-month period Epstein studied. Film crews must be scheduled in advance, and there are not enough of them to gamble on uncertain stories, so crews are frequently assigned to "pseudo-events" (press conferences, speeches) announced in advance. It costs thousands of dollars to relay film electronically from most places, so the networks frequently ship film via air freight (which can take a day or more, a fact that forces correspondents to avoid reports that can be immediately dated). Electronic transmissions cost less from the five cities where the networks own local stations, so film from a handful of cities dominates the news, in Epstein's view. There is little investigative reporting on TV network news, in part because it is assumed the extra cost won't generate extra viewers or advertising revenue. To keep network ratings high, producers and film editors prefer action film ("blood and guts" if possible) to "talking heads" and treatments of ideas; to keep things simple for the viewers, visual clichés (sick babies, sleek weapons, angry demonstrators) are preferred.

Most of this is reasonbly well known within television; the virtue of Epstein's book is that he brings such shop talk to the attention of outsiders. Unlike the majority of Americans, who tell pollsters that television is the medium they most believe, TV newsmen know the lens can lie, and Epstein tells us how (by focusing on small pieces of large events).

Yet, while Epstein's 321-page report is more sophisticated than a network news film, it nevertheless presents a distorted picture of the subject. Epstein too has his small embarrassments—he misspells the name of one of his important subjects, an executive producer of the CBS Evening News, Leslie Midgley (not Midglie); his book twice says ABC when NBC is meant; and, regrettably, he repeats three times an executive's memo about the dramatic goals of TV news. Epstein doesn't tell us that the networks added many more film crews after he studied them in 1968. He is plainly mistaken when he says that producers routinely add prerecorded sound effects to film reports, and when he implies that staging of news events is routine policy. But the chief problem is that Epstein imposes his own values on an often recalcitrant subject matter.

He tells us at the outset that he wanted to study "the effect of the processes of a news organization on the news product." And, like the ABC Saigon bureau that was asked to change its coverage of the war, Epstein was able to find the story he sought. He tells us, for example, that TV networks seek generalists, not specialists, as news correspondents, because their interchangeability makes scheduling easier and because they submit more readily to centralized control. Yet he gives no consideration to the possibility that generalists might be more open to change, might have fresher insights and fresher questions, than specialists—for to do so would weaken his argument that internal demands of the organization are controlling. The idea that news stories should have a "beginning, middle, and end" is cited by Epstein as a controlling organization policy (it was stated in a policy memo), but it's also a principle of storytelling, as old as Aristotle, influencing all filmmakers and storytellers (including Epstein himself). Epstein makes a great deal of the fact that perhaps half of the film reports on network news are at least a day old. He paints this as another example of the internal demands of scheduling and budget. Yet he ignores the fact that a good many TV newsmen are trying to avoid the superficiality of instant news and regard more time for the preparation of stories as an asset, not a swindle.

Epstein's organizational approach is inherited from James Q. Wilson, a brilliant Harvard political scientist who cut

Kenneth M. Pierce, a founder and former senior editor of the Chicago Journalism Review, *has reported for* Newsweek, Life, *and other magazines, and is currently a senior editor of* SR.

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(DAVE) DAWSON:
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A man was seen walking through downtown Detroit with a desk strapped to his back plus a typewriter under one arm and a wastebasket under the other. He was stopped by a policeman, asked what he was doing, and arrested when he replied: "Impersonating an office, sir."

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his teeth on the monolithic organization of Chicago's Mayor Richard J. Daley. In applying this organizational approach exclusively and rigidly, Epstein is forced to ignore the problems that most occupy newsmen—especially producers and correspondents, as opposed to executives. How do TV newsmen decide a story is significant? How do they decide what the audience should know? What is the impact of the elaborate professional (or quasi-professional) codes of journalistic conduct on news organizations? Epstein either ignores or dismisses most of these questions, which could generate several books no more flattering than this one.

Of course, TV news organizations are decision-making groups, and political scientists ought to tread among them. But TV newsmen are also investigators, rhetoricians, and storytellers (whether skillful or inept), and it is therefore worth hoping that the humanities—which include history, rhetoric, drama, literature—will take an interest in the news media, to correct the social science reductionism in which Epstein—admittedly less than many of his predecessors—bathes his subject. □

The Iron Duke

WELLINGTON: PILLAR OF STATE. By Elizabeth Longford. Illustrated. 472 pages. Harper & Row. $10.

BY PETER STANSKY

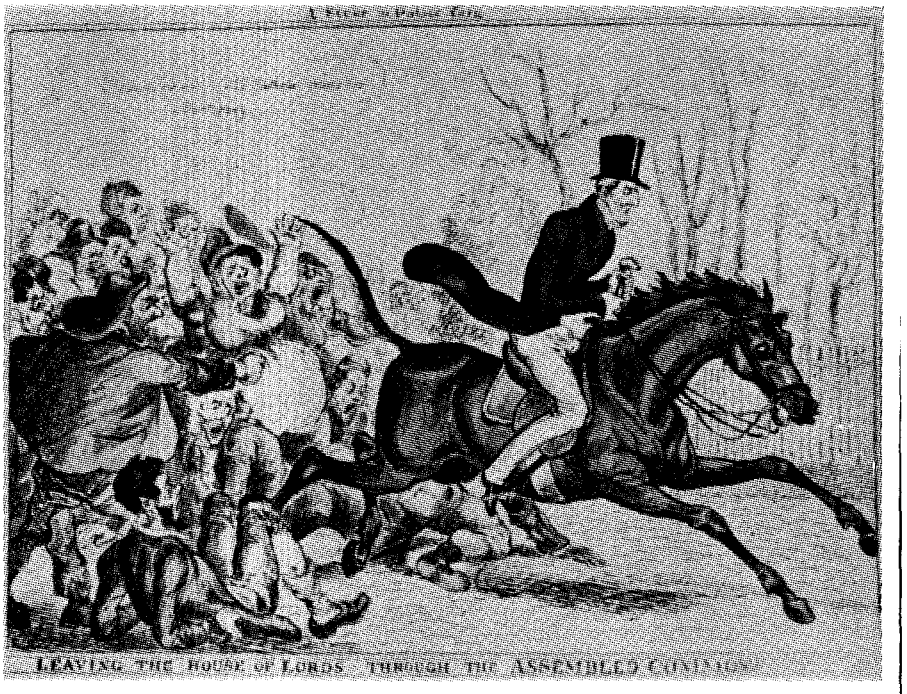
Four years ago Elizabeth Longford published the first volume of her life of the great Duke of Wellington. Subtitled "The Years of the Sword," it ended appropriately in his 45th year with Wellington's victory over Napoleon at the battle of Waterloo in 1815. Now, in *Wellington: Pillar of State*, Lady Longford concludes the biography, taking him through the political years—as cabinet member, Prime Minister, and elder statesman—up to his death in 1852, some months after his 83rd birthday. The two volumes together are a masterly achievement, and the author, married to the Duchess of Wellington's great-great-nephew, has brilliantly fulfilled the dual aims of the historical biographer: to present the man and the world in which he lived.

After Waterloo, Wellington hoped that he had fought his last battle: he experienced "something like a revulsion from war itself." But when a military hero retires from the battlefield, what is he to do next? That is the question to which Lady Longford addresses herself in this second volume. "A hero for life," Wellington might well have settled for being no more than that—the revered Iron Duke. But his own view of himself was less adulatory. An emblematic story comes from the last year of his life when, aged and enfeebled, he allowed himself to be helped across Hyde Park Corner. To the man who assisted him, he said, "I thank you, sir." And the answer came, "My lord, I have passed a long and not uneventful life, but never did I hope to reach the day when I might be of some assistance to the greatest man that ever lived." To which the duke replied, "Don't be a damned fool!"

After making a triumphant entry into Cadiz in 1813, he had remarked to a friend, "I ought to have somebody behind me to remind me that I am 'but a man,'" a view of himself he held to the end—not, however, that he suffered from false modesty or lacked a sense of his own importance. Lady Longford, telling a complex and fascinating story of the man and his country, tells it from the point of view of the duke and in his favor. She recognizes that he has faults, but to her he is a hero who attempted throughout his long life to do his duty. In his own words, he was "the retained Servant of the Sovereign of this Empire." What this meant, in the long run and in the history of his political life, was that he was a dedicated pragmatist in the service of the status quo.

His critics felt him to be inconsistent. In fact, he would hold to the old ways as long as possible; but when he believed modifications were inevitable, he would generally attempt to help shape the changes to make them more acceptable to conservative elements in society. He was the essence of the Tory pragmatic spirit, a supreme instance of the prejudices of the reactionary combined with an extraordinary flexibility in the face of events.

As Prime Minister from 1828 to 1830, he, while a firm defender of the Church of England, was yet a main force behind the passing of Catholic Emancipation, which admitted Catholics to the political system. His position outraged the ultra-Tories who had considered him their leader, and ultimately he was driven to fight a duel with Lord Winchelsea, replying to the latter's accusation that he had forwarded the cause of Popery in a concealed way. Again, in 1846, against what was construed as the interests of the gentlemen of England, he supported the Tory Prime Minister, Sir Robert Peel, in



Cartoon (1829) of Wellington "Leaving the House of Lords—Through the Assembled Commons." The mob yells, "No Popery—No Catholic ministers," as he gallops home after a debate on Catholic emancipation.

Peter Stansky is a professor of history at Stanford. He is coauthor of The Unknown Orwell *and has edited* The Victorian Revolution, *to be published later this spring.*

Answer to **Literary Crypt**, page 25: *Being a woman is a terribly difficult task since it consists principally in dealing with men.* Conrad

Answer to **Wit Twister**, page 25: streaming, emigrants, Germanist, mastering.

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the repeal of the Corn Laws—believing, quite rightly, that to do so was essential to the preservation of the state. But he could also be hopelessly imperceptive, as when he helped bring down his own government in 1830, praising excessively a constitutional system that was in desperate need of reform.

Lady Longford presents the story of the political man with exemplary skill, making clear how Wellington's role required of him a complex balancing of the interests and whims of Lords, Commons, monarch, and fellow politicians. He had the further burden of being a national monument, receiving both the idolization and criticism that are the fate of such institutions, but to a degree not to be matched again—and then for a far briefer period—until the last years of Winston Churchill's life. (Churchill's state funeral at St. Paul's was a parallel to Wellington's own; indeed, the same candles were used, rekindled again after 112 years, as Lady Longford informs us.) But the individual is very much in the book as well: his haughtiness, his need for affection. His family life was complex and full of scapegrace relations. His marriage was unhappy—his wife, Kitty, was far too plain and unintelligent for him; their affection reasserted itself only a little while before her death in 1831. He always needed to have attractive, clever women in whom to confide, but Lady Longford rejects the idea that any of them were his mistresses, although quite a few of the unmarried among them, many years his junior, were anxious to become his second duchess.

In some respects the Countess of Longford is within the tradition of these beautiful, aristocratic admirers. She is at home in politics, sensible, loyal to the duke, yet able to keep His Grace in perspective. He was the great defender of his country in wartime; in the years of peace that followed he was a pillar of the state, sometimes obtuse, but more often, in his own way, serving Britain's best interests. □

SHORTER REVIEWS

AFTER CONVICTION. By Ronald L. Goldfarb and Linda R. Singer. 735 pages. Simon & Schuster. $15.95.

What to do with people who commit crimes is of crucial concern to any society. In this comprehensive study, lawyers Ronald L. Goldfarb (a former Justice Department official and author of *The Contempt Power* and *Ransom: A Critique of the American Bail System*) and Linda R. Singer survey the entire American "correction" system—from the sources of the prison system through the present institutions, sentencing, probation, parole, clemency, redressing prisoners' grievances, and forms of community correction. Aside from its value as a coherently organized, carefully documented compendium of facts, the book supports a massive indictment (joined in by many prison officials) of the system: it does not prevent or deter crime, it does not correct or rehabilitate, it does not even effectively separate most criminals from the rest of society. Recidivism is alarmingly high (estimates range between 50 and 80 per cent): "the average prisoner is back in society within three years, repeating crimes within a year"; moreover, "only one crime in 50 is deemed to result in conviction." The system directly affects "the lives of 2.5 million convicts a year and on any given day about 1.3 million offenders; of these, about one-third are in institutions and two-thirds are on probation or parole." Further, the system is anarchical; studies of what happens after parole are lacking; funds (pitifully small to begin with) and personnel are illogically allocated, with our custodial institutions ("warehouses") getting the lion's share. Far from rehabilitating criminals or protecting society, our system works primarily to punish—indeed, to punish, punish, punish, which is what long-term incarceration is mostly about; it might be called, the authors suggest, "cruel and unusual." One root of the problem, the authors make clear, is that our present system is aimed at accomplishing two incompatible objectives: isolation and rehabilitation. To be effective, they say, the system must move to prolong and maximize prison sentences—or bring the walls down and concentrate on rehabilitation and the healthy and productive reintegration of criminals into society. The second direction, "more humane but more chancy (and less expensive to the taxpayer)," is what they advocate. *After Conviction* cuts through much of the emotional confusion that surrounds this difficult and touchy subject; it is an important book and worth a good deal of serious attention.

AN UNTOLD STORY: The Roosevelts of Hyde Park. By Elliott Roosevelt and James Brough. Illustrated. 318 pages. Putnam. $7.95.

This family memoir by the second of Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt's five children made headlines recently when the author's sister and three brothers announced, "We must dissociate ourselves completely from this book." The fuss presumably stems from the "revelations" about F.D.R.'s two mistresses—Lucy Mercer, over whom Eleanor threatened a divorce in 1916, and Marguerite (Missy) LeHand, Roosevelt's unofficial White House hostess. But this hardly constitutes a scandal at this late date, and the story is presented here, in any case, with enough affection, candor, and charm to make it one of the most interesting books yet written about that hopelessly incompatible but intriguing couple. Closer to the bone, perhaps, is Elliott's portrayal of his mother ("it was impossible to discount the coldness with which Mother treated us when we were young"), whose refusal to share a married life with Franklin after the birth of their fifth child was responsible, Elliott believes, for the philandering. Eleanor's accommodation to Missy as a permanent fixture in her husband's life is too complicated a subject for the one-sided treatment it receives here, but there are arresting details: "Mother accepted her almost as one of her children, often going shopping to buy clothes for her when Missy was too busy." (Eleanor, incidentally, represented the Roosevelts at Missy's funeral.) But while the account of marital conflict is admittedly the most fascinating part of the book, it is by no means the whole of this untold story. Elliott also details Christmas at Hyde Park, summers at Campobello, F.D.R.'s courageous fight against polio, Louis Howe's fanatical devotion, "Granny's" interference (which Elliott claims his mother welcomed during the early years of the marriage), and the almost limitless minutiae of daily life in a family less than charmed but never ordinary.

DAYS OF SADNESS, YEARS OF TRIUMPH: The American People, 1939–1945. By Geoffrey Perrett. 512 pages. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan. $10.

Scissors, paste, a sense of balance and proportion—these are the standard ingredients of broad popular history. And a theme. Geoffrey Perrett's theme—and it is more than plausible—is that the war years in this country represented the most profoundly positive collective experience in the nation's history. Not only did the country pull together (it was the last "good" war: we had been attacked, and we were fighting against manifest evil), but American society was radically and permanently changed on virtually every important front, from economic structure (the creation of a truly middle-class society) to political conscience (the first effective concerns for civil rights and civil liberties). The theme is an important one; it is also, perhaps, inextricable from nostalgia. The author, who was born in 1942, notes that for most of those old enough to remember those years (only about half the population!) the war was the "central experience" of their lives. There is much to remember in this slightly choppy but very readable compendium-saga-history. It should be, and deserves to be, a popular book. □

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MUSIC

Henze on Passion and Fashion

BY IRVING KOLODIN

Since Hans Werner Henze's *The Young Lord* was first performed in 1965, at the Deutsche Oper, Berlin, it has had more than 40 productions, including an American premiere shared by Houston, Texas, and San Diego, California, in 1967. Its first appearance on a major American opera stage under Julius Rudel's direction in Lincoln Center's State Theater in late March may have been a bit belated. But it was nonetheless a resounding affirmation of Henze's gifts as a composer for the theater.

To meet the extraordinary challenge of a work that begins as burlesque and ends on the border of Grand Guignol, Rudel marshaled the talents of no fewer than three present or past directors of American opera companies. To his own effort as musical director of a first-class vocal ensemble Rudel added the resourceful Sarah Caldwell of Boston to embellish the sound scheme with just the right filigree of action. Finally, there was Sir Rudolf Bing, late of the Metropolitan. He made his American stage debut as the mute but far from inglorious Sir Edgar, whose choice of residence in a provincial German town in the 1830s is basic to the plot.

Initially beguiled, then harassed by the servility of the German burghers toward the titled Englishman in their midst, Sir Edgar is eventually appalled by the Germans' inhumane attitude toward a traveling circus. As a rebuke he befriends the entire troupe.

After strange noises emanating from Sir Edgar's house are attributed to the presence of a young nephew (also titled), his domain becomes the objective of all the town's marriageable females. When the visitor is introduced as "Lord Barrat" at a social function, his rolling gait and animalistic manners are, to use a word overheard at the premiere, aped by all those present. The parable of fashion and passion comes to an explosive culmination when the lord, who has nearly seduced a local belle in public, is revealed as the simian member of the circus troupe. He has, with all malice aforethought, been educated by Sir Edgar to demonstrate that imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery but not the soundest exercise of judgment.

Henze is unquestionably one of the most skillful composers Germany has produced in the post–World War II era, a fact self-evident in the score of *The Young Lord*. It takes its point of departure from the parodistic style of Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress*, which is to say from Mozart, whose *Seraglio* is quoted on Sir Edgar's arrival. But Henze soon departs widely from this involvement to produce a manner of his own that flows effortlessly between the polar points of sentiment and satire in Ingebord Bachmann's libretto.

Patricia Wise as Luise, with Kenneth Riegel, the young lord

Neither the cleverly calculated score nor the directorial abilities of Rudel and Caldwell could have brought about the resounding series of curtain calls at the end without the elegantly efficient impersonations of the principal roles. Outstanding—as must be the case in any successful venture with *The Young Lord*—was tenor Kenneth Riegel's study of the ape as "the glass of fashion and the mould of form." Many clever vocalists could have fabricated the strident sounds he produced, but only an artist dedicated to the creation of credibility could have put in the hours, days, weeks of study required for the physical results Riegel achieved. Patricia Wise was a sure-sounding, charming Luise (with primeval urges), Gary Glaze an admirable embodiment of her suitor, Wilhelm. Muriel Greenspon, the New York City Opera Company's resident Hermione Gingold; Richard Fredricks; and John Lankston were others who merited much praise. The rich-voiced Betty Allen embellished the role of Begonia with the theatrical incandescence that only stars can kindle; she much overshadowed her nominal lord, Sir Edgar. Bing performed best what he has had the most practice in—taking a bow at the end. Reportedly enticed by the image of Sir Edgar as arrogant and witty, Bing's nonstylish effort suggested that it is easier to live a part than to enact it.

The significant outcome of *The Young Lord* was to advance Henze to something like the position he deserves in America's operatic capitals. Herbert Senn's admirable décor and the costumes of Eleonore Kleiber added to the period flavor of Caldwell's action. Now, if the New York City Opera can add Henze's *El Cimarron* to its repertory, the local public will have a more adequate perspective of Henze's capabilities. □

Hermann Prey

The idea of Schubert's *Schwanengesang* as a cycle comparable to the composer's *Die Winterreise* and *Die schöne Müllerin* has never had much standing with those versed in the facts: the idea of a "Swan Song" was invented by a publisher as a convenient way of marketing the composer's last 14 songs. At his most recent appearance in Alice Tully Hall under the auspices of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, baritone Hermann Prey went a long way toward validating the concept of the *Schwanengesang* as a "third" song cycle. He added enough material from Schubert's earlier settings of poems by Johann Gabriel Seidl to total five, thus making *Schwanengesang* a cycle of 18 songs rather than 14. By beginning with "Im Frein" and ending with "Abschied," Prey arrived at an evening-long sequence with much more variety, cohesion, and cumulative interest than is usually associated with *Schwanengesang*.

As a performance, the experience confirmed the impression conveyed by Prey over the last half decade—that he has worked not only diligently but productively to make the most of his light, essentially lyric sound. Some performers might have been prompted to strive to compete with others in such dramatic expressions as "Der Doppelgänger" or "Der Atlas."

Prey, however, has approached this problem much more subtly. He pitches the songs of lesser intensity ("Der Wanderer an den Mond," for example) on a lower level of volume. As a result the output within his means for the bigger songs is equivalently self-sufficient. Leonard Hokanson, a model collaborator, outdid himself with the conversion of the keyboard into a veritable guitar in a new-sounding "Serenade." I. K.

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FILM

Raffles in Houston: Because We're All Guilty, Nobody Is Guilty

BY THOMAS MEEHAN

Jacqueline Bisset and Ryan O'Neal in The Thief Who Came to Dinner.

In a sense, a movie like *The Thief Who Came to Dinner*, which has a PG (parental guidance) rating, tells a good deal more about the moral state of the the nation than such triple-X-rated skin flicks as *Deep Throat* or *Lunch*. Set in Houston and having to do with a blond, all-American computer engineer (Ryan O'Neal) who quits his job to become a Raffles-like jewel thief, *The Thief Who Came to Dinner* is based on a set of profoundly cynical assumptions about our society. Bud Yorkin, who produced and directed the film, and Walter Hill, who wrote it, start from a premise they clearly accept as undisputed fact: just about everyone in the United States these days is crooked and corrupt, and those who aren't—like the dogged insurance investigator (Warren Oates) who attempts to catch O'Neal—are ludicrous and out-of-it squares. We all cheat on our income tax, pad our expense accounts, and bilk insurance companies whenever we get the chance, says O'Neal upon giving up his straight job in the opening scenes of the picture and heading off to his apartment to put himself through an at-home crash course in breaking-and-entering, lock-picking, and safe-cracking. O'Neal adds, "Everybody steals from everybody," and so, by extension, it's perfectly okay to break into some rich guy's house and help yourself to his wife's jewels.

In *The Thief Who Came to Dinner*, Yorkin and Hill would have us believe that stealing jewels is a prankish, victimless crime, and so we're supposed to look upon O'Neal as a hero because, as "an honest thief," there is no hypocrisy in what he is doing. And, presumably seduced by O'Neal's boyish charm in contrast with the charmless, middle-aged greed of his fat-cat Houston victims, we're also supposed to root for him as he sets about his second-story jobs. We see O'Neal, in fact, mainly through the eyes of a sexy young Houston socialite (Jacqueline Bisset), who at once falls in love with him upon finding out that he is a jewel thief rather than merely the somewhat shady businessman she'd at first taken him for. Indeed, as amoral as he is, she is soon cheerfully aiding and abetting him in his crimes, and we're supposed to be charmed by her, too. Traditional morality, in short, is turned upside down in *The Thief Who Came to Dinner*—the thief is the good guy, his victims are the bad guys, and the man trying to catch the thief is a jerk.

The gentleman jewel thief has long been a staple character of popular fiction and movies, of course. In previous films about jewel thieves, however, the thief usually either is a reformed character (Cary Grant in *To Catch a Thief*) or is robbing from the rich in order to to give to the poor (*Zorro*, et al.). And even Raffles, of whom the title character in *The Thief Who Came to Dinner* is obviously an updated model, never claimed that what he was up to was morally okay. But the self-righteous young man played by O'Neal, who robs from the rich to keep it all for himself, can see nothing wrong with lifting jewels from the wealthy because they're all thieves, too. Thus the message of the film is clear: because we're all guilty, nobody is guilty, and so there's nothing unethical by present-day standards about being a thief.

If you can ignore its message, *The Thief Who Came to Dinner* is a fairly diverting movie—fast-paced, sometimes funny, slickly written, jazzily filmed in DeLuxe color, and carried along by a pulsating Henry Mancini background score. A minor film, it would not be worth going on about if I didn't feel that it says a lot more about our society than perhaps even Yorkin and Hill realized when they were making it. Pauline Kael dismisses the moral stance of the film as "the usual modern movie-colony cynicism," but I disagree. In *The Thief Who Came to Dinner* Yorkin and Hill are, I think, reflecting an idea that, far from being restricted to the movie-colonial set, is held by millions of Americans throughout the country, from Malibu Beach to the South Bronx: namely, that almost everyone is indeed corrupt and crooked—the New York police who let millions of dollars of heroin disappear from their custody, the executives of ITT who attempted to buy political favor by underwriting the Republican National Convention, those shadowy figures in the Nixon administration who planned the Watergate break-in, etc., etc. And if President Nixon's personal counsel, John W. Dean, can evidently lie to the FBI about matters involving the Watergate caper, a lot of people are saying these days, why shouldn't the rest of us lie to, say, the Internal Revenue Service? Such thinking leads ultimately to chaos and anarchy, of course, and yet, as each morning's newspaper brings further reports of skulduggery in high places, it's becoming more and more widespread. In consequence, though *The Thief Who Came to Dinner* is based on the shakiest of logic, I suspect that it will do rather well at the box office, especially with the young, among whom the line of reasoning put forward in the the film by Yorkin and Hill is particularly popular these days. □

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The Pool is surrounded by real and imitation boulders and has every imaginable facility including high and low diving boards, waterfalls, slides, outdoor barbecue, wet bar, and snack bar as well as two unusual cavern-like dressing rooms (the owner has invested over $100,000 in this area alone).

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There Is Also A Small House consisting of 2 bedrooms and a bath, which could be either servants' quarters or a guest house with certain renovations.

There Are 17 Acres which would be difficult to surpass in beauty and strategic location because of the magnificent view of the ocean and the mountains, along with a rolling green lawn and beautiful gardens with towering eucalyptus trees. This is a truly unforgettable estate in which the owner's investment is $585,000. The asking price is $495,000. Liberal financing is available.

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Liberal Arts In Rome. Temple University's College of Liberal Arts offers full credit courses at its Rome campus for the academic year '73-'74. Courses offered: Anthropology, Archaeology, Baroque Art and Literature, Film and Filmmaking, History, Independent Studies, Italian Folklore, Italian Language and Literature, Philosophy, Political Science, Renaissance Art and Literature and Urban Studies. Contact: Temple Abroad, Mr. Dennis L. Tarr, Temple University, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19122. 215-787-8441.

Europe—Tours, Summer Sessions at European Universities, Studies Abroad. Professor Berg, Saint Mary's College, California 94575.

Columbus International College of Spain—A 2-year American liberal arts University in Seville. Freshman-sophomore curriculum, American faculty, dormitory boarding, Fall-Spring semesters. Write: Columbus International College, Avda Victoria, 43, Seville, Spain.

STUDIES ABROAD

Hacienda El Cobano. The University of Oklahoma's Study Center, Colima, Mexico, offers credit and non-credit programs for 1973.

Spanish: High school, adult and college level.

Workshops: High School Art Workshop. Watercolor Painting, Archaeology, Ornithology, Latin American Feminism, Creative Writing, Mexican Investment and other programs as requested. Dr. Richard Hancock, 555 East Constitution Avenue, Norman, Oklahoma 73069.

TRAVEL

Going Abroad This Summer? Go The Experiment Way: travel with 11 American students to one of 30 countries; learn a language, if you wish, or improve one you know; live with a native family; see the country with people who call it home. Special project and academic credit available. Interested? Write: The Experiment in International Living, West Hill, Putney, Vermont 05346. Indicate age and year in school.

Buy Or Rent a new car for your trip abroad. Free Catalogue. Europe By Car, Inc., 45 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10020.

Bicycling-Hiking-Camping trips through the countrysides of the world for 14-17 year olds. Europe, New England, Colorado, Canada. Free brochure includes bicycle equipment catalogue. Student Hosteling Program of New England, Inc., Rochester, Vermont 05767. 802-767-3297.

Worldwide Freighter Guide—$1.75. Rates, schedules. 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21ZSO Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

For High School Students and Graduates. Stay in Soviet youth center. Or join African Safari; ski in August at Mont Blanc; bike in Denmark; ride horseback on beaches of Brittany; sun on French Riviera; speak French in France or Spanish in Spain; live with European family. Festivals, theatres in London, Paris, Moscow. Unique summer travel in Europe—Russia—Africa, 22nd year. Write: George R. Shumlin, Putney Student Travel, Putney, Vermont 05346.

Summer '73—Camping, hosteling, backpacking teenager trips in Europe. Travel by bicycle, horse, kayak or minibus in small groups. Special sections for college age and 12-13 year olds. Brochure available. Freewheel Express Ltd., 11 Waverly Place, NYC, 10003. 212-674-1240.

Tours For Progressive Intellectuals! UNA/USA-sponsored tours featuring "lifeseeing" to Scandinavia, the Balkans, Africa. AOA Mental Health Seminars, June 2nd. Archaeologists' delight—join Dr. Arthur Kahn to Cyprus, Middle East, Israel, May 9th. Galapagos Islands! Many more! SPECIAL TOURS FOR SPECIAL PEOPLE, 250 West 57th, NYC, 10019. 212-586-6577.

Need Diving, shell collecting, information-connections-companions for Indo-Pacific trip. Box K-819.

This Ad + $8.00 per person, double occupancy, entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Single-$12.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

Solar Eclipse! All inclusive tour to the heart of the Sahara to view the longest Eclipse in this century. Including all meals, accommodations, tents at the site, flights to Dakar, Gao, Timbuctu. Land rovers to Tassilit. Return via Abidjan. 17 days, $1,498 per person. Depart June 19th, return July 6th. For information, write African Explorers, Professional Building, Route 9, Parlin, N.J. 08859 or phone: (N.Y.) 212-356-3434, (N.J.) 201-721-2929.

Auto Babysitters—INDOOR parking. Rates LOWER than long-term outdoor airport/pier parking. Pickup/delivery. Branches throughout NYC. Savoy Garage, 827 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11216. 212-493-9800.

Sail The Maine Coast. Historic schooner "STEPHEN TABER." Relaxed, informal vacation. $165 weekly. Reduced rates June and September. All inclusive. Write Capt. Orvil Young, Box 561-G, Camden, Maine 04843.

Europe—An Unregimented Tour! Discover this bargain. TOURS, 255-B Sequola, Pasadena, California.

Russia/Scandinavia—5 weeks, $387. Also Europe, Africa, India. Camp with small, international groups ages 18-30. London departures. Write: WHOLEEARTH, Box 1497, Kansas City, Missouri 64141.

Europe Via Microbus. Small, flexible, coed groups. 3-7 week trips from $495. Free brochure. Travel Easy, Dept. S, 48 West 48th Street, NYC, 10036. 212-575-9270.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Janet Elliott Cameron

No. 2035

DEFINITIONS

A. Grave

B. Family of languages spoken by American Indians

C. Charles ———, British statesman: Prime Minister (1765-1766) (comp.)

D. Short story from Benet's *Thirteen O'Clock* (2 wds.)

E. Village in central N.Y.: site of battle in 1777

F. Loretta Young made her debut in this silent film at age 15 (3 wds.)

G. Chauncey Mitchell ———, U.S. lawyer, legislator, and orator (1834–1928)

H. Book by Thor Heyerdahl: *Aku-Aku*; *The Secret of* —— (2 wds.)

I. Play by Henrik Ibsen (3 wds.)

J. Strong snuff made from dark, rank tobacco leaves

K. Unreserved, candid, or frank (comp.)

WORDS

84 115 209 183 170 21 3 30 131

103 43 154 164 74 1 48 15 143 4

5 167 58 62 31 83 156 191 109 72 123

128 52 153 44

70 59 63 102 16 202 32 87 189 10 144

160 86 39 125 49 6 33 134

11 45 23 18 60 172 73 133 82 107 88

42 65 182

34 75 54 173 175

208 196 7 19 35 77 61 50 68 64 17

46

40 20 47 12 78 138 174 57 69 207 66

181 13 55 67 80 101

137 130 89 199 176 85 53 81 36 186 110

DEFINITIONS

L. Make supremely happy

M. Film for which Sophia Loren won the Best Actress Award (2 wds.)

N. One who easily has his way with the opposite sex (2 wds.)

O. "The biggest little city in the world"

P. American journalist: his work *Red Star Over China* won him national recognition (2 wds.)

Q. She costarred with Rosalind Russell in the Broadway success *Wonderful Town* (2 wds.)

R. J. F. Cooper's Natty Bumppo's line of work

S. Loose overcoat having a distinctive sleeve of the same name

T. Administrative division of Yorkshire, England (2 wds.)

U. Deep-bodied, black-banded food fish

V. Fortuitous (3 wds.)

WORDS

185 2 136 71 37 90 166 210 8 56

51 41 22 76 38 92 9 162

204 157 126 113 28 116 192 105 111 91

112 106 195 203

122 132 24 93 120 99 178 194 150

119 149 161 197 25 124 187 98 142 158

129 135 117 114 205 198 94 26 180 168

169 145 200 14 201 29

148 152 193 100 211 206 95 139 165 163

104 118 141 155 190 146 151 177 96 159

171 121 27 127 97 188 79 179 184 108 140

147

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle. . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

						1 B		2 L	3 A	4 B		5 C	6 E	7 H		8 L	9 M						
10 D	11 F		12 I	13 J	14 S	15 B	16 D	17 H	18 F		19 H	20 I	21 A	22 M	23 F	24 P	25 Q						
	26 R	27 V	28 N	29 S	30 A	31 C	32 D	33 E		34 G	35 H	36 K	37 L	38 M	39 E	40 I							
41 M	42 F	43 B	44 C		45 F		46 H	47 I	48 B	49 E		50 H	51 M	52 C	53 K	54 G	55 J						
56 L	57 I		58 C	59 D		60 F	61 H	62 C		63 D	64 H	65 F	66 I		67 J	68 H	69 I						
70 D		71 L		72 C	73 F	74 B	75 G	76 M	77 H	78 I	79 V	80 J	81 K		82 F	83 C	84 A						
85 K	86 E		87 D	88 F	89 K		90 L	91 N	92 M		93 P	94 R	95 T		96 U		97 V						
98 Q	99 P	100 T	101 J	102 D	103 B	104 U	105 N	106 O	107 F		108 V	109 C	110 K	111 N	112 O		113 N						
114 R	115 A		116 N	117 R	118 U	119 Q	120 P		121 V	122 P		123 C	124 Q	125 E		126 N	127 V						
128 C	129 R	130 K	131 A	132 P		133 F	134 E		135 R		136 L	137 K	138 I	139 T	140 V	141 U	142 Q						
143 B	144 D		145 S	146 U	147 V	148 T	149 Q		150 P	151 U	152 T	153 C		154 B	155 U		156 C						
157 N	158 Q		159 U	160 E	161 Q	162 M	163 T		164 B	165 T	166 L		167 C	168 R	169 S	170 A	171 V						
172 F	173 Q	174 I		175 G	176 K	177 U	178 P		179 V	180 R		181 J	182 F	183 A	184 V	185 L	186 K						
187 Q		188 V	189 D	190 U	191 C	192 N	193 T	194 P	195 O	196 H	197 Q	198 R	199 K	200 S		201 S	202 D						
	203 O	204 N	205 R	206 T	207 I	208 H		209 A	210 L	211 T													

Solution of this issue's Double-Crostic will be found on page 81.

BRAND-NEW DOUBLE-CROSTICS, NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED, ARE NOW AVAILABLE IN BOOK FORM, SPIRAL-BOUND, FROM YOUR BOOKSELLER OR SATURDAY REVIEW PRESS, 380 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017.

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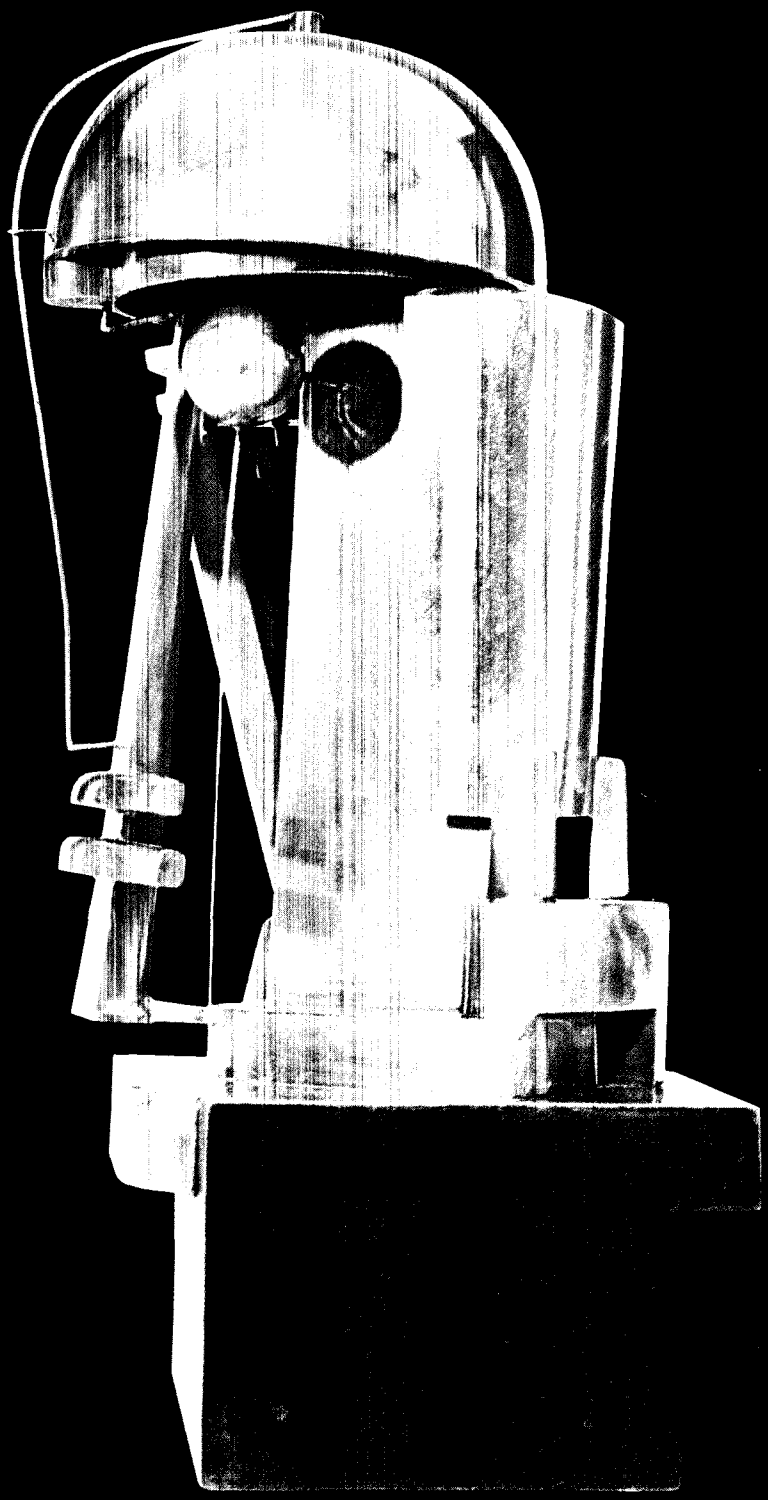
The nation faces an energy crisis Our natural reservoirs of fossil fuels are more and more difficult to tap New forms of producing power are being developed but will they be ready in time? And will they solve the problem without creating new ones? But that is not the real crisis The real crisis is the human crisis

The real

We are forgetting how to be human beings Power has become an end in itself Instead of walking we ride to the store Instead of thinking we ask a computer for answers Instead of doing, we tell our machines to mix brush, talk write even scratch for us We have become a plugged in motorized society



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The ideal

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